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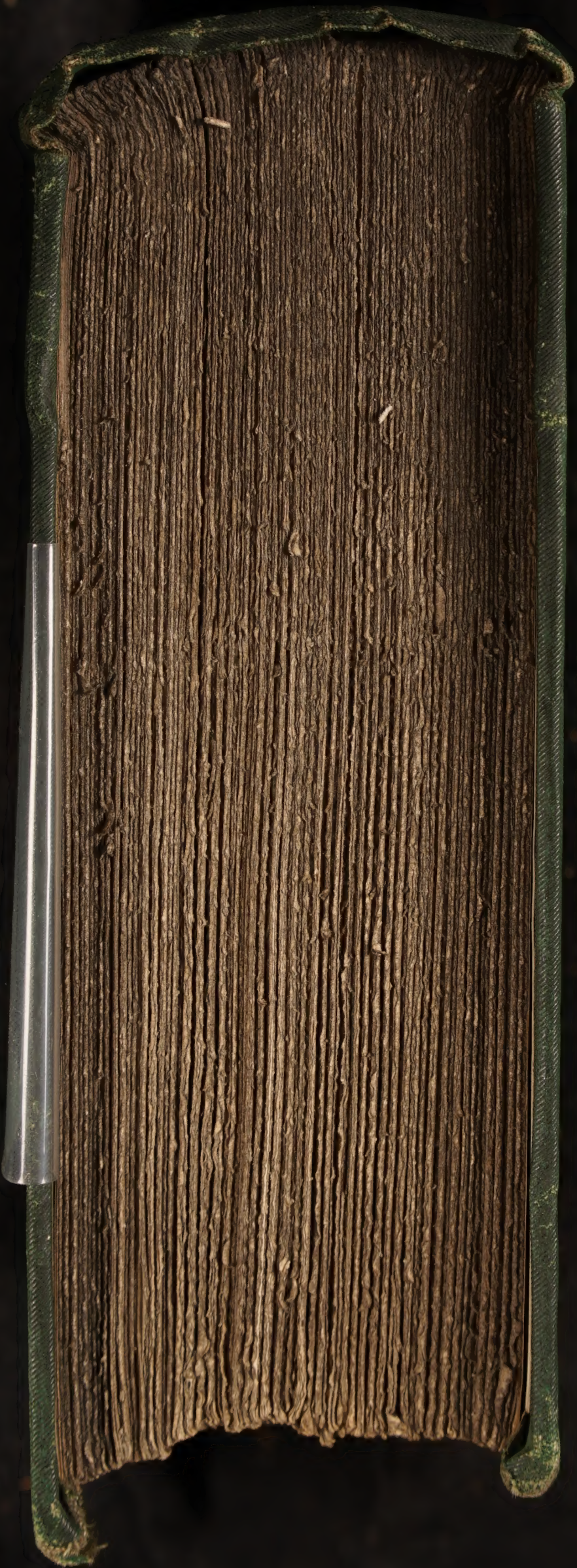
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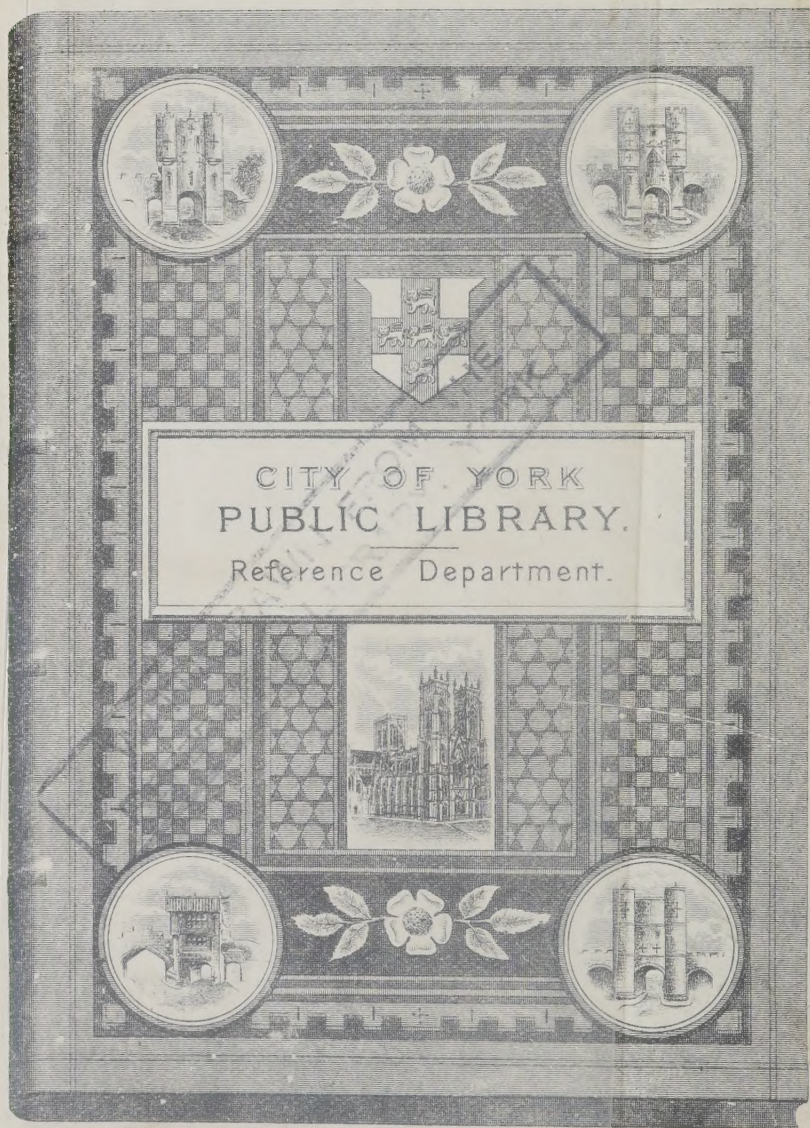
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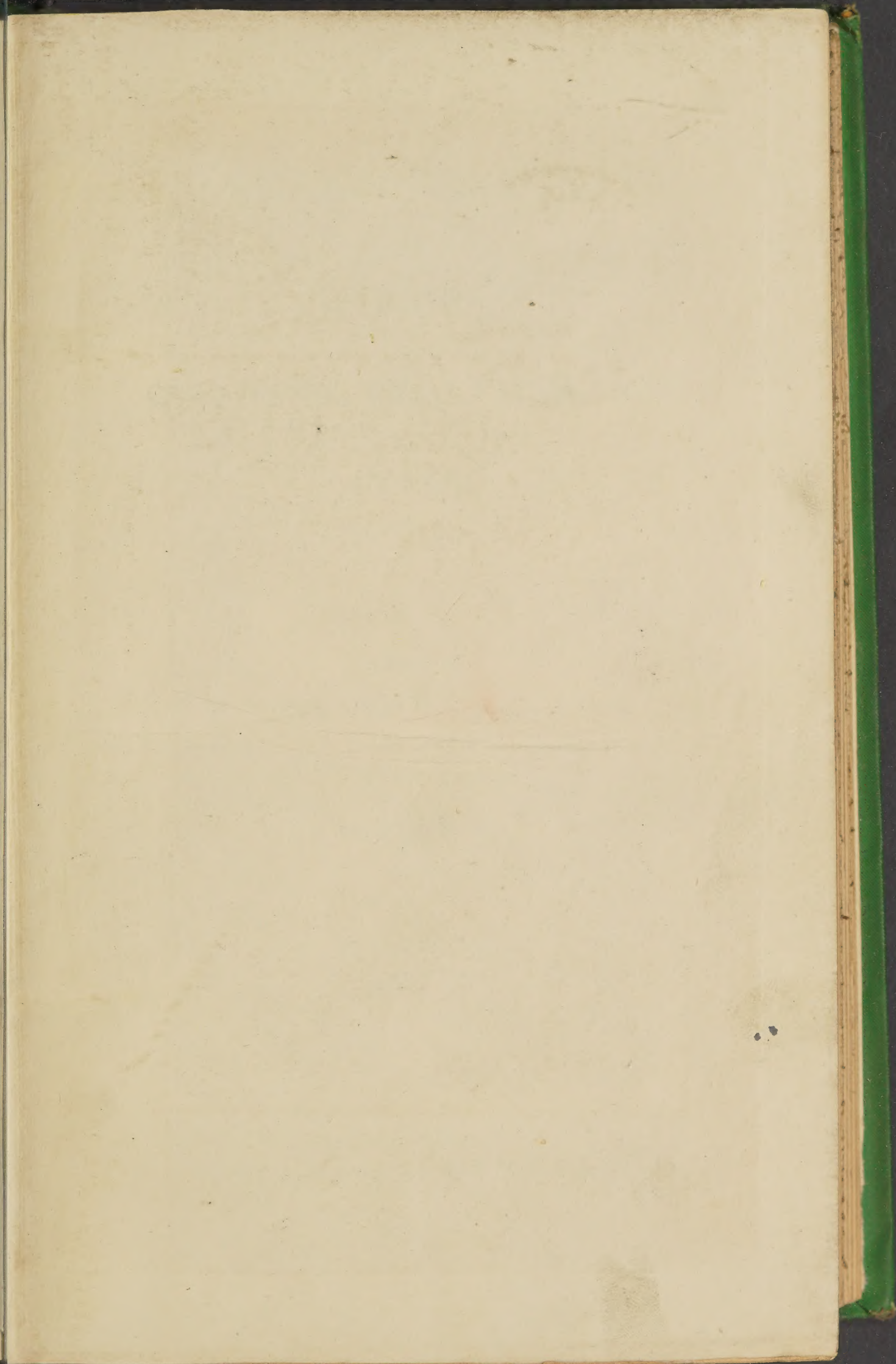
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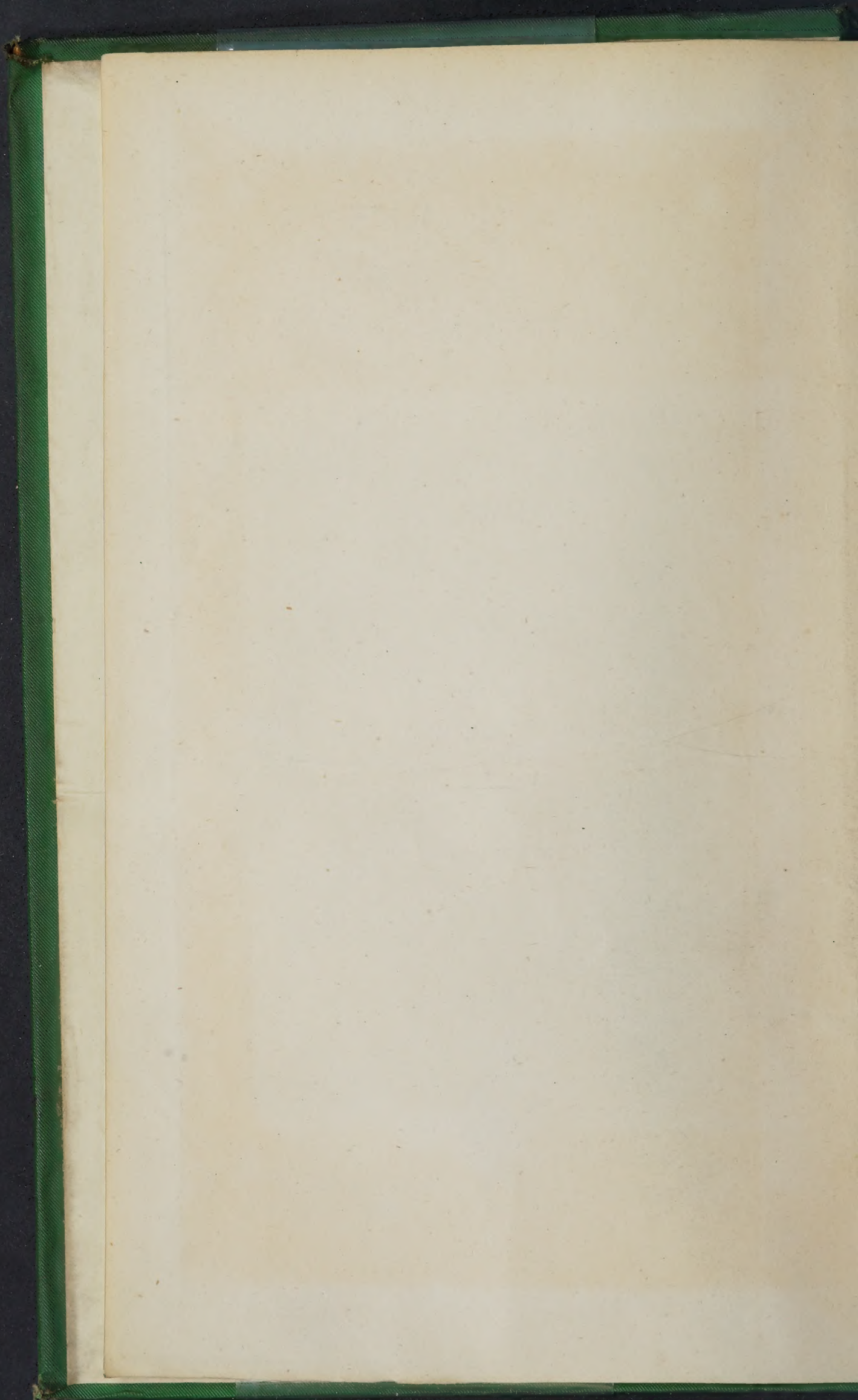












SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, TRAGEDIES, AND
POEMS.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ., F.S.A.

NEW EDITION.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

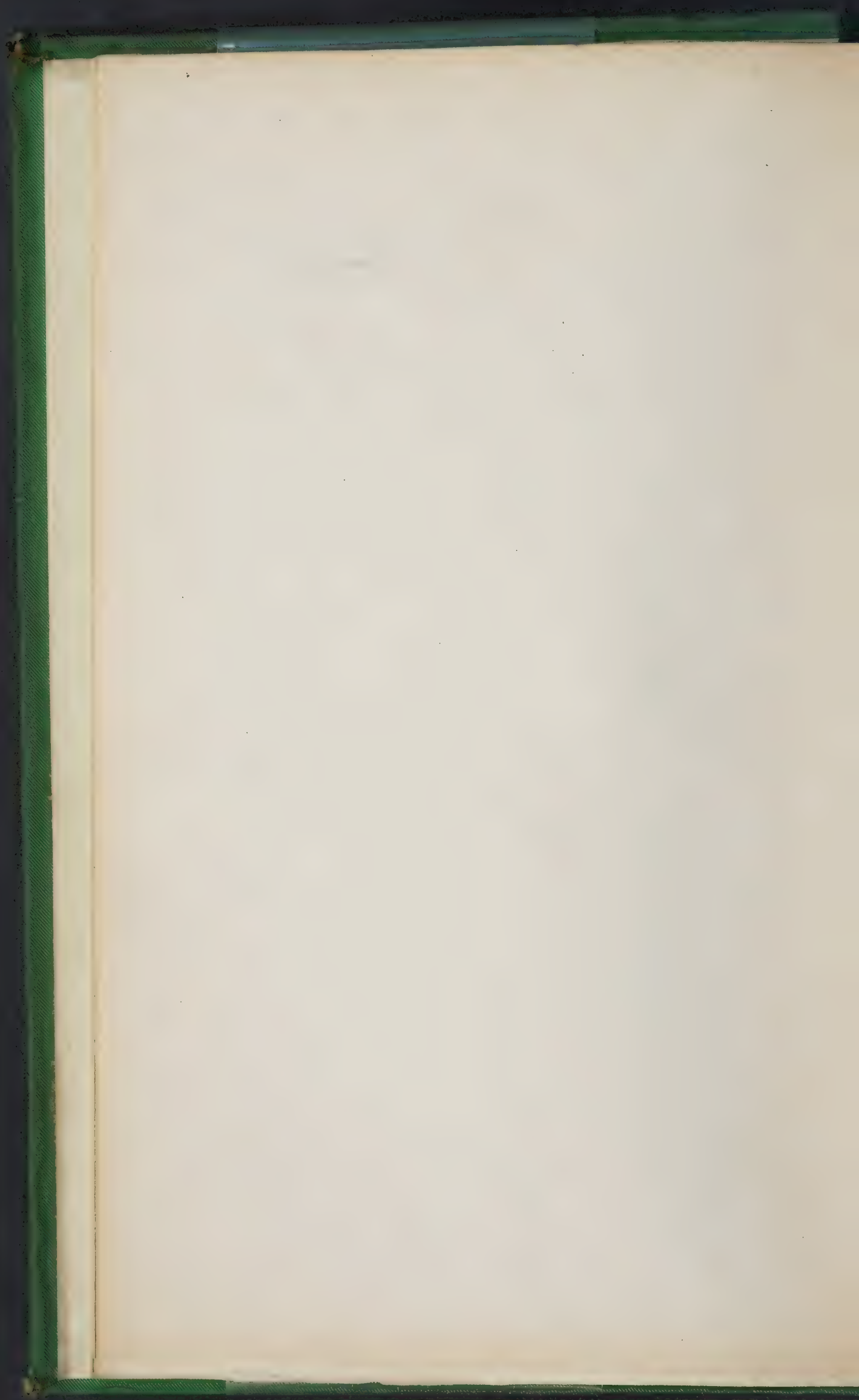
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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

VOL. V.

B

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600. 4to. 40 leaves.

The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide hy the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611. 4to. 40 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus" occupies twenty-two pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz. from p. 31 to p. 52 inclusive. The three later folios, of course, insert it in the same part of the volume.

INTRODUCTION.

WE feel no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare. Whether he may lay claim to it as the author of the entire tragedy, or only in a qualified sense, as having made additions to, and improvements in it, is a different question, the solution of which may be in some degree aided by our notes upon alterations in the corr. fo. 1632.

We find it given to him by his contemporary, Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he mentions "Titus Andronicus" in immediate connexion with "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry IV.," "King John," and "Romeo and Juliet." It was also inserted in the folio of 1623 by Shakespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, and they placed it between "Coriolanus" and "Romeo and Juliet." Had it not been by our great dramatist, Meres, who was well acquainted with the literature of his time, would not have attributed it to him; and the player-editors, who had been Shakespeare's "fellows and friends," and were men of character and experience, would not have included it in their volume. These two facts are, in our view, sufficient¹.

It was, undoubtedly, one of his earliest, if not his very earliest dramatic production. We are not to suppose that at the time he first joined a theatrical company in London, when he might not be more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, his style was as formed and as matured as it afterwards became: all are aware that there is a most marked distinction between his mode of composition early and late in life; as exhibited, for instance, in "Love's Labour's Lost," and in "The Winter's Tale;" and we apprehend that "Titus Andronicus" belongs to a period even anterior to the former. Supposing "Titus Andronicus" to have been written about 1588, we are to recollect that our dramatic poets were then only beginning to throw off the shackles of rhyme, and their versification partook of the weight and monotony which were the usual accompaniments of couplets. "Titus Andronicus" is to be read under this impression, and many passages will then be found in it which, we think, are remarkable indications of skill and power in an unpractised dramatist: as a poetical production it has not hitherto had justice done to it, on account, partly, of the revolting nature of the plot. Compared with the versification of Greene,

¹ We consider Ravenscroft's testimony, in his alteration of "Titus Andronicus" (acted about 1678, and printed nine years afterwards), of very little value: in his suppressed Prologue he asserted it to be the unquestionable work of Shakespeare, while in his preface to the printed copy in 1687, he mentions it as a stage-tradition, that Shakespeare only gave "some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters."

Peele, or Lodge, the lines in "Titus Andronicus" will be found to run with ease and variety, and they are scarcely inferior to some of the productions of Marlowe. Neither is internal evidence wholly wanting, for words and phrases employed by Shakespeare in his other works may be pointed out; and in Act iii. sc. 1, we meet with a remarkable expression, which is also contained in "Venus and Adonis."

With reference to the general complexion of the drama, and the character of the plot, it must also be borne in mind that it was produced at a time, when scenes of horror were especially welcome to public audiences, and when pieces were actually recommended to their admiration, in consequence of the blood and slaughter with which they abounded. Shakespeare, perhaps, took up the subject on this account, and he worked it out in such a way as, prior to the introduction and formation of a purer taste, would best gratify those for whose amusement it was intended.

The oldest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" bears date in 1600: two copies of it are extant, the one in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere, now before us, and the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh. This second copy was not discovered until recently, and we feel convinced that a more ancient impression will some time or other again be brought to light. That it once existed, we have the testimony of Langbaine, in his "Account of English Dramatic Poets," 8vo. 1691, where he tells us that the play was "first printed 4to. Lond. 1594." Consistently with this assertion we find the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"6 Feb. 1593

John Danter] A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus."

The Stationers' books contain several subsequent memoranda respecting "Titus Andronicus," bearing date 19th April, 1602, 14th Dec. 1624, and 8th Nov. 1630; but none which seems to have relation to the editions of 1600 and 1611. No 4to. impressions of a subsequent date are known, and the tragedy next appeared in the folio of 1623. The folio was printed from the 4to. of 1611, but with the addition of a short scene in the third Act, which otherwise, according to the divisions there adopted, would have consisted of only one scene.

The wording of the title-page of the edition of 1600 is remarkable, although it has hitherto been passed over without due notice: it professes that the drama had been played, not only by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," of whom Shakespeare was one, but by the theatrical servants of the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Sussex. The performance of Shake-

Shakespeare's plays seems, almost uniformly, to have been confined to the company to which he belonged; but we know from Henslowe's Diary that between 3rd June, 1594, and 15th Nov. 1596, the Lord Chamberlain's servants were acting in conjunction with those of the Lord Admiral²: one of the plays, enumerated by Henslowe (Diary, p. 35) as having been acted in this interval, is "Titus Andronicus," which circumstance he records under date of 5th June, 1594. This may have been the very play Shakespeare had written, and which having been thus represented by several companies, although the Earl of Nottingham's servants was not one of them, the fact was stated on the title-page of the earliest extant impression. It is to be observed, however, that Henslowe (p. 33) has an entry of the performance of a "Titus Andronicus" on the 23rd Jan. 1593-4, when it appears to have been a new play³. The "Titus Andronicus," therefore, acted on 5th June, 1594, may have been a repetition of a drama, which possibly had been got up for Henslowe, in consequence of the success of a tragedy upon the same story, the property of a rival company. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was written several years earlier.

It is very possible that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was founded upon some anterior dramatic performance, but on this point we have no evidence beyond what may be collected from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimilarities of composition, and subsequent changes.

When Danter entered the "noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus" in 1593, he coupled with it "the ballad thereof," which probably is the same printed in Percy's "Reliques," vol. i. p. 241, edit. 1812. A play called "Andronicus" is mentioned by Ben Jonson in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," (played first in 1614,) as a piece of twenty-five or thirty years standing. This may have been Shakespeare's tragedy, that acted by Henslowe's company, or a drama which had served as the foundation of both. The earliest printed notice of "Titus Andronicus" (excepting that by Meres) is contained in a tract called "Father Hubbard's Tales, or the Ant and the Nightingale," 4to. 1604, imputed to Thomas Middleton, where (Sign. E. 3) the author speaks of the "lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus." The loss of his hand by the hero would no doubt form an incident in every drama written upon the subject.

² See "The Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," published by the Shakespeare Society in 1841, p. 22. The theatre the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's players jointly occupied, was that at Newington Butts.

³ By the mark which the old manager usually put opposite the entry of a play on its first performance. It was repeated on 6th Feb. and on 12th June, 1594: see Henslowe's Diary, printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1845, p. 36.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,	}	Sons to Titus Andronicus.
QUINTUS,		
MARTIUS,		
MUTIUS,		

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus Andronicus, the Tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,	}	Sons to Tamora.
DEMETRIUS,		
CHIRON,		

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

¹ A list of persons was first printed by Rowe.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

The tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other ; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last ¹
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then, let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age ² with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility ³,

¹ I am the first-born son, that was the last] The corr. fo. 1632 puts it,
“ I am the first-born son *of him*, the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome.”

² Nor wrong mine AGE] *i. e.* My claim by reason of seniority.

³ To justice, CONTINENCE, and nobility,] This may not be wrong, but the corr. fo. 1632 has “continence” erased, and *conscience* inserted instead of it. There seems no sufficient reason for saying that “the imperial seat” was consecrate to “continence.” For “continence” Prof. Mommsen has *der Treu*.

But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home⁴,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength :
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness⁵ and integrity,

⁴ He by the senate is ACCITED home,] *i. e.* Is recalled, or *summoned* home. Shakespeare uses the verb to "accite" twice in the same play, viz. in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. ii. sc. 2 (Vol. iii. p. 453), where it should rather mean to *excite*—"What accites your most worshipful thought to think so?" and in A. v. sc. 2 (p. 520), where the King says that he will "accite all his state," or *summon* together all his nobility, &c.

⁵ ——— so I do AFFY

In thy uprightness] To "affy in" is to *trust to*, to have confidence in :

And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause⁶.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the brazen gates, and let me in⁷.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with
 Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
 Successful in the battles that he fights,
 With honour, and with fortune, is return'd
 From where⁸ he circumscribed with his sword,
 And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

it is used also by Ben Jonson. Shakespeare employs the verb "to affy" in "Henry VI., Part II.," A. iv. sc. 1 (Vol. iv. p. 73), and there it means *to betroth*. The noun "affiance" is a common word.

⁶ — and THE cause.] "And *my* cause" in the corr. fo. 1632: so the line was perhaps recited, but the change is not necessary.

⁷ Open the BRAZEN gates, and let me in.] The measure is elsewhere quite regular, but two syllables are deficient in this line, and we find them most unobjectionably supplied, in the corr. fo. 1632, by the word "brazen." It is rendered *Oeffnet das ehrne Thor* in the recent German edition.

⁸ From WHERE] So the 4tos, 1600 and 1611: the folio, 1623, "From *whence*," a misprint which the sense corrects.

Sound drums and trumpets, &c. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following⁹. The Bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo! as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught¹
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
Oh sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,

⁹ — Soldiers and People, following.] “As many as can be,” adds the stage-direction of the old copies, 4to. and folio.

¹ — HER fraught] All the old copies, “his fraught”—a frequent error of the press, corrected in the fourth folio: *his* and *her* were not, of old, always applied as we now use them.

Before this earthy prison² of their bones;
That so their shadows³ be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh! think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
Oh! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren⁴, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone⁵.

² Before this EARTHY prison] The folio has *earthly*; but the 4tos. of 1600 and 1611 as in our text.

³ That so THEIR shadows] We have had "their bones" in the preceding line, and "their shadows" in this line is probably correct: "their" is from the corr. fo. 1632; and we may readily imagine that in the MS., "their" having been expressed by the abbreviation *y^r*, it was read *y^e* and printed *the*. We also have "their groaning shadows" farther on.

⁴ These are THEIR brethren,] So the 4tos: the folio *the*. Steevens adduces several instances of the use of "patient" (in the preceding line) as a verb.

⁵ T' appease their groaning shadows that are GONE.] "That are *dust*," says the old annotator of the corr. fo. 1632, which ends the speech less flatly than the words "that are gone," as the text appears in all the extant old editions, 4to. and folio. We apprehend that the MS. emendations in this play, at least such as appear to restore rhymes, whether in couplets or in stanzas, represent some older text than we have in the 4to, 1600—possibly that of 1594 mentioned by Langbaine, or even a still more antiquated copy. Blank-verse came into use for the stage soon after Shakespeare joined a theatrical company in London, and in order to adapt "Titus Andronicus" to the improved taste of the town, he may

Luc. Away, with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with ALARBUS.

Tam. Oh cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant⁶ in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their
swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ; [Kneeling.
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges⁷ ; here are no storms,

have altered many of the rhyming lines, as well as other portions of the tragedy. It is not, however, beyond the range of possibility, that, when the old corrector of the folio, 1632, saw the drama, some of the rhymes had been restored ; but this is not a question we are at all in a condition to decide, and our object is, as far as we can form a judgment, to present the play such as our great dramatist left it.

⁶ — the Thracian tyrant] Polymnestor, assailed by Hecuba.

⁷ Here grow no damned GRUDGES ;] So the 4to, 1611, and the folio : the 4to, 1600, has *drugs* (spelt *drugges*) for "grudges."

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

[*Rising*^s.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
Oh ! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and
others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords ;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue ;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :

^s Rising.] This stage-direction, and *Kneeling*, which precedes it, are from the corr. fo. 1632, and show what was the old custom of the stage.

What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day⁹;
 To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?—
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country.
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery¹.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat.

Romans, do me right.—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
 Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends²,
 I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

⁹ Be chosen with PROCLAMATIONS to-day;] The corr. fo. 1632 gives the line thus:—

“Be chose with acclamations to-day;”

and though we feel considerable confidence that it is right, since an emperor was not “chosen with proclamations;” yet we adhere to our rule of not altering where the sense does not, with some authority, require it. For the same reason, in the next line but one, we allow “abroad” to remain in the text, though the corr. fo. 1632 alters it to *abroach*, and the misprint was extremely easy and probable. Professor Mommsen renders “with acclamations” *mit lautem Beifall*.

¹ Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery.] So the corr. fo. 1632: in the ordinary text *and ask* is made to follow “obtain,” to the injury of the verse as well as of the sense; for if *and ask* be intruded into the line, at all events it ought to precede “obtain.” Titus was not likely to obtain “the empery,” until he had asked it, and Saturnine's question shows that *and ask* ought to be omitted.

² — with thy FRIENDS.] The two 4tos, and the folios of 1623 and 1632, have *friend* for “friends,” a trifling correction made in the folio, 1664, and not in the fourth folio, as stated by Malone.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages :
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you ; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—“ Long live our emperor ! ”

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say,—“ Long live our emperor Saturnine ! ”

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord³ :
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,

³ — Rome's IMPERIAL lord :] So the 4to, 1611, and the folio : the 4to, 1600, reads *imperious*. The words, like “judicious” and *judicial* and some others, were then often used indifferently.

Rome shall record ; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
[*To TAMORA.*

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me ; of the hue [Aside.
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord ; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free :
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir ? Are you in earnest, then, my lord ?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus ; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! Where is the emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! by whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*TITUS kills MUTIUS.*

Mut.

Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not⁴,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale⁵,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. Oh monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

⁴ No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,] Before this line, in all the old copies, this stage-direction is inserted:—"Enter aloft the Emperor, with Tamora and her two sons, and Aaron the Moor." The two sons were, of course, Demetrius and Chiron; but why they all entered "aloft," *i. e.* probably in the balcony at the back of the stage, we cannot determine: perhaps the main stage (so to call it) was too small for the exhibition of all the characters. The arrangements in this scene are not easily understood.

⁵ Was THERE none ELSE in Rome to make a stale,] The line stands thus in the three earliest authorities:—

"Was none in Rome to make a stale,"

the words "there" and "else" having been added in the folio, 1632. With reference to the word "stale," we have a very similar line in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. iii. sc. 3:—

"Had he none else to make a stale but me?"

It is fully explained in our note upon the passage, Vol. iv. p. 175.

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome⁶.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor; and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA,
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, oh, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in his tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.

⁶ — EMPRESS of Rome.] "Empress" is often a trisyllable, and it is here so printed in the 4tos.—*emperesse*: the same of "brethren," printed *bretheren*.

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ! What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded.

My foes I do repute you every one :

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself⁷ : let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all⁸,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son⁹

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

⁷ He is not WITH himself:] The folio omits "with," found in the 4tos. It is worth noting that this idiom, "he is not with himself," appears not to have been understood by the old corrector of the folio, 1632: it was perhaps then antiquated, for the folio, 1623, having omitted "with," possibly for the same reason, in the corr. fo. 1632 the line is thus presented to us:—

"He is not himself: let us withdraw *awhile*."

"He is not himself" seems to have become the idiom between 1600 and 1623. Boswell paraphrases it, "he is beside himself."

⁸ Dear father, soul and SUBSTANCE of us all.] There is a somewhat similar passage in Marlowe's Second Part of "Tamburlaine the Great," where Amyras exclaims to his father,

"Thy soul gives essence to our wretched substance."

Marlowe's Works, by Dyce, i. 222.

By a singular, but unquestionable misprint, "substance" is *subjects* in the old copies, and so the error is allowed to stand, twice over, in the reprint of 1850.

⁹ — and WISE Laertes' son] In the folios the epithet "wise" (found in the 4tos.) is omitted: it is restored to its place in the corr. fo. 1632.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome.—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps¹⁰,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Mar. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate¹.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON: at the other
side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of your's, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;

¹⁰ — these DREARY dumps,] So the 4tos. of 1600 and 1611: the folio, "sudden dumps," which is evidently wrong, and, as Mr. Dyce observes, a clear misprint for *sullen*. On the contrary, in "King John," A. i. sc. 1 (Vol. iii. p. 126), *sudden* was probably misprinted "sullen," though (as a case of doubt) we have allowed the latter to remain, noting, however, the proposed emendation. "Sudden," in the play before us, was caught from the next line but one.

¹ *Mar.* Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.] This line is only in the folios. Malone suspected, with some reason, that it was the answer of Marcus to the question of Titus, and that it ought, therefore, to have the prefix of Marcus. We have adopted his suggestion.

But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to SAT.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude²,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

² And so supplant you for ingratitude,] So the first 4to : the second 4to. and the folio have *us* for "you." The difference is not material.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
 And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
 [*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise: my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable.—
 And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia:—
 By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do³; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
 [*Kneel.*]

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
 The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
 And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults. [*They stand up*⁴.

³ *Luc.* We do;] This speech has no prefix in the 4to, 1600: in that of 1611 it has *All* before it; and in the folio, *Son*; probably Lucius, one of the sons of Andronicus, who spoke for the rest.

⁴ *They stand up.*] This is merely a stage-direction, but in the old copies it is obtruded into the text: the corr. fo. 1632 makes the emendation, and shows where Lucius and the rest *kneel*. Of course, if they knelt, their rising ought also to be marked, and this it was that was mistaken in the early editions, and made to appear as if *stand up* had been part of what was said by Saturninus.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
 I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
 Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.⁵

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
 Advanc'd above⁶ pale envy's threat'ning reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
 And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
 So Tamora.—
 Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait⁷,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long

⁵ Act ii. Scene 1.] The folio has here the commencement of what it calls *Actus Secunda*; but, according to the 4tos, Aaron remained on the stage, and the first act continued: the direction in both the oldest copies is "*Manet Moor.*"

⁶ Advanc'd ABOVE] The folio only, "Advanc'd about."

⁷ Upon her WIT doth earthly honour wait,] "Wit" is altered to *will* in the corr. fo. 1632, and although it is perhaps right, we hesitate, as in other cases, to alter what may not be wrong: we have "her sacred wit" afterwards, p. 27. Lower down "Than is Prometheus" is amended to "Than *was* Prometheus," which we place in our text: no doubt Aaron spoke in the past tense.

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than was Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts⁸!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made empress.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph⁹,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate¹:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs²! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side³,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

⁸ Away with slavish weeds, and SERVILE thoughts!] So the 4to, 1600: the 4to, 1611, and the folio, poorly read "*idle* thoughts."

⁹ — this NYMPH,] The 4to, 1611, and the folio, have *queen* for "*nymph*."

¹ Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:] On the authority of the corr. fo. 1632 we omit *or* before "*thee more fortunate*:" it spoils the metre, here regular, and weakens the force of what is said.

² Clubs, clubs!] The usual exclamation when a riot occurred in the streets of London. See Vol. ii. p. 422, and Vol. iii. p. 663.

³ — a DANCING-RAPIER by your side,] So, in Greene's "*Quip for an Upstart Courtier*," 1592: "— one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight."

Aar. Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame! put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right⁴?
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware:—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

⁴ It is to JET upon a prince's right? The folio reads, "It is to set," &c.; but both the 4tos. have "jet," which is doubtless the true word. See Vol. ii. p. 676, and Vol. iv. p. 274, where this passage is quoted, and explained to mean *boldly to encroach* upon a prince's right.

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
 She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won⁵;
 She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
 What, man! more water glideth by the mill,
 Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
 Of a cut loaf to steal a shive⁶: we know,
 Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
 Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to court it
 With words, fair looks, and liberality?
 What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
 And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
 Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
 Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
 Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
 To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
 That both should speed⁷?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

⁵ She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore may be won;] These two lines, with a slight
 change, are found in "Henry VI., Part I." (Vol. iii. p. 726), and the second line
 is inserted in Robert Greene's "Planetomachia," 1585. (See Introduction to
 "Henry VI., Part III.," Vol. iv. p. 112.) Ritson inferred that "Henry VI.,
 Part I." and "Titus Andronicus," might be by the same author, and that author,
 Greene. The lines in "Henry VI., Part I.," stand thus:—

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won."

⁶ — to steal a SHIVE:] A "shive" or *sheeve* (as it is sometimes spelt), is a
 slice. Warner, in a passage quoted by Steevens from his "Albion's England," has
 "A sheeve of bread as brown as nut;" and "It is safe taking a shive of a cut
 loaf" is a Scottish proverb. The same remark will apply to the allusion, just above,
 to the water and the mill; and both proverbs are employed in "The Cobbler of
 Canterbury," 4to, 1590, and 1608, Sign. B, 4 b, where it is said,—"Thus the
 Prior and the Smithes wife contented and enjoying their harts desire, the poore
 Smith loved her not a whit the worse, neither did he suspect anything, for the
 blind eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the mill that the miller wots
 not on. . . . By this the Prior perceived, that the scull had cut a shive on his
 loafe."

⁷ That both should speed?] In the two 4tos, but omitted in the folio, though
 absolutely necessary to the sense.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.
 'Tis policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect; and so must you resolve,
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
 A speedier course than lingering languishment⁸
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
 Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears⁹:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful¹, deaf, and dull;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits²,

Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ A speedier course THAN lingering languishment] All the old copies, viz. the two 4tos, and the four folios, read, "*this* lingering languishment," but it is amended to "than lingering languishment" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ — of eyes, AND ears:] So the 4to, 1600. The 4to, 1611, and the folio, "*of ears.*" Chaucer in his "*House of Fame*" describes the goddess as herself all eyes, ears, and tongues.

¹ The woods are ruthless, DREADFUL,] *Dreadless* in the corr. fo. 1632, in the sense, perhaps, of not being to be dreaded for discovery; but we leave the old text undisturbed.

² — THESE fits,] The folio, "*their fits,*" and, in the preceding line, *streams* for "*stream.*" The 4tos. give the text correctly, and the same necessary emendations are made in the corr. fo. 1632.

SCENE II.

A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey³,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is our's,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd⁴. [*Horns wind.*]

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,

³ — the MORN is bright and grey,] The 4to, 1600, reads *moon* for "morn." In "The Taming of the Shrew," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 479, "morn" (according to the corr. fo. 1632) is a misprint for *moon*.

⁴ But the dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.] We subjoin the manner in which this speech is exhibited in the corr. fo. 1632, showing, probably, that at one time the whole of it was in rhyme:—

"The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *gay*,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *wide*:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's *round*,
That all the court may echo with the *sound*.
Sons, let it be your charge, *and so will I*,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *brought* comfort and *delight*."

To these emendations are added this stage-direction: "Horns wind: they sing The hunt is up." "The hunt is up" was a well-known composition often used for a morning salutation: for farther information regarding it, see "Romeo and Juliet," A. iii. sc. 5, and Chappell's "English Minstrelsy," 2nd edit. p. 60.

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;

I have been broad awake⁵ two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then : horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

[*To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound ;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies coiled in the cheerful sun⁶ ;

⁵ I have been BROAD awake] The folio injuriously omits "broad."

⁶ The snake lies COILED in the cheerful sun ;] In the 4tos. and folios "coiled" is printed *rolled*, and doubtless misprinted, since the proper word is "coiled," and that word we find in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Surely the whole of this beautiful description of natural scenery must have come from Shakespeare's pen ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down; and mark their yelping noise :
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unrol
 To do some fatal execution ?
 No, madam, these are no venereal signs :
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up I pray thee,
 And give the king this fatal plotted scroll.—
 Now question me no more ; we are espied :
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes :

and if the versification be a little formal, and the terminations monotonous, we must bear in mind that the lines were certainly written before he was well aware of the capabilities of our language. He had then only composed his "Venus and Adonis," which is full of passages painting external nature.

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop⁷ ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps !
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's ; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swart Cimmerian⁸
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor⁹,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,

⁷ Unfurnish'd of HER well-beseeming troop?] All the old copies, excepting the 4to, 1600, have *our* for "her." In the next speech, the 4to, 1600, has "my private steps" for "*our* private steps," and "thy new-transformed limbs" for "*his* new-transformed limbs," of the later impressions. The earliest copy appears to afford the better reading in these instances ; but the corr. fo. 1632 supplies a farther emendation, viz. "dine" for *drive*, which, considering the character of the speech, and the incidents of the fable, there is every reason to approve. The speculations upon the point have been numerous.

⁸ — your SWART Cimmerian] The two 4tos. have *swarty*. Shakespeare uses *swart* in "The Comedy of Errors," A. iii. sc. 2, in "King John," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 155, and in "Henry VI., Pt. I.," A. i. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 657. In this place alone in the tragedy before us it is spelt *swarth*. It is from the A. S. *sweart*, and means inclining to black, dark, dusky.

⁹ Accompanied BUT with a barbarous Moor,] The folio, following the reading of the 4to, 1611, omits "but;" it is found in the 4to, 1600.

Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this¹.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this²?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins³,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal, barely hearing it⁴,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here

¹ The king, my brother, shall have NOTE of this.] It is "notice of this" in the 4tos. and folios; but the versification, as well as the corr. fo. 1632, detects the error, even if the next line did not come to our assistance:—

"Ay, for these slips have made him *noted* long."

² Why have I patience to endure all this?] So the second folio: the first folio and both the 4tos, make it merely an observation, "Why, I have patience," &c. which may be right. Tamora may say that she has patience, because she knows that her revenge is so near at hand.

³ — urchins,] *i. e.* Hedgehogs. The word "urchin" seems sometimes to have meant an evil spirit or fairy: see "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 4.

⁴ As any mortal, BARELY hearing it,] We cannot refuse the emendation here offered in the corr. 1632, viz. "barely" for *body*: the line has always been given with this vulgarism,

"As any mortal body hearing it;"

which must be an error of the old printer: Tamora means, of course, that the bare hearing of the sound produced madness or death.

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death :
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect ;
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis !—nay, barbarous Tamora ;
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard : you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam ! here is more belongs to her :
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted shape she braves your might⁵ ;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire⁶,
 Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice preserved honesty of your's.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak : away with her !

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory

⁵ And with that painted SHAPE SHE braves your MIGHT ;] Here again is an emendation from the corr. fo. 1632 which must be admitted into the text : the reading has always hitherto been—

“And with that painted hope braves your mightiness ;”
 but what can be the meaning of “painted hope ?” “painted shape” is intelligible, viz. the external form of loyalty and chastity. The verse is also overloaded by *mightiness*, when “might” is exactly fitted to the place.

⁶ — the honey YE desire,] “The honey we desire,” in all the old copies previous to the folio, 1632.

To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
Oh ! do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble ;
Even at her teat⁷ thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

Chi. What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet have I heard, oh, could I find it now !
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws par'd all away⁸.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
Oh ! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means.—Away with her !

Lav. Oh ! let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away, and use her as you will⁹ :
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora ! be call'd a gentle queen, [Kneeling.
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long :
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

⁷ Even at HER teat] —“At *thy* teat” in the old copies, but altered to “her teat” in the corr. fo. 1632 in consistency with the preceding line: “at *the* teat” would not have required change.

⁸ To have his princely CLAWS par'd all away.] In the 4tos. and folios we have *paws*, for “claws” of the corr. fo. 1632: “claws” must be right, for the *paws* of the lion were not pared away, but his “claws.” Mr. Singer cannot decline this emendation, and acknowledges it. We are glad to give him credit for the admission of the source of the improvement.

⁹ Therefore, away, and use her as you will:] So the line is given in the corr. fo. 1632 with the two needless and redundant syllables, *with her*, after “away,” struck out. We may be sure that they were a corruption which had crept into the text; and in this play we have many examples of the same kind, which the old annotator has often left uncorrected.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go¹.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
Oh! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!

[*Rising* ².

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her
husband: [Dragging off LAVINIA.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit³,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you: wer't not for shame,

¹ — FOND woman, let me go.] Here, as in many other places, both before and afterwards, to which it is unnecessary here particularly to refer, "fond" is to be taken in the sense of *foolish*.

² Rising.] This word and the preceding "Kneeling" are stage-directions inserted in the corr. fo. 1632.

³ — to the LOATHSOME pit,] The epithet "loathsome" may have been that of the poet, and we leave it, merely noting that the corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *lone-some*; which, for various reasons, may seem more applicable.

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

Quin. What ! art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?
A very fatal place it seems to me :—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. Oh, brother ! with the dismall'st object hurt⁴,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
here ;

That he thereby may give a likely guess⁵,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints :
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone ; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
Oh ! tell me how it is⁶ ; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he ?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

⁴ — the dismall'st object HURT,] So the 4to, 1600 : in the 4to, 1611, and all the folios, the word "hurt" is omitted. It is proper to note that, before this speech, the corr. fo. 1632 has the words *Under the stage*, in order to show that Martius was supposed to speak out of the "loathsome" or *lonesome* pit.

⁵ — may GIVE a likely guess,] So the 4to, 1600, while later impressions read *have* instead of "give." Mr. Singer in two notes, immediately following each other, repeats this information ; and we only mention it, lest it should be thought that the same variation occurs twice.

⁶ — HOW it is ;] The later 4to. and the folios read "*how* it is : " the 4to, 1600, "*who* it is ; " but Quintus could not yet know, though he might suspect, that a dead body was in the pit.

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks⁷,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
Oh brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither, in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there⁸.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

⁷ — the dead man's EARTHY cheeks,] The 4to, 1600, has "earthy:" the 4to, 1611, and folio, *earthly*. It is not necessary to repeat here, from the Variorum Shakespeare, the several quotations in which it is shown, that there was an ancient and poetical superstition that the carbuncle gave light in the dark.

⁸ — I left HIM there.] The 4to, 1600, has *them* for "him" of the 4to, 1611, and the folio. In the next two lines, the 4to, 1611, has *them* in the first instance, and "him" in the second. We prefer "him" for the sake of consistency.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To Titus*] fell curs of bloody
kind, [Showing it.]

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? Oh, wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready, at your highness' will,
To answer this suspicion with their lives⁹.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.

The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas cut out thy tongue, and ravish'd thee¹⁰.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrawl¹.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

⁹ To answer THIS suspicion with their lives.] It is "*their* suspicion" in the early impressions, but it ought clearly to be "*this* suspicion" as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632: the old printer was confused by "*their*," near the end of the line, where it is proper enough. Three lines lower, he again blundered about the same word, and what he printed *the* ought to be "*their*"—"their guilt is plain."

¹⁰ Who 'twas cut *our* thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.] So the corr. fo. 1632: the line in the 4tos. and folios is,

"Who 'twas that cut thy tongue," &c.

but they had not merely cut her tongue, but cut it *out*, and the line ought to run as we have above given it. The cause of the lapse by the printer doubtless was the similarity of the words "*cut*" and "*out*" in the MS.

¹ — she can SCRAWL.] So the 4tos, 1600 and 1611: the folio, *scowl*.

Wind horns. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Mar. Who's this?—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love²? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips³,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him⁴, cut thy tongue.
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts⁵,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
Oh! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue⁶,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;

² AS HALF thy love?] We may strongly suspect an error from mishearing in these words: why was "half" the love of Lavinia to be specified? The corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read "As *have* thy love," but as "half," instead of *have*, may have been the poet's word, we do not displace it.

³ Doth rise and fall between thy ROSED lips,] "Rosed" is altered to *roseat* in the corr. fo. 1632, but without necessity. Shakespeare uses "rosed" as a verb in "Henry V.," A. v. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 639, and here it is the participle.

⁴ — lest thou shouldst detect HIM, &c.] All the old copies "detect *them*." Rowe made the correction.

⁵ — THREE issuing spouts,] Old copies, "*their* issuing," &c. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

⁶ Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,] The 4to, 1600, has *why* before "she," to the injury of the measure.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee :
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life ;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy⁷,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come ; let us go, and make thy father blind ;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee :
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS
and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of Execution ;
TITUS going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,

⁷ Which that sweet tongue hath made IN MINSTRELSY,] The two last words are derived from the corr. fo. 1632, and supply an evident hiatus in all the old impressions : "in minstrelsy" must have accidentally dropped out.

Because they died in honour's lofty bed :
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write⁸

[*Throwing himself on the ground*⁹.

My heart's deep anguish¹ in my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*

O earth ! I will befriend thee with more rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes ! Oh, gentle, aged men !
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father ! you lament in vain :
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius ! for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them².

⁸ For these, THESE, tribunes, in the dust I write] We follow the reading of the second folio here, where *these* is repeated, apparently to complete the defective line, and to add to the emphasis of the appeal. Malone preferred his own emendation, and printed "*good tribunes.*"

⁹ Throwing himself on the ground.] The old stage-direction is, "Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him."

¹ My heart's deep ANGUISH] The 4tos. and folios have *languor* for "anguish" of the corr. fo. 1632. We may be sure that "anguish" was the poet's word, misheard or misprinted *languor*: the same authority has "*in my soul's sad tears.*" Lower down, "more with rain" is amended in the corr. fo. 1632 to "with more rain;" and in the next line "urns," is inserted in our text for *ruins*. The last agrees with Hanmer's proposal.

² And bootless unto them.] Our text of this hemistich and of the three preceding lines is that of the 4to, 1600: the 4to, 1611, gives it thus:—

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale.
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

[*Rising.*

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
 For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh happy man ! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
 Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished ?
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes³ to weep ;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

“ Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,
 All bootless unto them.”

The folio, 1623, prints it as follows :—

“ Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me : Oh ! if they did hear,
 They would not pity me.”

In the next line,

“ Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones,”

the 4to, 1611, makes the measure redundant by inserting *bootless* after “ sorrows,”
 in which it is followed by the folio, 1623, and the later folios.

³ — thy AGED eyes] So the 4to. 1600: “ noble eyes,” 4to, 1611, and folios.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
 And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. Oh! that delightful engine of her thoughts⁴,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear⁵.

Luc. Oh! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh! thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
 But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,

⁴ Oh! that delightful engine of her thoughts,] In Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" we have the following line:—

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began."

⁵ Sweet varied notes, enchanting EVERY EAR.] In the corr. fo. 1632 this line is made to rhyme with the preceding line, thus:—

"Sweet varied notes, enchanting *old and young*."

Possibly such was the case originally, or in some copy seen or heard by the old annotator. We mention the emendation, but do not adopt it.

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madded me ; what shall I do
 Now I behold thy lively body so⁶ ?
 Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
 Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, Marcus ; ah ! son Lucius, look on her :
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
 Upon a gather'd lily, almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent⁷.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry⁸,
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of farther misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for at your grief,

⁶ Now I behold thy LIVELY body so ?] “Lively” is altered to *living* in the corr. fo. 1632 ; but in reference to “thy picture,” in a preceding line, if we do not prefer “lively,” we see no sufficient reason for inserting *living*.

⁷ — she knows THEM innocent.] So the 4to, 1600 : other editions read *him* for “them.” We have already seen how frequently this error, and its converse, was committed by the old printer.

⁸ — AS meadows yet not dry,] So the corr. fo. 1632 : the old copies “*in meadows yet not dry.*” Rowe read “*like meadows.*”

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet⁹,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss¹.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart I'll send my hand to him².
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,

⁹ His napkin, with HIS true tears all bewet,] The reading of all the old copies is "her true tears," but undoubtedly the line ought to run, "His napkin, with his true tears all bewet."

¹ — as LIMBO is from bliss.] *i. e.* The *limbus*, or *limbo patrum*. See Vol. iv. p. 460. Here, as in many other places, we see the old rhymes preserved.

² With all my heart I'll send my hand TO HIM.] The line in the ancient editions is absurdly redundant:

"With all my heart I'll send the emperor my hand."

We have amended it by the corr. fo. 1632, which preserves the sense while it restores the measure. Such a line as that in the 4tos. and folios could never have followed so musical a passage as

"Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?"

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle³?
Oh! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you: I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use it⁴.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, [Aside.
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass⁵.

[*He cuts off* TITUS'S hand *with his sword*⁶.

³ — on the enemy's CASTLE?] "It appears (says Steevens) that a 'castle' signified a *close helmet*. From Grose's 'Treatise of Ancient Armour,' p. 12, we gather that 'castle' may only be a corruption of the old French word *casquetel*." See Vol. iv. p. 580.

⁴ But I will use *it*.] This hemistich completes the line begun by "Then I'll go fetch an axe:" in the 4tos. and folios "axe" is repeated—"But I will use *the axe*"—probably caught from the preceding line: at all events, it is in every point of view redundant, and we erase it in accordance with the corr. fo. 1632.

⁵ And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.] Malone, in contradiction to his own theory, that "hour" was often pronounced as a dissyllable, here interpolates *can* after it, without any authority.

⁶ He cuts off Titus's hand *WITH HIS SWORD*.] The words "with his sword" are from the corr. fo. 1632: the old annotator also inserts *with an axe* on the re-entrance of Lucius: both additions are more or less required.

Re-enter LUCIUS with an axe, and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—
[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. Oh! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities⁷,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow⁸!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;

⁷ — with POSSIBILITIES,] The edition, 1600, alone reads, "with *possibilitie*."

⁸ — do BLOW!] All the old copies anterior to the second folio read, "do flow:" "blow" is, of course, right.

Then, must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd ;
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then, give me leave, for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back :
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now, let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell !
 These miseries are more than may be borne.
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart ! that kiss is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : die, Andronicus.
 Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;
 Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah ! now no more will I control thy griefs⁹ :
 Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes !
 Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

⁹ Ah ! now no more will I control THY griefs :] Theobald fitly altered *my* to
 "thy:" all the old copies agree in *my*.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
 Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear.—
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things¹;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do²,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
 Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,
 He leaves³ his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

¹ Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these THINGS;] So the folio, 1623; but we omit "And," there found at the commencement of the line, on the authority of the folio, 1632. The two 4tos. have *arms* for "things:" "things" is certainly a poor word; but if we read "arms" *aims* (as proposed by the Rev. Mr. Dyce), we gain little or nothing by the change: the measure is still wofully bad. We have no authority for it, but we might restore "And" from the folio, 1623, and, leaving out "Lavinia," read thus:—

"And thou shalt be employed in these things."

² And, if you love me, as I think you do,] The old corrector of the fo. 1632, tells us to read,

"And, if you love me, as I think 'tis true,"

in order that it may rhyme with the next line,

"Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do;"

but, even if a rhyme were required, it not very unfrequently happens, in poems of that date, that the same word is made its own rhyme. Therefore, if for no other reason, we decline to make a change.

³ He LEAVES, &c.] All the old copies, "He loves:" corrected by Rowe.

Oh, would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II.⁴

A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit ; and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of our's.—
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot :
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
 And when my heart ⁵, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then, thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs, [*To LAVINIA.*
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

⁴ Scene ii.] This scene is not found in the impressions of 1600 or 1611. It was, probably, not an omission in the 4tos, but a subsequent addition in the folio : it may have been by a different hand on some revival. The portion of it from the stage-direction "Marcus strikes the dish with a knife," down to the line, "That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor," is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632 : perhaps it was the practice of the stage to omit it.

⁵ AND when my heart, &c.] The reading till the time of Rowe was "*Who* when my heart."

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
Oh! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling: thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife^a?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

^a — with THY knife?] "Thy" is obtained from the second folio: the first folio omits it. In the next line but two, "are" is also wanting in the first, but in no other folio.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

Tit. Oh, oh, oh!
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah!—
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away⁷.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. Before TITUS's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA
running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

⁷ *Tit.* Come, take away.] In the folio of the Earl of Ellesmere, this speech has no prefix; but the conjunction "And" for *And.* was mistakenly put before "Come." This error is corrected in the Duke of Devonshire's folio.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt;

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books, which LUCIUS had let fall.]

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

What book^s?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was;

Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

^s What book?] This interrogatory is not in the 4tos, nor does it seem very necessary; but as we find it in the folio, 1623, we insert it. It is clearly not a stage-direction.

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis:
My mother gav't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!⁹
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(Oh, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. Oh! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with feet and mouth.*]

I have writ my name¹

Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.

⁹ Soft! SEE HOW busily she turns the leaves!] In all the old copies this line stands,

“Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!”
it is clearly defective, and our emendation is that of the corr. fo. 1632: it cures the halting measure, and clears the sense.

¹ I have writ my name] The corr. fo. 1632 inserts *where*—“Where I have writ my name;” but it should seem that *There* would be more proper; and, in this uncertainty, we leave the old text unaltered.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. Oh! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. Oh! calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere²,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it³;
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel⁴ will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind

² — as with the woful FEERE,] “Feere” or “fere” is *companion*, from the Sax. *fera*: it is used by Chaucer (in his “Troilus and Cressida”), where he speaks of “Orpheus and Eurydice, his *fere*,” and by Sir Thomas More for a *wife*; and by other poets for a *husband* or *wife*.

³ 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it;] The three last words are from the corr. fo. 1632: they are not absolutely necessary, but they complete the line, and probably had dropped out in the press. For “good advice,” three lines above, perhaps we ought to read “by good *device*.”

⁴ And with a GAD of steel] Malone correctly informs us that “gad” in A. S. means *the point of a spear*, but according to some etymologists, it ought rather to be translated a *club*. (See Todd's Johnson's Dict.: v. *gad*.) It is very evident that it here means a steel point, with which Andronicus was to engrave on the “leaf of brass.”

Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and *Boy*.]

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus⁵!

[*Exit*.]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door; at another
door, young LUCIUS, and an *Attendant*, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

⁵ Revenge, YE heavens, for old Andronicus!] Another instance in which "ye" has always been misprinted *the* in the old editions. *The* is amended to "ye" in the corr. fo. 1632. See also "*Coriolanus*," A. i. sc. 6, Vol. iv. p. 620.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news ?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news⁶,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll, and written round about ?
Let's see ;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. Oh ! 'tis a verse in Horace. I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons' wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick ;
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit :
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?

⁶ That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,] This line, preserved in both the 4tos, is omitted in the folio. Seven lines lower down in the same speech, "that," necessary to the sense, was left out in all the old copies.

⁷ And sends THEM weapons] The 4to, 1600, alone reads, "And sends *them* weapons:" other editions, "*the* weapons."

Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay⁸, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us over.
[*Trumpets sound.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ! who comes here ?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. Oh ! tell me, did you see Aaron
the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is : and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. Oh gentle Aaron ! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. Oh ! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is deliver'd, lords ; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam : a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime⁹.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

⁸ At such a bay,] So in a sonnet in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599:—

"Ah ! that I had my lady *at this bay*."

⁹ Amongst the fairest BREEDERS of our clime.] Unless we are to take "breeders" as things bred, there is an error in this line, and the corr. fo. 1632 has *burdens* instead of "breeders," a not improbable misprint ; but we do not alter the text, because it is not impossible that the poet intended "breeders" to be understood as the consequence of breeding.

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds¹, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole² on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls³! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

¹ Zounds,] So both the 4tos: the folio, 1623, reads "Out," &c.

² I'll broach the tadpole] The same word "broach" being used in "Lust's Dominion," Boswell quoted the passage where it occurs as Marlowe's. In 1821, when the Variorum Shakespeare was printed, it was not known that "Lust's Dominion" was not by Marlowe, but the fact was proved in 1825, and has since been repeatedly stated. Nevertheless, Mr. Singer, extracting Boswell's note as if it were his own, inadvertently makes himself responsible for Boswell's blunder: what seemed true in 1821 is well known to be untrue in 1857. We have pointed out the same mistake more than once before.

³ Ye WHITE-LIM'D walls!] The old copies all read *white-limb'd*; but no doubt, as Steevens suggests, we ought to read "white-lim'd."

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the empress from me, I am of age ⁴
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy ⁵.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
 Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer ⁶.
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
 As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
 He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb ⁷, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light:
 Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you:

⁴ I am of age] "I am a man" in the corr. fo. 1632, making the line rhyme with the next. No doubt the couplet was formerly so written and spoken; but possibly Shakespeare altered it, when rhyme went somewhat out of fashion, and we adhere to the printed copies.

⁵ — this IGNOMY.] The 4tos. read "ignomy;" the folios, *ignominie*, to the destruction of the verse. We have already had "ignomy" used for *ignominy* in "Henry IV., Part I.," A. v. sc. 4, Vol. iii. p. 416, and in "Troilus and Cressida," A. v. sc. 11, Vol. iv. p. 595. See also "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 4.

⁶ — fram'd of another LEER.] *i. e.* Of another *skin* or *complexion*. See "As You Like It," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 410. It is spelt in various ways, *leer*, *lere*, *leyre*, *leire*, and *leere*, but the meaning is always the same.

⁷ And, from THAT womb,] The earliest 4to, that of 1600, alone reads "your womb."

Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords : when we join in league,
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself ;
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the empress ; tell her, this I said.—

[*Stabbing her : she screams.*]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst thou
this ?

Aar. Oh lord ! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of our's,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Muli lives⁸, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him⁹, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court,
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see, I have given her physic.

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.

⁸ Not far HENCE MULI LIVES,] The old copies read "Not far one *Muliteus*," and the modern text has usually been "Not far one Muli lives;" but our version is that of the corr. fo. 1632, and seems preferable. Steevens guessed at "Muli lives" for *Muliteus*. The true text may have been "Not far on Muli lives," &c., but we give what is supported by the best authority we can procure.

⁹ Go PACK with him,] Pope understands "pack" as *make a bargain*; and Steevens says that to "pack" is to *contrive insidiously*. Shakespeare, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 2, uses "pack" as synonymous with "conspiracy;" and in "The Taming of the Shrew," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 519, Gremio exclaims, "Here's *packing* with a witness, to deceive us all."

This done, see that you take no longer days¹,
But send the midwife presently to me :
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then, let the ladies tattle what they please².

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and her's are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave ; I'll bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey³, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit with the Child.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A public Place.

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on the ends of them ;
with him MARCUS, PUBLIUS, young LUCIUS⁴, and other Gentle-
men, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.—

¹ This done, see that you take no longer days,] The corr. fo. 1632 gives what were perhaps the words in the time of the old corrector, "*make no long delays ;*" but "*take no longer days*" seems to have been the language of the poet, and of his period, and we make no change.

² — tattle what they please.] Here again an apparently obvious rhyme is supplied by the old annotator on the fo. 1632 in the words, "*Then let the ladies tattle what they may.*"

³ And feed on curds and whey,] So the 4tos. and folios ; but in the corr. fo. 1632 *thrive* is substituted for "*feed.*" As this change may have been merely an exercise of taste, to avoid the repetition of "*feed*" in two consecutive lines, we do not disturb the received text.

⁴ — with him Marcus, PUBLIUS, young Lucius, &c.] It is singular that in all ancient and modern copies (as far as we have been able to examine the latter) the name of Publius has been omitted in the introduction to this scene. It might again have escaped our notice, as it did in our former edition, had not our attention been drawn to the circumstance by Mr. W. W. Williams-of Tiverton.

Sir boy, now ⁵ let me see your archery :
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit :

Be you remember'd Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
Happily you may catch her in the sea ⁶,
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd :
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh, Publius ! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters ! What,
Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

⁵ — now] This necessary syllable, wanting in the 4tos. and in the first folio, is supplied by the second.

⁶ Happily you may catch her in the sea,] So the 4to, 1600 : that of 1611 and the folio substitute *find* for "catch."

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, sith no justice is in earth nor hell⁷,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine⁸;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy:—Marcus, loose, when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] Oh, well said,
Lucius⁹!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon¹:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

⁷ And sith no justice is in earth nor hell,] Such is the line in the corr. fo. 1632, and we feel assured that it must be right, instead of the old lame reading—

“And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell.”

Although this correction is made, the whole of this part of the scene is struck out, as well as a previous large portion: they were probably not acted when the old annotator on the folio, 1632, may have seen the tragedy. The lines excluded seem in no way to advance the plot.

⁸ To SATURN, Caius, not to Saturnine;] So Rowe corrected the line, which in the original runs, “To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine.” Caius seems to be the name of the kinsman Andronicus addresses.

⁹ Oh, well SAID, Lucius!] Another of the many instances in which “well said” means “well done.”

¹ My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:] This expression seems to have been proverbial: in the corr. fo. 1632 “aim” is put in the past tense *aim'd*, and perhaps rightly, with reference to the arrow Marcus had discharged.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy².

Enter the Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken
them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the
next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank with
him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there. God
forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
plebs³, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your
oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from
you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold:—mean while, here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

² Why, there it goes: God give HIS lordship joy.] The 4to, 1600, has "*his* lordship:" the 4to, 1611, and the folio, "*your* lordship."

³ — the tribunal plebs,] "I suppose (observes Steevens) the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*; *i. e.* Tribune of the people." Sir T. Hanmer conjectured more happily that he meant *tribunus plebis*.

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir: I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords and others: SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, the mightful gods no less⁴,
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law⁵, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,

⁴ My lords, you know, the mightful gods NO LESS,] The imperfect line in the early impressions is this—

“My lords, you know the mightful gods,”
which Rowe amended by inserting *as do* before “the mightful gods;” but the corr. fo. 1632 contains the line as we have given it, and as we are persuaded it ought to remain.

⁵ But even with law,] So all the old copies, though Steevens asserts that the first folio has “Even with *the* law,” and that it was corrected in the second folio. Malone printed “Even with *the* law,” unsupported by any of the ancient authorities, perhaps, taking Steevens's word.

Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks⁶,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this but libelling against the senate⁷,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep⁸,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick;
 Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

⁶ Shall we be thus afflicted in his WREAKS,] *i. e.* In his *revenges*, which may be right, and which we do not alter; but the word in the corr. fo. 1632 is *freaks*, which is not inappropriately followed by "his fits, his frenzy," &c. We may here notice a slight omission in our best dictionaries, which have no such sense of "freak," or *freke*, as fellow or man: Skelton uses it in his "Bouge of Court:"—

"By Cryste, quoth Favell, Drede is a soleyne *freke*,"

i. e. Dread is a sullen *fellow*, but Richardson treats it as if *freke* meant *whim* or *caprice*. In the Coventry Miracle-plays, as printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1841, p. 30, we have this line:—

"I falle downe here, a fowle *freke*."

⁷ What's this but libelling against the SENATE,] "Against the *state*" says the corr. fo. 1632, but with doubtful fitness.

⁸ — whom, if SHE sleep,] *He* in the old copies; but altered by Rowe, both here and in the next line.

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistressship be imperial⁹.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den.
I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[SATURNINUS reads the letter.

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck
to a fair end. [Exit guarded.

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege¹.—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS².

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct

⁹ — an your MISTRESSHIP be imperial.] It is *mistership* in the folios, but no doubt an error, from *mister* or *mistress* having formerly been denoted by a capital M, which the printer here mistook. The next speech by the Clown is thus represented in rhyme in the corr. fo. 1632, and perhaps it so stood in the MS. :—

“God and saint Stephen
Give you good even.
I have brought you a letter
And a couple of pigeons for want of better.”

Lower down the same character, introduced for the sake of exciting laughter, goes out to execution with a couplet:—

“Hang'd! By'r lady then, friend,
I have brought my neck to a fair end.”

We notice these changes for the information of the reader, but it is needless to introduce them into the text.

¹ — shall SHAPE privilege.] The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *have* for “shape,” reasonably, but not necessarily.

² Enter Æmilius.] In the old copies he is called “*Nuntius Æmilius*.”

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much:
Myself hath very often heard them say³,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King! be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it⁴?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before; be our ambassador; [To ÆMILIUS.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,

³ Myself hath VERY often heard them say,] "Very" is not in the old impressions, and the line wants two syllables, which are found in the corr. fo. 1632. We feel so sure that "very" was the missing, and unobjectionable word, that we have inserted it in our text.

⁴ — that gnats do fly in it?] "Do fly in's flame" in the corr. fo. 1632, the line at one time rhyming with that which precedes it.

Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus⁵.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage⁶ for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go incessantly, and plead 'fore him⁷. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

⁵ Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.] This line has been recovered from the 4to, 1600, where only it is found.

⁶ And if he stand ON hostage] The old copies read "*in* hostage," a mere misuse of the preposition, set right in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁷ Then go INCESSANTLY, and plead 'FORE him.] In the 4tos. the line is—

"Then go successantly, and plead to him."

In the folios the only difference is that "to" is altered to *for*, i. e. "'fore" or before him. *Successantly* is amended to "incessantly" in the corr. fo. 1632, and so Mr. Singer prints it: he might, indeed, have mentioned that "incessantly" is the word in the corr. fo. 1632, but he does not. We should not have been surprised if the change there had been

"Then go thou *instantly*, and plead 'fore him,"

the word *successantly* having been blunderingly compounded by the old printer from *thou* and *instantly*. Supposing "incessantly" to have been the poet's word, the line ought rather to have run—

"Then go, and plead incessantly 'fore him."

1 *Goth*. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him⁸.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth*. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eye'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey

⁸ And, as he saith, so say we all with him.] This line, in all the old copies, is made the conclusion of the speech of 1 *Goth*, erroneously, as is shown by the context, as well as by the import of the line itself. "I humbly thank him," in the reply of Lucius, refers, of course, to the 1 *Goth*, who had just spoken of the resolution of his companions.

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?
 A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
 Get me a ladder⁹.—

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
 And bear it from me to the empress. [*A ladder brought.*]
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear:
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee¹? why, assure thee, Lucius,
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
 [*Speaking from the ladder.*]

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, despiteously perform'd²:
 And this shall all be buried in my death,
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:

⁹ Get me a ladder.] The error of making Aaron speak these words is amended in the corr. fo. 1632, where *A ladder brought* is also added as a stage-direction.

¹ AND if it please thee?] Aaron takes up and repeats the very words of Lucius, but it has been usual to misprint them, "*An* if it please thee." The stage-direction, *Speaking from the ladder*, is in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Aaron had been compelled to mount the ladder, just after it had been brought.

² Ruthful to hear, DESPITEOUSLY perform'd:] The line, as formerly printed in ancient and modern editions, was—

"Ruthful to hear, yet *piteously* perform'd,"

which expresses exactly the contrary of what must have been intended. The corr. fo. 1632 sets the matter right by the mere alteration of *yet* to *des-*, "*despiteously* perform'd." Such must have been the word of the poet; and Mr. Singer, rather than follow the authority of the corr. fo. 1632, inserts in his text a word, we believe, not to be found in any author in our language—*piteousless*:—

"Ruthful to hear, yet *piteousless* perform'd."

Here it seems as if Mr. Singer would rather print ungrammatical nonsense, than follow our corr. fo. 1632.

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble³ for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and
'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

³ An idiot holds his BAUBLE] See "All's Well that Ends Well," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. ii. p. 611, respecting the *bauble* of domestic fools and jesters: it is as often mentioned as their motley dress.

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy, like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass⁴ of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle oftentimes break their necks⁵;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily, indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil⁶, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging, presently.

⁴ Few come within THE compass] The folio reads, "Few come within *few* compass;" and lower down, "*the* tears" for "their tears."

⁵ Make poor men's cattle OFTTIMES break their necks;] The 4tos. and folios omit "ofttimes" to the ruin of the verse: we may suppose that the word had escaped, and it is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

⁶ Bring down the devil,] Hence we find, not only that the ladder had been brought, but that Aaron ascended it, and made his speeches while standing upon it, as stated in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. Before TITUS's House.

*Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised as Revenge,
Rapine, and Murder⁷.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

⁷ — as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder.] These words are an addition from the corr. fo. 1632: it might be gathered from what follows.

TITUS opens his study door⁸.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down, [*Showing a paper.*]
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come⁹ to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action¹?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore, no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes².
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

⁸ Titus opens his study door.] From what ensues it appears that Titus came out into the elevated balcony at the back of the stage. The word "above" is added in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ Titus, I am come] It is "*Old Titus, I am come*" &c. in the corr. fo. 1632, and though a syllable is wanting in the line, it may be doubted whether Tamora, even in her disguise, would address the hero as "*Old Titus*."

¹ — to give it ACTION?] Thus the folio. Both the 4tos, *that accord*. Respecting the "action" of Andronicus, see the last sentence of our Introduction.

² — on THY foes.] So the 4tos: the folio, "on *my* foes;" and in the preceding line "*the* mind."

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore, come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet³,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves⁴:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising⁵ in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers⁶? what are they call'd!

Tam. Rape, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are;
And you, the empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
Oh sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* TITUS above.]
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.—

³ Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,] The 4to, 1611, and the folio, 1623, read "as black as jet;" but we omit *as*, on the authority of the earliest 4to, and the folio, 1632: "thee" is still too much for the line.

⁴ And find out MURDERERS in their guilty CAVES:] All the old editions (excepting the second folio, which alters *cares* to "caves") read, "And find out murder in their guilty cares." Steevens altered *murder* to "murderers," and such precisely is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632: there could, in fact, be no doubt about it.

⁵ Even from HYPERION'S rising] So the second folio: the first reads *Epton's*, and the 4tos, "*Epeon's* rising."

⁶ Are THEY thy ministers?] It is curious here to see a modern editor justifying one corruption by another: "they" having been ignorantly misprinted *them* in the old impressions, we are told to preserve it—"Are *them* thy ministers?"—because the same blunder was committed in a passage in another work of the time. There can be no doubt that it is just such a gross blunder as we are bound to remedy; but Mr. Singer's text is "Are *them* thy ministers?"

Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son,
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme⁷.

Enter TITUS *below*⁸.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.

⁷ — I must PLY my theme.] The folio only, "*play* my theme."

⁸ Enter Titus BELOW.] The word "below" is from the corr. fo. 1632; and when Titus made his exit, on the preceding page, "Exit Titus above" is the stage-direction. "Below" means on the stage, where he joined Tamora and her sons.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us : this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus ! my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys ? will you abide
with him⁹,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me
mad ;

⁹ What say you, boys ? will you ABIDE with him,] It is "'bide with him" in the early impressions, but the mere change of 'bide to "abide" cures the defective metre, and it is found in the corr. fo. 1632. Modern editors have always reprinted 'bide, though so evidently wrong.

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons
I take them; Chiron and Demetrius¹.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry².

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. seize CHIRON, and
DEMETRIUS.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a
bason, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

¹ I take them; Chiron AND Demetrius.] The conjunction, necessary at all events to the verse, is from the corr. fo. 1632.

² And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.] This line is not reprinted in the folio, 1623, though it is found in both the 4to. editions: "bind them sure" is only followed by a comma in the folio, showing the omission to have been, in all probability, accidental.

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
 You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The bason that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
 Hark, villains ! I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
 And of the paste a coffin ³ I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase ⁴.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia come,
 [*He cuts their throats : LAV. catches the blood.*
 Receive the blood : and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So ; now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
 [*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

³ And of the paste a COFFIN] The raised crust of a pie was formerly called the "coffin." See "Taming of the Shrew," A. iv. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 506.

⁴ — swallow her OWN increase.] The folio omits "own," necessary to the metre : it is found in both the 4tos.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths; *with* AARON, *Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And our's with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face⁵,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths *with* AARON. *Trumpets sound.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators, *and*
others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle⁶;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The Company sit down at table.*

⁵ Till he be brought unto the EMPRESS' face,] So the 4to. 1600: the 4to, 1611, has *emperour's*, and the folio, 1623, *emperous*.

⁶ — BREAK the parle;] That is, says Johnson, *begin* the parley; but does it not rather mean, "break off your angry parley with the emperor?"

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*, young LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs : please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee ;

[*He kills* LAVINIA.]

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die' !

Sat. What hast thou done ? unnatural and unkind !

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ;—and it is now done⁷.

Sat. What ! was she ravish'd ? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat ?—will't please your highness
feed ?

⁷ — thy father's sorrow DIE !] The corr. fo. 1632 here has *flee* instead of "die," as if the speech had ended with a couplet. We leave the text as in the 4tos. and folios.

⁸ To do this outrage ;—and it is now done.] This line is wanting in the folio : both the 4tos. contain it. There was a play upon the story of Virginius and his daughter, long anterior to that of John Webster (Dyce's Webster's Works, ii. 137), so that audiences were well acquainted with the incidents before Shakespeare wrote. See "Apus and Virginia," by R. B. 4to, 1575, reprinted in the last edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," xii. p. 337.

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus ?

Tit. Not I ; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius :

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie ;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed ?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The People in
confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their Par-
tisans, ascend the steps before TITUS'S House.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh ! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body ;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself⁹,
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend ; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.

⁹ LEST Rome herself be bane unto herself,] Modern editors have sometimes given the four first lines of this speech to a Senator, and the rest to Marcus. The two 4tos. assign the whole to a "Roman Lord," but the folio gives it to a "Goth," in whose mouth it is very inappropriate. In accordance with the corr. fo. 1632, we assign the whole to Marcus, who, having said "Oh ! let me teach you," &c. proceeds to perform his undertaking. *Let* of the old copies is also there altered to "Lest," a very obvious change, formerly made by Southern in his folio, 1685.

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
 That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
 And break my very utterance, even i' the time
 When it should move you to attend me most,
 Lending your kind commiseration.
 Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
 Your hearts will throb, and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory¹, be it known to you,
 That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
 Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
 And they it was that ravished our sister.
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies unto the grave.
 Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
 And I am the turn'd-forth², be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth.
 But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise. Oh! pardon me;
 For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child:
 Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,

¹ THEN, noble auditory,] So the two 4tos: the folio reads, erroneously, "This noble auditory." It is "Then noble auditory" in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps obtained from the 4tos.

² — I am THE turn'd-forth,] The folio omits "the," found in both 4tos.

And, as he is³, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.—

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house, [To an Attendant.
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death⁴,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.—
 Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile⁵,
 For nature puts me to a heavy task.—

³ AND, as he is,] Theobald altered this to "*Damn'd* as he is," with additional force, we admit, but unnecessarily, and in the face of all the old copies, which contain the words of our text. In the next line, "what *course*" is properly corrected to "what cause" in the folio, 1635. It had long before been amended to "what cause" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ — some direful SLAUGHTERING death,] "Some direful *lingering* death" in the corr. fo. 1632—perhaps a difference of recitation.

⁵ — GIVE ME AIM awhile,] The usual meaning of "to give aim," as Gifford has shown in his *Massinger*, Vol. ii. p. 27, is to *direct*; but here the expression seems to be intended in the sense of "give me *leave* awhile." If it had been "cry me aim awhile," it would have been equivalent to "*encourage* me awhile," and perhaps that is what was intended: see "*King John*," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 140. In the next line the corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *style* for "task;" and in the next line but one *bier* for "trunk," in both cases for the rhyme sake. The mention of *bier* reminds us of a blunder in "*Valentinian*," (Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, v. 239,) where *biers* is misprinted "beats," to the confusion of all editors, from first to last—"for thus we get but years and *beats*."

Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
Oh! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kissing* TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
Oh! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him⁶.

Boy. Oh grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
Oh lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes.
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves, or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. Oh! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

⁶ Do HIM that kindness, and take leave of HIM.] The 4tos, in both instances, read *them* for "him:" the folio, 1623, gives it correctly. In the corr. fo. 1632 the line is made to run thus:—

"Do him that kindness, all that he can have;" which, on many accounts, seems preferable; but the change, like others in this play, may possibly have been only arbitrary.

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

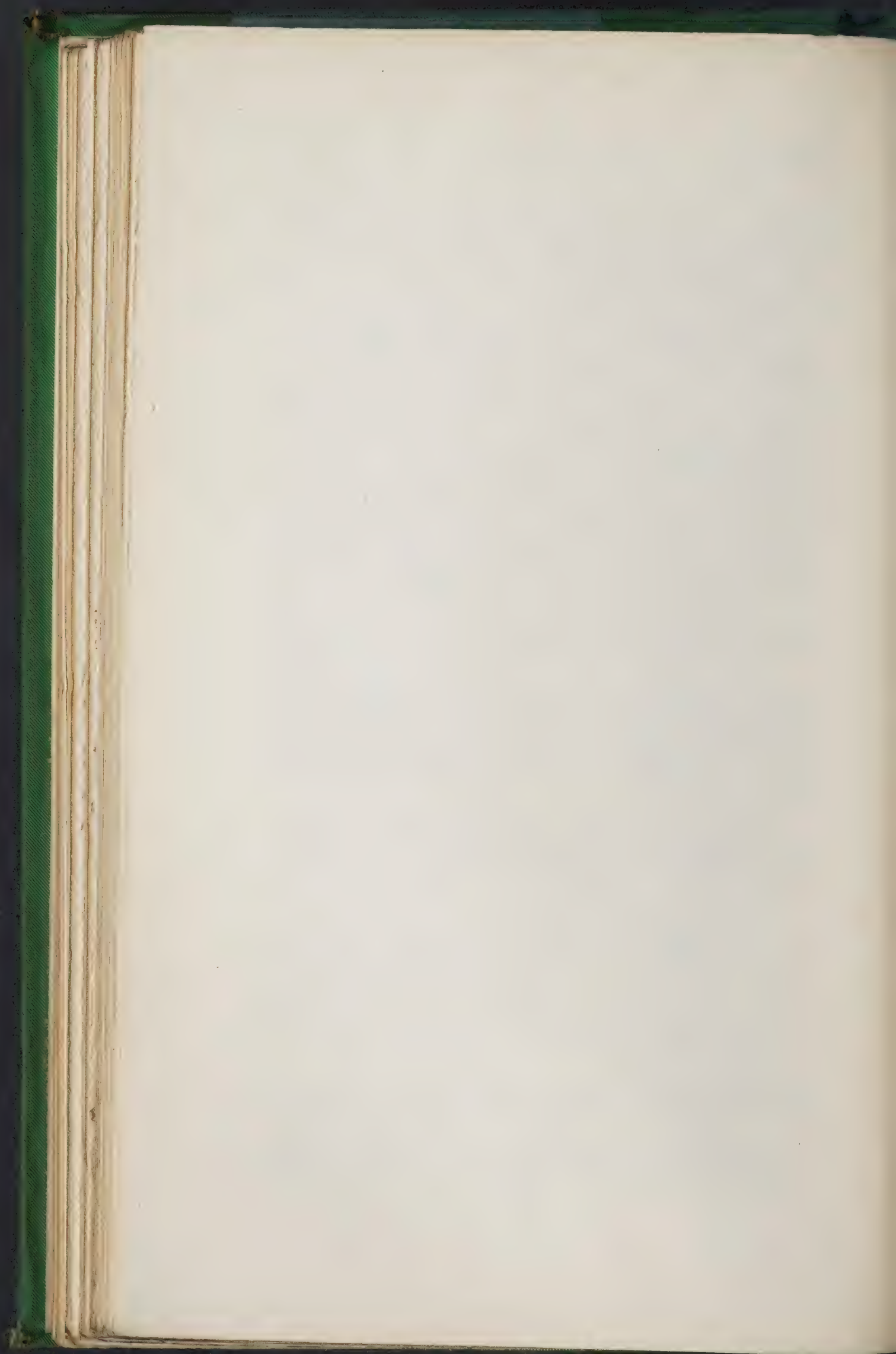
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora⁷,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like⁸, and devoid of pity ;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron⁹, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ As for that HEINOUS tiger, Tamora,] The epithet "heinous," as applied to a tiger, does not sound like Shakespeare; and the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to put *ravenous* instead of it, which certainly suits the place better; but as there is no sufficient objection to "heinous," we leave it, on the supposition that the word inserted by the old annotator, was perhaps that which he had heard from the lips of some actor of the part of Lucius: the reader has the choice of the two adjectives before him.

⁸ Her life was BEAST-LIKE,] The 4tos. read *beastly* for "beast-like" of the folio. In the preceding line the 4tos. have "birds *to* prey," for "birds *of* prey."

⁹ See justice done ON Aaron,] So all the old editions, 4to. and folio. Malone prints "*to* Aaron."



ROMEO AND JULIET.

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597. 4to. 39 leaves.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for Iohn Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet," occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 53 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

It is certain that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1562; and the fact establishes that, even at that early date, our dramatists resorted to Italian novels, or translations of them, for the subjects of their productions. It is the most ancient piece of evidence of the kind yet discovered, and it is given by Arthur Brooke, who in that year published a narrative poem, called "The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth, than I have, or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect." (*Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage*, Vol. ii. p. 416.) Thus we see also, that the play had been received "with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence.

We can scarcely suppose that no other drama would be founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1562 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of, probably, more than thirty years; but no hint of the kind is given in any record, and certainly no such work, either manuscript or printed, has come down to us. Of the extreme popularity of the story we have abundant proof, and of a remote date. It was included by William Paynter in the "second tome" of his "Palace of Pleasure," the dedication of which he dates 4th Nov. 1567; and in old writers we find frequent mention of the hero and heroine. Thomas Dalapeend gives the following brief "argument" in his "Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis," 1565:—"A noble mayden of the cytye of Verona, in Italye, whyche loved Romeus, eldest sonne of the Lorde Montesche, and beinge pryvely maryed togyther, he at last poysoned hym selfe for love of her: she, for sorrowe of his deathe, slewe her selfe in the same tombe with hys dagger." B. Rich, in his "Dialogue betwene Mercury and a Souldier," 1574, says that "the pittifull history of Romeus and Julietta" was so well known as to be represented in tapestry. It is again alluded to in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; and in "A Poore Knight his Palace of Private Pleasure," 1579. Austin Saker's "Narbonus," 1580, contains the subsequent passage:—"Had Romeus bewrayed his mariage at the first, and manifested the intent of his meaning, he had done very wisely, and gotten license for the lives of two faithful friends." After this date the mention of the story becomes even more frequent, and sometimes more particular; and our inference is, that it owed

part of its popularity, not merely to printed narratives in prose or verse, nor to the play spoken of by Brooke in 1562, but to subsequent dramatic representations, perhaps, more or less founded upon that early drama.

How far Shakespeare might be indebted to any such production we have no means of deciding; but Malone, Steevens, and others have gone upon the supposition, that Shakespeare was only under obligations either to Brooke's poem, or to Paynter's novel; and least of all do they seem to have contemplated the possibility, that he might have obtained assistance from some foreign source.

Arthur Brooke avowed that he derived his materials from Bandoello (Part II. Nov. 9), *La sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi Amanti*, &c.; and Paynter very literally translated Boisteau's *Histoire de deux Amans*, &c., in the collection of *Histoires Tragiques*, published by Belleforest. Both Brooke's poem and Paynter's prose version have recently been reprinted in a work called "Shakespeare's Library," where the antiquity of the story is considered. Steevens was disposed to think that our great dramatist had obtained more from Paynter than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and, we think, established, a contrary opinion. He examined a number of minute points of resemblance; but, surely, no doubt can be entertained by those who only compare the following short passage, from a speech of Friar Laurence, with three lines from Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet."

"Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast."—(Act iii. sc. 3.)

This, as will be seen from what is subjoined, is almost verbally from Brooke's poem:—

"Art thou," quoth he, "a man? thy shape saith so thou art;
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart * *
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast."

(Shakesp. Lib. part vii. p. 43.)

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" originally came out, but in an imperfect manner, in 1597, 4to. This edition is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has generally been treated as an authorised impression from an authentic manuscript: such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers (no bookseller's or stationer's name is placed at the bottom of the title-page) was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation. Our principal ground for this notion is, that there is such great inequality in different scenes and speeches, and in some places pre-

cisely that degree and kind of imperfectness, which would belong to manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. As Steevens printed the first and the third edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in his "Twenty Quartos," a comparison, to test the truth of our remark, may be readily made. We do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play, subsequent to its earliest production on the stage, but merely that the 4to, 1597, does not contain the tragedy as it was originally represented. The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended:" the third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior to 1609, but anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1623. The 4to, 1637, is of little or no authority.

The 4to, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years earlier; and the repetition, in the folio of 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a reprint of the 4to, 1609. It is remarkable, that although every early 4to. impression contains a Prologue, it was not transferred to the folio. The 4to, 1597, has lines not in the 4tos, 1599, 1609, nor in the folio; and the folio, reprinting the 4to, 1609, besides ordinary errors, makes several important omissions. Our text is that of the 4to, 1599, compared, of course, with the 4to, 1609, and with the folio of 1623, and in some places importantly assisted by the 4to. of 1597. Of the value of this assistance, as regards particular words, we will only give a single instance, out of many, from Act iii. sc. 1, where Benvolio, in reference to the conflict between Mercutio and Tybalt, says of Romeo,

"His *agile* arm beats down their fatal points."

The 4tos, 1599 and 1609, and the folio of 1623, absurdly read "*aged* arm;" and the editor of the folio of 1632 substituted "*able* arm:" the true word, for which no substitute equally good could be found, is only in the 4to, 1597.

It will be observed that on the title-page of the 4to, 1597, it is stated that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon; and hence Malone argued that it must have been first performed and printed between July, 1596, and April, 1597. The company to which Shakespeare was attached called themselves "the servants of the Lord Chamberlain:" Henry Lord Hunsdon died Lord Chamberlain on 22nd July, 1596, and his son George succeeded to the title, but not to the office, which, in August, was conferred upon Lord Cobham. Lord Cobham filled it until his death in March subsequent to his appointment, very soon after which event George Lord Hunsdon was made Lord Chamberlain. It seems that the theatrical servants of Henry Lord Hunsdon,

Lord Chamberlain, did not, on his decease, transfer their services to his successor in office, Lord Cobham, but to his successor in title, George Lord Hunsdon, and called themselves the servants of that nobleman in the interval between the death of his father on 22nd July, 1596, and 17th April, 1597, when he himself became Lord Chamberlain. Malone concludes that in this interval, while those players who had been the servants of the Lord Chamberlain called themselves the servants of Lord Hunsdon, "*Romeo and Juliet*" was first performed and printed; and that, in consequence, the title-page of the first edition states, that it had been played by "the L. of Hunsdon his servants."

The answer that may be made to this argument is, that though the tragedy was printed in 1597, as it had been acted by Lord Hunsdon's servants, it does not follow that it might not have been played some years before by the same actors, when calling themselves the Lord Chamberlain's servants. This is true; and it is not to be disputed that there is an allusion in one of the speeches of the Nurse (Act i. sc. 3) to an earthquake which, she states, had occurred eleven years before:—

—————" But as I said,
On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd."

It has been supposed that this passage refers to the earthquake of 1580, and, consequently, that the play was written in 1591. However, those who read the whole speech of the Nurse cannot fail to remark such discrepancies in it, as to render it impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion, even if we suppose that Shakespeare intended a reference to a particular earthquake in England. First, the Nurse tells us, that Juliet was in a course of being weaned; then, that she could stand alone; and, thirdly, that she could run alone. It would have been rather extraordinary if she could not, for even according to the Nurse's own calculation the child was very nearly three years old. No fair inference can, therefore, be drawn from the expression, "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years," and we coincide with Malone that the tragedy was probably written towards the close of 1596¹.

¹ The Registers of the Stationers' Company throw little light upon the question when "*Romeo and Juliet*" was first written. On 5 Aug. 1596, Edward White entered "A newe ballad of Romeo and Juliett," which may possibly have been the tragedy, printed (without a bookseller's name) in 1597, though called only a *ballad*. On 22 Jan. 1606-7, "*Romeo and Juliet*" (together with "*Love's Labour's Lost*" and "*The Taming of a Shrew*") was entered to "Mr. Linge," with consent of "Mr. Burby." On 19 Nov. 1607, John Smythick entered

Another trifling circumstance may lead to the belief that "Romeo and Juliet" was not written, at all events, until after 1594. In Act ii. (not Act iii., as Malone states) there is an allusion, in the words of Mercutio—"a gentleman of the very first house—of *the first and second cause*,"—to a work on duelling, called "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise." That book was first printed in 1594, and again in 1595, and the issue of the second impression might call Shakespeare's attention to it before he began "Romeo and Juliet." We have already seen "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise" more particularly referred to in "As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 429. We place little reliance upon the allusion in "Romeo and Juliet," because "the first and second cause" are also mentioned in "Love's Labour's Lost," (Vol. ii. p. 107,) though the passage may, like some others, have been an insertion just prior to Christmas, 1598.

Malone hastily concluded, from a reference in Marston's Satires, that Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was acted at the Curtain Theatre, in Shoreditch; but we can be by no means sure that Marston, by the terms "Curtain plaudities," did not mean applause at any theatre, for all had "curtains," and we have no trace that any other of our great dramatist's plays was acted at the Curtain. The subject must have been a favourite with the public, and it is more than probable that rival companies had contemporaneous plays upon the same story: (see the Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, p. 19.) To some piece formed upon the same incidents, and represented at the Curtain Theatre, Marston may have referred.

It is remarkable that in no edition of "Romeo and Juliet," printed anterior to the publication of the folio of 1623, do we find Shakespeare's name upon the title-page. Yet Meres, in his *Paladis Tamia*, had distinctly assigned it to him in 1598; and although the name of the author might be purposely left out in the imperfect copy of 1597, there would seem to be no reason, especially after the announcement by Meres, for not inserting it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended" edition of 1599. But it is wanting even in the impression of 1609, although Shakespeare's popularity must then have been at its height. "King Lear," in 1608, had been somewhat ostentatiously called "M. William Shake-speare, his, &c. Life and Death of King Lear;" and his Sonnets, in 1609, were recommended to purchasers, as "Shake-speare's Sonnets," in unusually large characters on the title-page.

"Hamlet," "The Taming of a Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Love's Labour's Lost," as having derived his property in them from Linge.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, }
CAPULET, } Heads of two hostile Houses.

Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, Son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.

BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.

TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.

FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } Servants to Capulet.

PETER, Another Servant to Capulet.

ABRAM, Servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. Boy; Page to Paris; Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.

JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses;
Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona; once, in
the fifth Act, at Mantua.

¹ There was no list of persons until Rowe prefixed it.

PROLOGUE.

CHORUS¹.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death², bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage ;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss our toil shall strive to mend.

¹ Chorus.] No doubt, as Malone suggested, the insertion of "Chorus," under the word "Prologue," indicates that it was spoken by the same performer who delivered the chorus at the end of Act. i. Malone subjoined the Prologue as it is given in the 4to, 1597, but with just as many variations as lines. It runs *literatim* thus:—

"Two household Friends, alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene,)
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vnclean.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost Lovers tooke their life ;
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,
And death-markt passage of their Parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want wee'l studie to amend."

² Do, with their death,] The 4to, 1599, "*Doth*," &c. ; a grammatical error, not corrected in subsequent editions.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A public Place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers*¹.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals².

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore, I will push

¹ — armed with swords and bucklers.] The old copies add the information, that the men were "of the house of Capulet."

² — we'll not carry coals.] Numberless authorities might be produced to show that "to carry coals" formerly meant *to bear injuries*. The 4to, 1597, opens the tragedy thus:—

"1. Gregory, of my word, I'll carry no coals.

2. No, for if you do, you should be a collier.

1. If I be in choler, I'll draw.

2. Ever, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar."

The 4to, 1599, omits "the" before "collar:" "the" is twice repeated in the 4to, 1597. Such differences hardly require notice.

Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us, their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids³; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John⁴. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues⁵.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it⁶.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

³ — I will be CRUEL with the maids;] The 4to, 1597, has not the word; but the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, together with the folio, 1623, have "civil." It was doubtless a misprint for *cruel*, as the undated edition gives it; and *cruel* for "civil" is the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632. The misprint of *civil* for "cruel" is allowed to remain in Greene and Lodge's "Looking Glass for London and England," (Dyce's edit. i. 74,) "And play the civil wanton" for "*cruel* wanton."

⁴ — poor John.] Dried and salted hake was frequently so called.

⁵ — two of the house of the Montagues.] So the 4to, 1597: that of 1599, and the subsequent impressions made from it, omit "two."

⁶ — which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.] Malone quoted the following passage from Dekker's "Dead Term," 4to, 1608, where he is adverting to the persons who visited the walks in St. Paul's church:—"What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels." Other quotations, though in point, are needless.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen⁷.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow⁸. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools ! put up your swords ; you know not what you do. *[Beating down their swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What ! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ? Turn thee, Benvolio ; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace : put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What ! drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee. Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray ; then enter Citizens, with clubs or partisans.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans ! strike ! beat them down ! Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

⁷ Say—better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.] The 4to, 1597, reads, "Say ay : here comes my master's kinsman." It is immediately followed by the subsequent stage-direction, which is all that is there found, until the entrance of "the Prince and his Train"—"They draw : to them enters Tybalt. They fight : to them the Prince, old Montague and his Wife ; old Capulet and his Wife, and other Citizens, and part them."

⁸ — remember thy SWASHING blow.] We have had "swashing" in "As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 369, "We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside." Barret in his "Alvearie," 1580, states that "to *swash* is to make a noise with swords against targets." Ben Jonson also, in his "Staple of News," speaks of "a *swashing* blow ;" which is evidently the right word, though the 4tos, 1597, 1599, 1609, and all the folios, have *washing*. The old annotator on the folio, 1632, alters *washing* to "swashing," and the undated 4to has "swashing."

Enter CAPULET, in his gown ; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long sword, ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—Old Montague is come,

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet !—Hold me not ; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,

Enter Prince, with his Train.

Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

Will they not hear ?—what ho ! you men, you beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins⁹,

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word¹,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeeming ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate².

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace :

For this time, all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*[Exeunt Prince, and Attendants ; CAPULET, Lady
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]*

⁹ With purple fountains, &c.] This and the three preceding lines are not in the 4to, 1597.

¹ — bred of an AIRY word,] “Angry word,” in the corr. fo. 1632. The opposite error occurs in “The Knight of Malta,” (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, v. 145,) where the epithet *angry* is strangely misapplied to a “dream.”

² — your canker'd hate.] This and the three preceding lines are wanting in the 4to, 1597.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And your's, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part³.

La. Mon. Oh! where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour⁴, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

³ — who parted either part.] Only the two first lines of this speech are given in the 4to, 1597.

⁴ Pursu'd my humour,] Our reading of the two preceding lines is that of the 4tos, 1599, 1609, and of the folio, which has been generally rejected for that of the 4to, 1597. The plain meaning seems to be, that Benvolio, like Romeo, was indisposed for society, and sought to be most, where most people were not to be found, being one too many, even when by himself. The text, since Pope's time, has usually been—

“I noting his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour.”

In all the copies, 4to. and folio, excepting the 4to, 1599, “humour” is misprinted *honour*, but the error is set right in the corr. fo. 1632. The last line of this speech, and the first ten lines of the next, are wanting in the 4to, 1597.

Should in the farthest east begin to draw
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself;
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means⁵?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun⁶.
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
 To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

⁵ Have you importun'd him by any means?] This and the next speech are first found in the 4to, 1599.

⁶ Or dedicate his beauty to the SUN.] The word "sun" is misprinted *same* in all the old editions of this tragedy. Theobald suggested "sun," and when we recollect that "sun" was formerly spelt *sunne*, it is easy to account for the error, but not so easy to account for the repetition of it every time the play was reprinted between the years 1597. and 1685, or even thirty years later. *Same* is altered to "sun" in the corr. fo. 1632; so that although the line does not read amiss,

"Or dedicate his beauty to the *same*,"

meaning "the air," mentioned in the preceding line, there cannot be a doubt that *same* is a corruption. In our former edition we preserved *same* upon the principle that it affords a very clear meaning; but we now adopt "sun" on the authority of the old annotator. The reason why *same* was so often reprinted, no doubt, was that, until "sun" is proposed as an emendation, *same* hardly seems objectionable.

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—Oh me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, Oh brawling love! Oh loving hate!

Oh any thing, of nothing first created!

Oh heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!⁷

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why such, Benvolio, is love's transgression⁸.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made⁹ with the fume of sighs;

⁷ — WELL-seeming FORMS!] The 4to, 1597, "*best-seeming things*:" the other 4tos, and folio, 1623, "*well-seeing forms*:" the folio, 1632, first corrected it to "*well-seeming forms*."

⁸ Why such, BENVOLIO, is love's transgression.] The line in every 4to. and folio is without "*Benvolio*," thus leaving it four syllables short of the measure required by the corresponding line above. We have, therefore, not the slightest hesitation in inserting the name as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632, and as we may be almost sure it was originally written.

⁹ Love is a smoke, MADE] The 4to, 1597, alone reads *rais'd* for "*made*." In the next line but one, it has *raging* for "*nourished*." If the last be wrong, the first may be right.

Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes¹;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
 Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along:
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here;
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where!

Ben. Tell me, in sadness, who is that you love.

Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
 But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will;
 A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
 With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;
 And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd².
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
 Oh! she is rich in beauty; only poor,
 That when she dies with beauty dies her store³.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

¹ Being PUFF'D, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;] Here we may be confident that the corr. fo. 1632 offers us an excellent emendation: Romeo says first, that "love is a smoke," and he adds that when it is blown, or "puff'd," it sparkles in the eyes of lovers. Such, we know, is the natural effect of puffing a fire, for the sparkles then fly into the eyes of the person who so employs his breath. The old copies read *purg'd* for "puff'd," but who ever heard of purging a fire? Johnson recommended *urg'd*, which is certainly better than *purg'd*; but "puff'd" must have been the poet's word, mistaken by the old printer for *purg'd*, which he carelessly composed.

² From love's weak childish bow she lives ENCHARM'D.] A small emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 converts *uncharm'd* of the old editions into "encharm'd," meaning magically protected, as by a *charm*, from love's bow. The difference is only a single letter; but Rowe altered *uncharm'd* to *unharm'd*, and such has since been the received text: Romeo says that she could not be wounded, inasmuch as she was "encharm'd." The next line but one is not in the 4to, 1597.

³ — with beauty dies her store.] From this line to the end of the scene, and the three first lines of sc. 2, are not in the 4to, 1597.

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. Oh! teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* *Servant.*

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord⁴, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before;
My child is yet a stranger in the world,

⁴ But now, my lord,] The 4to, 1597, begins the scene with this speech of Paris, in which "you" is twice printed *they*; and this line commences, *But leaving that*: Capulet's answer is, "What should I say more than I said before?" &c. There are also other minor variations.

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
 Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married⁵.
 Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
 My will to her consent is but a part ;
 An she agree, within her scope of choice
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,
 One more most welcome makes my number more.
 At my poor house look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :
 Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparel'd April⁶ on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds⁷ shall you this night
 Inherit at my house : hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
 Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
 Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,

[*Giving a paper to the Servant.*

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

⁵ — so early MARRIED.] It is *made* for “ married ” in all the early editions, excepting the first, to which the old annotator makes his fo. 1632 conform.

⁶ Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,

When well-apparel'd April] Surely we need not, with Ritson, speculate upon emendation where none is required, and there is no reason for altering “ young men ” to *yeomen*, though *yeomen* may be “ young men,” or “ young men ” *yeomen*. Malone, in reference to this passage, quotes from Shakespeare's 99th Sonnet, and Mr. Singer, following Malone, makes the same mistake : it is in Shakespeare's 98th Sonnet that the following lines are found :—

“ When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.”

⁷ Among fresh FEMALE buds] A strange corruption here crept into the 4to, 1599, and is adopted into the 4to, 1609, and from thence into the folio, 1623 : they read, “ Among fresh *fennel* buds,” &c.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning⁸,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that⁹.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book; but, I pray,
can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. [Going.]

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Takes the paper and reads.]

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Iivia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

⁸ — one fire burns out another's burning.] So in "Coriolanus," Vol. iv. p. 699, "one fire drives out one fire:" the expression was proverbial.

⁹ Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.] The plantain was celebrated for medicinal virtues; and in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 118, Costard calls out for "a plantain," to cure his broken shin. In "Albumazar," A. iv. sc. 11, one of the characters exclaims, "a fresh plantain leaf! I've broke my shin."

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine¹⁰. Rest you merry.

[*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being by¹,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales², let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best³.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

¹⁰ — CRUSH a cup of wine.] This use of the word "crush" was common: it is met with in many old plays and tracts of the time.

¹ Tut, TUT! you saw her fair, none else being by,] The second interjection, necessary to the metre, is from the corr. fo. 1632.

² — in THOSE crystal scales,] The old copies have, "that crystal scales." The emendation was by Rowe; but we are not quite satisfied that it is necessary, since Shakespeare may have used "scales," as we now use a pair of scales, as a noun singular.

³ — that now shows best.] "That now seems best" in all editions prior to the 4to, 1609. The folio, 1623, misprints the first part of the line thus, "And she shew scant shell well," &c. The folio, 1632, only partially sets the confusion right, and the old corrector makes no change.

SCENE III.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old, I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—God forbid! where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here:

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile, We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again: I have remember'd me; thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen⁴ be it spoken I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;

⁴ — to my TEEN] *i. e.* To my sorrow. See "Richard III.," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 308, where the etymology of "teen" is given.

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
 Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years;
 For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about,
 For even the day before she broke her brow:
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!
 'A was a merry man,—took up the child:
 “Yea,” quoth he, “dost thou fall upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?” and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—“Ay.”
 To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it: “Wilt thou not, Jule?” quoth
 he;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted⁵, and said—“Ay.”
La. Cap. Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
 To think it should leave crying, and say—“Ay:”
 And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
 A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
 “Yea,” quoth my husband, “fall'st upon thy face?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
 Wilt thou not, Jule?” it stinted, and said—“Ay⁶.”
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done⁷. God mark thee to his grace!
 Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

⁵ — it stinted,] *i. e.* It *stopped* crying. To *stint* is frequently used for to *stop* by Spenser, Hughes, Ben Jonson, Marston, and other writers of the time. We will only give one proof from Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, 1579, where he is speaking of Antony's wound, “for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid.”

⁶ “Wilt thou not, Jule?” it stinted, and said—“Ay.”] This and the preceding eight lines were first inserted in the 4to, 1599.

⁷ Peace, I have done.] “Well, go thy ways,” in the 4to, 1597.

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married⁸?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament⁹,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea¹; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.

⁸ How stands your disposition to be married?] This speech and Juliet's reply are thus given in the 4to, 1597:—

"*Wife.* And that same marriage, nurse, is the theme I mean to talk of.—Tell me, Juliet, how stand you affected to be married?"

"*Jul.* It is an honour that I dream not of."

All the old copies, 4to. and folio, excepting the 4to, 1597, have *hour* for "honour," both here and in the next line; but in both places *hour* is amended to "honour" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ Examine every MARRIED lineament,] *i. e.* Every harmoniously united lineament. This is the reading of the 4to, 1599, the oldest authority for this part of the play: the 4to, 1609, and the folio, 1623, have poorly, "Examine every *several* lineament."

¹ The fish lives in the sea; &c.] *i. e.* The fish is not yet caught of which the "cover" is to be made: fish-skin bindings to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Farmer's explanation of this passage.

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye²,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others*³.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper⁴;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:

² — ENDART mine eye,] "*Engage mine eye*" in the 4to, 1597, only.

³ — and others.] One of the "others" was furnished with a drum, as we learn from the corr. fo. 1632. This is material, according to the last words of Benvolio in this scene, "Strike, drum!"

⁴ Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;] *i. e.* Like a person appointed to scare crows, who of old was armed with a bow and arrows: see "*King Lear*," A. iv. sc. 6. In this speech Shakespeare ridicules the ancient practice of maskers entering with a formal prolix introduction, such as that by Moth in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," Vol. ii. p. 156: see also "*Timon of Athens*," A. i. sc. 2.

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch⁵; I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover⁶: borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*]
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities⁷?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels⁸;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse⁹, the constable's own word.

⁵ Give me a torch;] The character (says Steevens) which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in "Westward Ho!" by Decker and Webster, 1607:—"He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloathes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." Romeo wishes to take no active part in the affair.

⁶ You are a lover: &c.] This and the eleven next lines are not found in the 4to, 1597. Perhaps they were a subsequent addition.

⁷ — doth QUOTE deformities?] *i. e.* Note or observe deformities, as frequently before. The next three lines are not in the 4to, 1597.

⁸ Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] Alluding to the rushes with which apartments were anciently strewed in England, a custom mentioned by innumerable writers of the time.

⁹ Tut! DUN's the mouse,] We meet with this expression in many old comic

If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this save-reverence love¹, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits².

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was your's?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. Oh! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you³.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman⁴,
Drawn with a team of little atomies

authors; among others, in "Patient Grissill," by Decker, Chettle, and Haughton, 1603, (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 6,) where Babulo says, "and then this eye opens; yet *dun is the mouse*—lie still." It is also elsewhere used as if "dun" were to be understood *dumb*. The next line, "If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire," refers to the Christmas gambol of *Dun is in the mire*, the mode of playing which Gifford explains in a note to Ben Jonson's Works, Vol. vii. p. 283. The phrase, "Dun's in the mire," is often met with: it occurs in "The Woman Hater," by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. iv. sc. 2 (Dyce's Edition, Vol. ii. p. 71); and there was an old tune of that name, mentioned by Taylor, the Water-poet, in his "Armada, or Navy of Ships," 8vo, 1627.

¹ Of this SAVE-REVERENCE love,] The meaning is evident, and it is only necessary to observe, that our text is that of the 4to, 1597, excepting that "save-reverence" is there printed *surreverence*, as it was perhaps usually pronounced. The 4to, 1599, has it, "Or save you reverence love;" which is followed by the 4to, 1609: the folio, 1623, reads, "Or save *your* reverence love," and so it is repeated in the later folios.

² — ere once in our FIVE wits.] No doubt Malone was right in reading "five wits," for "*fine* wits," as it stands in the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, as well as in the folio. The 4to, 1597, gives the line thus:—"Three times a day, ere once in her right wits," so that no aid can be derived from thence. In "Henry VI., Part II.," A. iv. sc. 10, Vol. iv. p. 96, we have had the opposite blunder, for there "*fine*" is misprinted *five*.

³ — queen Mab hath been with you.] After this line, in the 4to, 1597, Benvolio interrupts Mercutio by asking, "Queen Mab, what's she?" and, as Steevens observed, all Mercutio's speech is there given to Benvolio by the careless omission of the proper prefix.

⁴ — an alderman,] "A *burgomaster*" in the 4to, 1597.

Over men's noses⁵ as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film⁶ :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid⁷.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind⁸ the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees⁹ :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometime she gallops o'er a counsellor's nose¹,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck²,

⁵ OVER men's noses] So the 4tos, 1599, 1609, and the folio: the 4to, 1597, only, "*Athwart* men's noses."

⁶ — the lash, of film:] This and the two preceding lines stand as follows in the 4to, 1597:—

"The traces are the moonshine watery beams,
 The collar's cricket's bones, the lash of films."

In the next line it has *fly* for "gnat."

⁷ Prick'd from the lazy finger of a MAID.] "Maid" is from the 4to, 1597, other copies reading *man* until the folio, 1632, which substitutes *woman*: the earliest 4to. also reads *pick'd* for "prick'd." The corr. fo. 1632 gives the line thus:—"Pick'd from the lazy finger of a *milk* maid."

⁸ Time out of mind, &c.] This and the two preceding lines are first found in the 4to, 1599. In the next line the 4to, 1597, reads, *up and down* for "night by night."

⁹ O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:] This line is not in the 4to, 1597, which, in the preceding line, reads, "who straight on courtesies dream."

¹ Sometime she gallops o'er a COUNSELLOR'S nose.] It is "lawyer's lap" in the 4to, 1597, and "courtier's nose" in other 4tos. and folios; but we have had "courtiers' knees" mentioned just above, and the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read "counsellor's nose," which doubtless was the poet's word. Counsellor, and suits at court have not before been introduced.

² Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,] "Sometime she *gallops* o'er a

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then, anon,
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
 And bakes the elf-locks³ in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This, is she⁴—

Rom. Peace, peace ! Mercutio, peace !
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence⁵,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves :
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels ; and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,

soldier's nose," 4to, 1597. Two lines lower, for "Spanish blades" of the later editions, the 4to, 1597, has *countermines* : the whole speech is there much patched up, and clumsily mended.

³ And BAKES the elf-locks] "And *plaits* the elf-locks," 4to, 1597. The 4to, 1599, and subsequent editions, till the folio, 1632, have *elk-locks* for "elf-locks." In the next line the 4to, 1597, has *breeds* for "bodes."

⁴ This, is she—] The lines respecting maids, &c., are transposed in the 4to, 1597, and, excepting in the omission of the line beginning, "That presses them," &c., the variations are immaterial. Mercutio's speech in the 4to, 1597, is printed as verse, but in all the later editions, 4to. and folio, as prose, until we arrive at the last four lines. The Nurse's speeches, in the preceding scene, are in Italic type, and in prose, in all the 4tos.

⁵ — puffs away FROM THENCE,] *In haste*, 4to, 1597. In the next line the 4to, 1597, reads "face" for *side* of all the later impressions ; which is not injudiciously altered to *tide* in the corr. fo. 1632.

By some vile forfeit of untimely death ⁶:
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum ⁷!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.⁸

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away?
 he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two
 men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-
 board ⁹, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of
 marchpane ¹; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan
 Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, and called for, asked for, and
 sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys:
 be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c. with Kinsmen, Guests, and Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes

⁶ By some vile forfeit of untimely death:] So all the old copies, excepting the earliest, which reads, "By some untimely forfeit of vile death." In the corr. fo. 1632 "breast" is changed to *breath*. Two lines lower the 4to, 1597, reads, "Directs my sail" for "Direct my suit" of the other 4tos. and folios; and it is "sail" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁷ Strike, drum!] Here the folio adds, "They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins." This stage-direction shows that the scene was supposed to be immediately changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

⁸ Scene V.] The opening of this scene, until the entrance of Capulet, is not in the 4to, 1597, but in all other editions.

⁹ — remove the court-cupboard,] *i. e.* A sideboard or buffet for the display of plate, &c., often mentioned by old writers:—"Here shall stand my court-cupboard with its furniture of plate." Chapman's "Monsieur d'Olive," 1606.

¹ — a piece of MARCHPANE;] *Marchpanes*, says Steevens, were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachios, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. It is supposed to be the same that we now call a macaroon.

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you :—
 Ah ha, my mistresses ! which of you all
 Will now deny to dance ? she that makes dainty, she,
 I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now ?—
 You are welcome, gentlemen ! I have seen the day,
 That I have worn a visor, and could tell
 A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
 Such as would please :—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
 You are welcome, gentlemen !—Come, musicians, play.
 A hall ! a hall ! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves ! and turn the tables up,
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
 Ah ! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
 For you and I are past our dancing days :
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I
 Were in a mask² ?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much :
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, sir ;
 His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me³ that ?
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder knight ?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. Oh ! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night⁴

² How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask ?] So all the 4tos. and folios, excepting the first, which reads,
 "How long is it since you and I were in a mask ?" In the preceding line, it has
 "standing days" for "dancing days." The reply of 2 *Cap.* there is, "By'r lady,
 sir, 'tis thirty years at least ;" and "What, man !" is wanting in the beginning of
 the next line.

³ Will you tell me, &c.] This speech stands thus in the 4to, 1597 :—

"Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :

His son was but a ward three years ago :

Good youths, i'faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing !"

⁴ HER BEAUTY hangs upon the cheek of night] The usual reading has been
 tame and poor, "It seems she hangs upon," &c., but the folio, 1632, has the words
 in our text, thereby differing from the folio, 1623, and the 4tos.

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And, touching her's, make blessed my rude hand.
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
 I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. [*Exit Boy.*—What! dares the
 slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz⁵, let him alone,
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,
 Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
 Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
 I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd:
 What! goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;—
 Am I the master here, or you? go to⁶.
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests.

⁵ Content thee, gentle coz,] These words are wanting in the 4to, 1597, but are found in all other impressions.

⁶ Am I the master here, or you? go to.] In the corr. fo. 1632 "go to" is placed at the beginning, instead of the end of this line,—“Go to; am I the master here, or you?”

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap.

Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you; I know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time⁷—

Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!

I'll make you quiet; what!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce⁸, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this⁹,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Oh! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? Oh, trespass sweetly urg'd!

Give me my sin again.

⁷ You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time] This line is not in the 4to, 1597, as well as "You are a princox; go," and "What!—Cheerly my hearts," in the same speech. A "princox" is a *pert coxcomb*, Skinner says from *precox*, but in Richardson's Dict. the etymology given is a *prime cock*: Florio translates *herba da buoi* "a prime-cock boy, a freshman, a novice." The word "princox" is used by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and other good writers.

⁸ Patience perforce,] A proverbial phrase, meaning compulsory submission. We meet with it in Heywood's "Woman Killed with Kindness;" and in Ray's "Proverbs," p. 145, we read "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." There was a herb called Patience, mentioned in "Look about you," 1600, and in "Northward Ho!" 1607.

⁹ — the gentle FINE is this,] The old copies read *sin* for "fine," an easy misprint when *sin* was written *sinne* with a long *s*. *Sin* scarcely affords sense, while "fine" (which Warburton introduced) has a clear meaning.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

[*Kissing her again*¹.]

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal:
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?
Oh, dear account! my life is my foe's debt².

Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

[*Going.*]

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen³, good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond' gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy. [*Going and returning.*]

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate,

¹ Kissing her again.] From the corr. fo. 1632, showing the practice of the stage in this respect. Afterwards the, not very necessary, direction "Going" is from the same authority.

² — my life is my foe's debt.] The 4to, 1597, reads as follows:—

"Is she a Montague? Oh, dear account!

My life is my foe's thrall."

The two next lines are wanting in the same edition.

³ I thank you, honest gentlemen,] The 4to, 1597, adds, after some unimportant variations,

"I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago."

These two lines were transferred, in all the later editions, to a subsequent part of the play, A. iii. sc. 2.

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, "Juliet!"*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
 Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS⁴.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir:
 That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
 Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
 [*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

⁴ *Enter* Chorus.] The Chorus is found in all the editions after the first in 1597, but in that it is wanting.

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too⁵.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove⁶;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim⁷,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not⁸, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

⁵ Nay, I'll conjure too.] In all the old copies, 4to. and folio, these words are given to Benvolio—no doubt wrongly.

⁶ — pronounce but—love and dove;] We are here indebted to the 4to, 1597: the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, and the folio, 1623, read "Provant but love and day:" the folio, 1632, introduced "couply but love and day," ("couple but love and dove" in the corr. fo. 1632,) which was followed in the folios, 1664 and 1685.

⁷ Young ADAM Cupid, he that shot so TRIM,] The old copies have, "Abraham Cupid," which Upton altered to Adam, understanding the reference to be to Adam Bell, the famous archer. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Few Notes," p. 109) would preserve "Abraham," which he construes *auburn*, in reference to what he supposes the colour of Cupid's hair. This is, indeed, to use Mr. Dyce's own strong words ("Remarks," p. 167), to "chronicle a wretched conjecture;" for where, in English, is Cupid called "*auburn* Cupid?" "Trim" is from the 4to, 1597, other editions reading *true*. The passage applies to the ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," alluded to in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. pp. 105. 125, and in "Henry IV., Part II.," Vol. iii. p. 523. We quote the portion particularly in Shakespeare's mind:—

"The blinded boy, that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie,
He drew a dart, and shot at him
In place where he did lye."

Percy's Reliques, i. 202, edit. 1812.

In "Love's Labour's Lost" "The King and the Beggar" is spoken of as then an old ballad—"three ages since."

⁸ He heareth not,] "He hears me not," 4to, 1597. The rest of this line and the whole of the next are wanting in that edition.

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo! that she were, oh! that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found⁹. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[JULIET appears above at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but white and green,

And none but fools do wear it¹; cast it off.—

⁹ — that means not to be found.] This speech, given to Benvolio in the 4to, 1599, and in the later copies, with a slight variation, is made the conclusion of that of Mercutio in the 4to, 1597. Above, it has "*trundle-bed*" for "truckle-bed."

¹ Her vestal livery is but WHITE and green,
And none but fools do wear it;] The words in the 4to, 1597, are "pale and

It is my lady; oh! it is my love:
 Oh, that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek²!

Jul.

Ah me!

Rom.

She speaks:

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds³,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

green," and in later copies they are altered to "*sick* and green," *sick* having, perhaps, been caught from a preceding line. The corr. fo. 1632 has it "white and green," as in our text, the allusion being, as the words "And none but fools do wear it" establish, to the dress of fools and jesters, which was then usually motley, but had formerly been "white and green." Such it is known had been the dress of William Summer the court jester to Henry VIII.; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce has shown (Skelton's Works, I. xii. and 128) that John Skelton boasted of the dress of "white and green" which had been given to him by the same king. Mr. Singer, while reprinting "pale and green" from the 4to, 1597, assigns our reasons ("Notes and Emendations," p. 386) for substituting "white and green," which must surely have been the real language of the poet in this place.

² That I might TOUCH that cheek!] The 4to, 1597, only, has *kiss* for "touch."

³ — the lazy-PACING clouds,] So the 4to, 1597, being a much superior reading to that of the other 4tos. and folios, which have *lazy-puffing*. The origin of the corruption possibly was, that in the manuscript, from which the 4to, 1599, was printed, "lazy-pacing" was written *lazy-passing*, and the compositor misread the two long letters *s* for a double *f*. In the corr. fo. 1632 it is amended to "*lazy-passing*," but we follow the 4to, 1597.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name⁴!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet:
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!

Rom. I take thee at thy word⁵. [*Starting forward.*
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance⁶, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

⁴ Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part

Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other name!] It is a mistake to say, with some modern editors, that the folio, 1623, omits "Oh, be some other name!" the folio, 1623, omits "nor any other part," and the passage (copied from the 4tos, 1599 and 1609) there stands thus unintelligibly:—

"Nor arm nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man."

Malone recovered the necessary words, "nor any other part," from the 4to, 1597, but "Oh, be some other name!" is there omitted. The folio, 1623, instead of printing, with all preceding editions, "What's in a name?" &c. absurdly gives "What? in a name's that which we call a rose."

⁵ I take thee at thy word.] The stage-direction here, *Starting forward*, is in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, and probably denotes the natural and eager manner of the actor in the part of Romeo.

⁶ Of THAT tongue's utterance.] So the 4to, 1597: the later 4tos. and folio, "Of thy tongue's uttering." In the next line but one, the later 4tos. and folio read, *maid* for "saint," and *dislike* for "displease." In these instances the older text would seem to be the better.

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me⁷.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore⁸ wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. Oh, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:

⁷ — are no LET to me.] *i. e.* No stop; and such is the word in the 4to, 1599, and later editions: yet the writers of Shakespeare's time, and long afterwards, used "let" for *hindrance*, as in the 4to, 1597.

⁸ As that VAST shore] Ought we not to read "that *last* shore?"

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear⁹,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. Oh! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self¹⁰,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. Oh! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

⁹ LADY, by yonder BLESSED moon I swear,] The folio, 1623, reads, "Lady, by yonder moon I *vow*," omitting "blessed," which is found in every older copy. The 4to, 1597, has "swear" instead of *vow* of the later editions. The corr. fo. 1632 is, rather clumsily, made to read as in our text.

¹⁰ — by thy GRACIOUS self,] The 4to, 1597, "by thy *glorious* self." Lower down it has, "If my true heart's love," for "If my heart's dear love."

The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
 I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
 Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet¹ to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world².

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By and by; I come.—
 To cease thy suit³, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tercel-gentle back again⁴!

¹ Too flattering-SWEET] So all the later copies, and rightly: the 4to, 1597, alone, "Too flattering true:" which is as absurd as "flattering truth," A. v. sc. 1. In the next line, it has "good Romeo" for "dear Romeo."

² — throughout the world.] From this passage, down to "Love goes toward love," &c. is not in the 4to, 1597.

³ To cease thy SUIT,] Malone erroneously says that the 4to, 1597, has *suit*, for "strife" of all the other copies. The 4to, 1597, has no such passage, for the reason explained in the last note; but it is "suit," instead of *strife* in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer prints "suit," without giving any authority.

⁴ To lure this TERCEL-GENTLE back again!] The *tercel* is the male of the *goss-hawk*: see "Troilus and Cressida," A. iii. sc. 2, Vol. iv. p. 532. Steevens

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
 And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine⁵
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name: [*Advancing.*
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears⁶!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet⁷!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
 I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
 Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast⁸!—

adds, "This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed."

⁵ And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine] So the 4to, 1597, more fitly than the later copies, which substitute *tongue* for "voice."

⁶ Like softest music to attending ears!] This line is not in the 4to, 1597.

⁷ My SWEET!] The undated copy, which Steevens collated, has "My dear:" the first 4to. reads, *Madam*, the second and third, "My niece:" the folio, 1623, also has "My niece," and the folio, 1632, "My sweet," which was adopted in the later folios, and which we have preferred.

⁸ Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—] This line is wrongly assigned to Juliet in the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, as well as in the folio, 1623. The printers introduced another strange blunder here, by giving to Romeo four lines forming the commencement of the next scene, so that they are printed twice over,

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness⁹, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels¹:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of our's,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb²;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
Oh! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse³:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

almost in juxta-position. The folio, 1632, omits them in the second instance, instead of the first; and the only copy in which the text appears to stand correctly is the 4to, 1597, which we therefore follow.

⁹ And FLECKED darkness,] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled,—used by Chaucer.

¹ — and Titan's fiery wheels:] The 4to, 1597, has "fiery wheels" for "*burning* wheels" of the later copies; and it is to be preferred, as *burning* occurs in the next line in all the old copies.

² The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;] This and the five following lines are not in the 4to, 1597.

³ Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:] So all the old editions but the first, which reads, "Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse." Just afterwards it has "small flower" for "*weak* flower" of the later authorities.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that act cheers each part ⁴ ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings ⁵ encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. *Benedicite !*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth ⁶, with unstuff'd brain,
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wert thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline ? my ghostly father, no ;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded : both our remedies

⁴ For this, being smelt, with that act cheers each part ;] *i. e.* With the "act" of smelling. We adopt this emendation from the corr. fo. 1632, the common reading being—

"For this, being smelt, with that *part* cheers each part."

This is certainly wrong, the old printer having caught with his eye the last word of the line, and composed it twice over by mistake.

⁵ Two such opposed kings] The editions after the first substitute *kings* for "foes." May not the true reading be *kinds* ? Still, the verb "encamp" is opposed to this change, and of course we adhere to the old word.

⁶ But where UNBRUISED youth,] "*Unbusied* youth" in the corr. fo. 1632 ; but so questionably, that we do not think it expedient to disturb the received and authorised text.

Within thy help and holy physic lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo !
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift :
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on her's, so her's is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence, then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh ! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. Oh! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares,
being dared⁷.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead: stabbed with
a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-
song; the very pin of his heart cleft⁸ with the blind bow-
boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats⁹, I can tell you. Oh! he is
the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing
prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his
minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very
butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of

⁷ — how he dares, being dared.] “If he be challenged,” in the 4to, 1597.

⁸ — the very PIN of his heart cleft] The “pin” was the peg by which the white mark or clout, at which archers shot, was fastened. See “Love's Labour's Lost,” Vol. ii. p. 128.

⁹ More than prince of cats,] Tybalt, or Tybert was the name of a cat; and the cat in the old allegory of “Reynard the Fox” was called Tybert. Nash, in his “Have with you to Saffron Walden,” 1596 (not 1598 as the date is given by Steevens), has the expression, “Tybalt, prince of cats.” The words, “I can tell you,” in the text, are from the 4to, 1597. Lower down, “fantasticoes” is from the same edition, other impressions reading *fantasies*.

the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso; the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? Oh, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French salutation to your French slop¹⁰. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip¹: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as your's constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

¹⁰ — a French SALUTATION to your French SLOP.] Slops were loose breeches or trowsers: (see Vol. ii. p. 44.) The 4to, 1597, has *courtesy* for "salutation;" and above it has "kitchen-drudge" for "kitchen-wench;" but the variations in this part of the scene, though numerous, are of little importance.

¹ The SLIP, sir, the SLIP:] "In our author's time," says Steevens, "there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*." This statement is capable of proof from many writers of the time. See "Troilus and Cressida," A. ii. sc. 3, Vol. iv. p. 517.

Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest²! solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening³; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheverel⁴, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose⁵.

Mer. Why, is not this better, now, than groaning for love⁶?

² O single-soled jest!] *i. e.* Contemptible, foolish jest. The word often occurs in authors of the time in this sense; and Steevens quotes the following couplet in point from Bishop Hall's "Satires," B. ii. sat. 2:—

"And scorne contempt itselfe, that doth excite
Each single sol'd squire to set you at so light."

If Steevens be accurate (and Mr. Singer quotes the very same words), the reprint made of Hall's "Satires" in 1824 is wrong, for there "excite" is printed *incite*: the meaning is nearly the same, and we are only anxious to be accurate, not having at hand any original copy of Hall's "Satires."

³ — a very bitter SWEETING;] A bitter *sweetening*, is an apple of that name.

⁴ — a wit of CHEVEREL,] "Cheverel" was *kid-skin*, easily stretched. See "Twelfth-Night," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 683, and "Henry VIII.," A. ii. sc. 3, Vol. iv. p. 399.

⁵ — proves thee far and wide ABROAD—goose.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce is emphatic upon the word "goose" ("Remarks," p. 170), and wishes us to print "a broad goose." He does not explain what he means by "a broad goose;" and we never heard of one even among tailors. What Romeo plainly means is, that Mercutio has proved himself "far and wide abroad" a goose: we print the text accordingly; and we thus add "broad" to "goose" in the way intended, and preserve whatever force there may be in the retort.

⁶ — than groaning for love?] In "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 140, Biron asks when he had "groaned for love," not "groaned for Joan," or *Ione*, as it has been hitherto misprinted.

now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tail large.

Mer. Oh! thou art deceived: I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!⁷

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar⁸.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you⁹.

⁷ A sail, a sail!] Thus the 4to, 1597. In the later copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo, and the next speech to Mercutio.

⁸ — that God hath made for himself to mar.] "For" is from the 4to, 1597: it is left out in subsequent copies, but the repetition of the words by the Nurse, "for himself to mar," shows that it had been improperly omitted.

⁹ — I desire some CONFIDENCE with you.] The 4to, 1597, has *conference*, all

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, [Singing.

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

*When it hoars ere it be spent*¹.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady;

*Farewell, lady, lady, lady*². [Singing.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery³?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates⁴.—

other editions "confidence;" and Benvolio's observation, in the 4to, 1597, is, "Oh! belike she means to *invite* him to supper."

¹ — ere it be spent.] We print this, not very intelligible, fragment of some ballad as we find it in the earliest 4to: preceding it is the stage-direction, "He walks by them and sings."

² — lady, lady, lady.] In "Twelfth-Night," Vol. ii. p. 667, Sir Toby sings a snatch of a song, to which "lady, lady," is the burden. It was a very favourite tune, and Mercutio, according to the corr. fo. 1632, here sang a part of it. The 4to, 1597, gives his speech, before his exit with Benvolio, thus:—"Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, sweet lady."

³ — what saucy MERCHANT was this, that was so full of his ROPERY?] See Vol. iii. p. 676, for instances of the use of the word "merchant" as a term of abuse. "Ropery" is a word found in "The Three Ladies of London," a play first printed in 1584: it was used in a sense somewhat similar to *roguery*. The 4to, 1597, prints it *roperipe*; and Churchyard, in his "Choice," (Sign. C c iii.) uses *roperipe* as an adjective: "But gallows lucke and *roperipe* happe."

⁴ — I am none of his SKAINS-MATES.] Possibly, as Malone suggests, "skains-mates" means knife companions, or cut-throat companions, from *skain* or *skene*, a knife or short dagger. *Skene* is used by many writers of the time: R. Armin, in his "Nest of Ninnies," 1608 (reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1842), has this passage, "If I do stick in the bogs, help me out—not with your good *skene*

And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked dealing⁵.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me⁶.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell⁷,
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

head me." A *skene* seems to have been especially used by the Irish. The objection taken by the Rev. A. Dyce to this explanation merely is, that the Nurse must necessarily allude to the female companions of Mercutio. Just the contrary; for she has already referred to his female companions as "flirt-gills." She means that she is no companion of his, whether female or male.

⁵ — and very WICKED dealing.] So the corr. fo. 1632; and Mr. Singer, seeing that such an emendation could not altogether be passed over (it is "*weak* dealing" in the old copies), observes "that the Nurse is not very precise in her language, and confounds *weak* and *wicked*." No commentator ever thought of this want of precision, until it was shown in our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," p. 388, that "*wicked*" had been misprinted *weak*.

⁶ — thou dost not mark me.] These words are not found in the 4to, 1597.

⁷ And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,] The 4to, 1597, gives the first two lines of Romeo's speech as follows:—

"Bid her get leave to-morrow morning

To come to shrift at friar Laurence' cell:"

after which that edition breaks off, until the line, "And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall." It places Romeo's reward to the Nurse afterwards, near the end of the scene.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [Giving her money.]

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,

And bring thee cords, made like a tackled stair,

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy^s in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord,
lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—Oh!—There's a
nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard;
but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see
him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the
properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks
as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary
and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for
thee? no¹: I know it begins with some other letter; and
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary,
that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

^s Must be my CONVOY] *Conduct*, 4to, 1597. In Webster's "White Devil" (Edit. Dyce, i. 94), "cunning" is misprinted *convoy*, "Pandar, ply your *convoy*," which the editor unluckily permitted to pass.

¹ Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for THEE? no:] The meaning of this passage seems to have been hitherto mistaken, owing to "thee" in the old copies (as was often the case) having been misprinted *the*: it there runs thus, "R is for the no." The Nurse means to ask, "how can R, which is the dog's name, be *for thee*?" And she answers herself, "no: I know it begins with some other letter." The modern text, at the suggestion of Tyrwhitt, has usually been, "R is for *the dog*. No; I know," &c., but no change is necessary beyond the mere alteration of *the* to "thee." It is singular that this trifling change should not have been suggested long ago.

SCENE V.

CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse ;
 In half an hour she promis'd to return.
 Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—
 Oh ! she is lame : love's heralds should be thoughts²,
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills³ :
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
 Of this day's journey ; and from nine till twelve
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball ;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me :
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead ;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead⁴.

² Oh ! she is LAME : love's heralds should be thoughts,] The 4to, 1597, reads *lazy*, for "lame" of the later editions ; and in that copy the thirteen next lines are wanting. Throughout this scene the variations are so considerable, that it is impossible to point them out in detail. The 4to, 1597, follows up the line above quoted thus :—

" And run more swift, than hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
 Oh ! now she comes. Tell me, gentle nurse,
 What says my love."

What succeeds in the later editions is not in the 4to, 1597, until we come to "I am weary," and then it is inserted with much greater brevity.

³ Driving BACK shadows over lowering hills:] We make no change here, though the corr. fo. 1632 would induce us to believe that "back" ought to be *black*. Juliet is probably referring to the rapid manner in which the sun's light drives back the shadows in which the hills are involved. Here, perhaps, the old corrector misheard "back," and wrote *black* in his margin in consequence.

⁴ — and pale as lead.] The corr. fo. 1632 puts this couplet as follows :—

" As his to me : but old folks seem as dead,
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and *dull* as lead."

There seems no reason why Juliet should complain that old folks are "pale as lead," but still we make no alteration—not even to remedy the hemistich.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Oh God! she comes.—Oh honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—Oh lord! why look'st thou
sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

Let me be satisfied; is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know
not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's;
and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not
to be talked on; yet they are past compare. He is not the
flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a
lamb.—Go thy ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you
dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back! o' t' other side.—Oh, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within :
Where should she be ? How oddly thou repliest ;
“ Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother ? ”

Nurse. Oh, God’s lady dear !
Are you so hot ? Marry, come up, I trow ;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones ?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here’s such a coil—Come, what says Romeo ?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day ?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence’ cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife :
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They’ll be in scarlet straight at any news ⁵.
Hie you to church ; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird’s nest soon, when it is dark :
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go ; I’ll to dinner : hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.⁶

Friar LAURENCE’S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

⁵ They’ll be in scarlet STRAIGHT at ANY news.] We do not feel warranted in varying here from the ordinary text, although the corr. fo. 1632 with some plausibility gives the line thus :—

“ They’ll be in scarlet *straightway* at my news.”

The question is, whether the Nurse means to make an allusion to Juliet’s general habit of blushing “ at any news,” or whether she alludes to the scarlet that must be called up into the cheeks of the heroine by the particular intelligence she is to communicate. We think the former, because the Nurse has already told the most important and interesting part of her information.

⁶ Scene VI.] This scene, as Steevens remarks, was “ entirely new formed ” in the 4to, 1599. When Juliet arrives, the stage-direction in the 4to, 1597, is “ Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.”

Rom. Amen, amen ! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight :
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die : like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so :
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—Oh ! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint⁷ :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet ! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;

⁷ ———— Oh ! so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :] In the 4to, 1597, we have here the following pretty couplet :—

“ So light of foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower :
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power.”

Mr. Singer, following Steevens in this extract, and not having referred to the 4to, 1597, misquotes it in an accidentally material point, since a comparison shows that “ so light a foot,” as it stands in later editions, had been misheard by the person who put together the 4to, 1597 (from short-hand or other notes), “ so light of foot.” Such was extremely likely to be the case : on any other account the variance is unimportant.

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth⁸.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters
the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table,
and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the
operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when,
indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as
any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon
moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none
shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt
quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in
his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast
hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a
quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of
meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg

⁸ I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.] The 4tos, of 1599 and 1609 read, "I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth," and the folio, 1623, converts the last "sum" into *some*. The alteration of Steevens is, probably, what the author wrote, which the transcriber or printer confused; but the old annotator on the folio, 1632, notinjudiciously, puts it as follows:—

"I cannot sum the sum of half my wealth."

for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling.

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple⁹!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels¹? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

[*Striking his hilts*².

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances³,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

⁹ The fee-simple? O simple!] This and the speech to which it is a reply are not in the 4to, 1597, and there are other differences, which it is of little consequence to point out.

¹ Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels?] In the 4to, 1597, it is "Consort! zounds! consort! the slave will make *fiddlers* of us." After this speech the rest of the scene is there omitted, until the entrance of Romeo.

² Striking his hilts.] A stage-direction from the corr. fo. 1632.

³ Or reason coldly of your grievances.] The corr. fo. 1632 has "And reason coldly," &c., but the emendation is not required.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee ⁴, can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting ⁵ :—villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell : I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore, turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. Oh calm, dishonourable, vile submission !

A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine
lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use
me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilcher by the ears ⁶ ? make haste, lest
mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you ⁷.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

⁴ — the HATE I bear thee,] So the 4to, 1597. Subsequent copies have, “ the love,” &c., but altered to “ hate ” in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁵ To such a greeting :] In the 4to, 1597, it is “ Tybalt, the love I bear thee doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a word : ” the other variations here are less important. For “ excuse ” the corr. fo. 1632 has *exceed*, making the meaning to be, that the love Romeo bears Tybalt goes far beyond the rage he should otherwise have felt at such a greeting.

⁶ — your sword out of his PILCHER by the ears ?] So all the later editions but the first, which has *scabbard*, thereby explaining what was meant by “ pilcher.” A *pilch* is a covering of leather, as appears by Nash’s “ *Pierce Penniless*,” 1592, Sign. B, and several other examples ; but no other instance has been adduced of the use of the word “ pilcher ” in this way in any other author. Very likely the last syllable was accidentally added by the printer, and that Mercutio said “ Pluck your sword out of his *pilch*.”

⁷ I am for you.] In the 4to, 1597, we have nothing more till after the exit of Tybalt and his partisans, the following stage-direction being substituted, “ Tybalt, under Romeo’s arm, thrusts Mercutio in, and flies.”

Beat down their weapons!—gentlemen, for shame
Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door⁸; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin;—Oh, sweet Juliet⁹!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,

⁸ — as a CHURCH door;] “As a barn door,” 4to, 1597, where Mercutio's speech is shorter.

⁹ Hath been my COUSIN;—Oh, SWEET Juliet!] The 4to, 1597, has *kinsman* for “cousin,” and omits “sweet.” Five lines farther on it reads *scorn'd the lowly earth*, for “here did scorn the earth.”

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury¹ be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away! be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—Hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool.

Ben.

Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir:—go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter the Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. Oh noble prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

¹ And fire-ey'd fury] So the 4to, 1597. The 4to, 1599, and later copies read, poorly, "And fire and fury." The epithet "fire-ey'd" is restored in the corr. fo. 1632,—possibly from the earliest 4to, but more probably from correct recitation on the stage.

There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—Oh my brother's child!
Oh prince! Oh cousin! husband! Oh, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of our's shed blood of Montague.
Oh cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was²; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it home³. Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm⁴ beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain;
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

² How NICE the quarrel was;] *i. e.* How trifling, how slight or insignificant, as frequently before; and the word is used again precisely in the same sense in A. v. sc. 2 of this play.

³ Retorts it HOME.] The word "home," necessary to the metre and giving force to the line, is from the corr. fo. 1632. We can readily suppose that it had dropped out in the press.

⁴ His AGILE arm] So the 4to, 1597. The 4tos, 1599 and 1600, and the folio, 1623, read, "His aged arm," which the folio, 1632, corrected to "His able arm." It therefore stands "able arm" in the folios, 1664 and 1685, but the old annotator on the folio, 1632, erased *able* and inserted "agile" in the margin.

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio⁵;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding⁶,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill⁷. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion⁸; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,

⁵ Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;] This and the three following lines have no place in the 4to, 1597, which, besides minor variations which we need not particularly specify, omits "Affection makes him false, he speaks not true," in the preceding speech.

⁶ — in your HATE'S proceeding,] All editions, but the first, read corruptly, "in your heart's proceeding;" but it is amended to "hate's proceeding" in the corr. fo. 1632, though, as usual, it does not appear from whence the better text was obtained.

⁷ Mercy BUT murders, pardoning those that kill.] So the 4tos, 1599 and 1609: the folio, 1623, "Mercy not murders," &c., another of the many places in which the old printers confounded "but" and not.

⁸ Towards Phœbus' MANSION ;] "Mansion" is from the 4to, 1597: the later 4tos, and folio, substitute *lodging*.

And bring in cloudy night immediately⁹.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That enemies' eyes may wink¹, and Romeo
 Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
 By their own beauties; or if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
 Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks²,
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
 Think true love acted simple modesty.
 Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die³,
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,

⁹ And bring in cloudy night immediately.] No more of Juliet's soliloquy is contained in the 4to, 1597; and this and the previous line there stand,

“As Phaeton would quickly bring you hither,
 And send in cloudy night immediately.”

¹ That ENEMIES' eyes may wink,] There have certainly been more suggestions than there are letters in the word respecting *run-awayes*, as it is printed in the folio, 1623:—

“That *run-awayes* eyes may winke,” &c.

It is generally admitted that *run-awayes* must be wrong. From whom does Juliet wish that her proceedings with Romeo should be concealed? From the members of the two hostile families—their “enemies;” and this word is inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, where it is spelt *enmyes*: if it had been spelt *ennemyes*, as it was then sometimes written, the misprint would have appeared more easy, and it is *runnawayes*, with the double *n*, in the 4to, 1609. We are satisfied that “enemies” is the language of Shakespeare, not merely because it is found in the corr. fo. 1632, but because it is the very word required in the place. It would fatigue, without informing, the reader were we to detail the various speculations from time to time indulged upon this point, since nearly every commentator has broached his own conjecture, some of them so unfortunate, that it seemed an exertion of at least equal courage and ingenuity to produce them. We were formerly in favour of Jackson's *unawares*, which certainly comes nearest to the letters; but the claims of “enemies,” suiting as it does both meaning and measure, and reaching us on the authority of the corr. fo. 1632, seem to us superior to all others. We therefore insert it in our text.

² Hood my UNMANN'D blood, BATING in my cheeks,] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that has not been brought to endure company: *bating*, is fluttering with the wings. See Vol. iii. p. 393 and p. 595.

³ — when HE shall die,] This emendation is from the undated 4to. The 4tos. of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read, “when *I* shall die.”

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
Oh, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. Oh! here comes my nurse.

*Enter Nurse, with a ladder of cords*⁴.

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*⁵,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine or my weal or woe⁶.

⁴ Enter Nurse, with A LADDER OF cords.] The descriptive stage-direction in the 4to, 1597, is this:—"Enter Nurse, wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap." The whole scene was much altered and enlarged, as it appears in the 4to, 1599.

⁵ — say thou but *I*,] The affirmative *ay* was, in Shakespeare's time, almost invariably spelt with a capital *I*; and "that bare vowel" it is obviously necessary to retain here; but elsewhere we adopt the modern form.

⁶ Brief sounds determine or my weal or woe.] Such is the MS. correction in the fo. 1632, and it is more elegant and correct than the line, as it has been usually printed,

"Brief sounds determine *of* my weal or woe."

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark ⁷!—here on his manly breast :
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood ;—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. Oh break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at once !
To prison, eyes ; ne'er look on liberty :
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt ! the best friend I had :
Oh courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd ? and is Tybalt dead ?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord ?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom ;
For who is living, if those two are gone ?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished :
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas the day ! it did.

Jul. Oh serpent heart, hid with a flowering face ⁸ !
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?
Beautiful tyrant ! fiend angelical !
Dove-feather'd raven ! volvish-ravening lamb ⁹ !
Despised substance of divinest show !
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st ;
A damned saint ¹, an honourable villain !—

⁷ God save the MARK !] “ God save the *sample*,” in the edition, 1597. The scenes in this portion of the tragedy so widely differ in the earliest and later copies, that it is impossible, as in some previous cases, to carry on any exact comparison. We may, however, mention, that three lines below the 4to, 1597, reads “ swoounded,” (for *swooned*, the proper orthography,) which is to this day the vulgar pronunciation of the word, and ought therefore to be preserved in the mouth of the Nurse. Later editions have *sounded*.

⁸ Oh serpent HEART, hid with a flowering face !] The 4to, 1597, is the only edition which distributes these speeches rightly : in the folio, this line is assigned to the Nurse, and the preceding line to Juliet. The 4to, 1597, however, reads, “ O serpent's *hate*,” &c. On p. 154 we have had the opposite error, viz. “ hate ” misprinted *heart*.

⁹ Dove-feather'd raven ! volvish-ravening lamb !] The line is not in the 4to, 1597. The folio has “ ravenous ” before “ dove-feather'd,” which Theobald properly rejected.

¹ A DAMNED saint,] So the undated 4to, according to the collation of Steevens, now before us, and the folio, 1632. All the earlier editions read, “ A *dim* saint.”

Oh, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend²
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
 Was ever book containing such vile matter,
 So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
 Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 Oh, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
 Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
 But, oh! it presses to my memory,
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
 That—banished, that one word—banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,

² When thou didst BOWER the spirit of a fiend] We hesitate to alter here, because "bower" is very intelligible, and figuratively beautiful in connexion with "paradise;" but the corr. fo. 1632 has, rather prosaically, *pour*, which, however, was formerly often spelt *power*. *Pour* is also the reading of one of the 4tos.

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation³ might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither:

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
spent,

When their's are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. Oh, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

³ Which MODERN lamentation] *i. e.* Common or ordinary lamentation. Shakespeare frequently uses the word in this sense. See particularly Vol. ii. p. 560, the expression "modern and familiar things." In the next line might we not read rear-word, though the old copies are uniform?

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment⁴,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. Oh deadly sin! Oh rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy⁵, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand⁶,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

⁴ — calling death—BANISHMENT,] This reading is from the 4to, 1597: all the others have, with the folio, *banished* for “banishment.”

⁵ This is DEAR mercy,] The 4to, 1597, has “This is *mere* mercy.” Two lines above, the corr. fo. 1632 has “brush'd” for *rush'd*.

⁶ — of DEAR Juliet's HAND,] The 4to, 1597, “of *fair* Juliet's *skin*,” and in the next line, *kisses* for “blessing.”

This may flies do, when I from this must fly :
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished.
 Flies may do this, but I from this must fly :
 They are free men, but I am banished⁷.
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?
 Oh friar ! the damned use that word in hell ;
 Howling attends it : how hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
 To mangle me with that word—banished⁸ ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. Oh ! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy :
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
 It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. Oh ! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee⁹ of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

⁷ They are free men, but I am banished.] In printing this and the four preceding lines we follow the editions of 1599 and 1609. In the folio the impassioned repetition of "Flies may do this, but I from this must fly," was, it should seem, not allowed for, and that and the following line were, therefore, omitted. There is manifestly some confusion in the text, but as by leaving out the lines we might exclude something which Shakespeare at one time inserted, we rather leave them as a reduplication, than strike them out as interpolated.

⁸ To mangle me with that word—BANISHED ?] It is "that word—*banishment*" in the 4to, 1597, only ; and Romeo in his speech has been constantly harping upon the word "banished," and not upon *banishment* : he also repeats it afterwards, "Yet banished," &c.

⁹ Let me DISPUTE with thee] It is "*despaire* with thee" in the folios, and "dispute" in the 4tos. The old annotator on the fo. 1632 corrects the absurd blunder, and restores the word "dispute" to its place.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Casting himself down.*

Fri. Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock !—Who's there ?—Romeo,
arise ;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up ; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by :—God's will !

What wilfulness is this !—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*

Who knocks so hard ? whence come you ? what's your will ?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my
errand :

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Oh holy friar ! oh ! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord ? where's Romeo ?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. Oh ! he is even in my mistress' case ;
Just in her case.

Fri. Oh woful sympathy !

Piteous predicament ¹ !

Nurse. Even so lies she,

Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—

Stand up, stand up ; stand, an you be a man :

For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand ;

[*ROMEO groans.*

Why should you fall into so deep an Oh ?

Rom. Nurse ! [*Rising suddenly* ².

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,

Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy

With blood remov'd but little from her own ?

¹ ——— Oh, woful sympathy !

Piteous predicament !] At the suggestion of Farmer this passage has been taken from the Nurse, and assigned, as an interposition, to the Friar.

² Rising suddenly.] A stage-direction from the corr. fo. 1632, as well as that just preceding, *Romeo groans.*

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love³?

Nurse. Oh! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—Oh tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword*⁴.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself⁵?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,

³ — to our CANCELL'D love?] Thus all the 4to. impressions: the folio, 1623, repeats *conceal'd*, and is followed by the three later folios.

⁴ Drawing his sword.] In the 4to, 1597, the stage-direction is: "He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away."

⁵ By doing damned hate upon thyself?] This line, and the sixteen lines following it, are not in the 4to, 1597.

Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love⁶.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. Oh Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
 To hear good counsel: oh, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring⁷ she bid me give you, sir.
 Hie you; make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all your
 state:—

⁶ Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.] In the line preceding the above, the 4tos, 1599 and 1600, read *mishaved*, and the folio *mishaped*: the true word, "misbehaved," is in the 4to, 1597. In the above line, the correct reading, "pout'st upon," is found in the undated 4to. The earliest 4to. has "*frown'st upon*," and the folio, *puttest up*, which is evidently wrong.

⁷ Here, sir, a ring] In the corr. fo. 1632 the words are "Here is a ring," but the insertion of "sir" twice in the line may have been intended to indicate the state of feeling of the Nurse.

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua : I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I :—well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night :
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow ;
To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft ! What day is this ?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon ;
O' Thursday let it be :—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado :—a friend, or two ;—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET ⁸.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow ⁹;

⁸ Enter Romeo and Juliet.] The stage-direction in the first edition is:—
"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window:" in the later editions, "Enter
Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared, probably, in the balcony at the back of
the stage, accepted by the audience for a window.

⁹ 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;] In all the old copies "bow" is

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :
I have more care to stay, than will to go :—
Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is : hie hence, be gone ; away !
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us :
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;
Oh ! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day ¹.
Oh ! now be gone : more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and dark our
woes.

Enter Nurse ².

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

misprinted *brow*, as if the allusion were to the eye-brow, and not to the "bow," or crescent, of Cynthia. We take "bow" from the corr. fo. 1632 ; and Mr. Singer tells us that "it has been proposed to read *bow*." This proposal, he must know, was made in our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," p. 391, but instead of fairly owning it, he cites his own copy of the second folio, where, as we may very well believe, the *r* is deleted. Such a confirmation, supposing (as we conclude was the case, though Mr. Singer says nothing on the point) that the erasure was made near the time of the publication of the folio, 1632, is valuable.

¹ Hunting thee hence with HUNTS-UP to the day.] The "hunts-up" was the name of a tune played to wake the hunters, and to collect them together : it was also used for any morning song. See Chappell's "English Song and Ballad Music," 2nd edit., p. 60, where all that is known on the subject is collected. "The hunt is up" was an expression of the chase, as appears from many authorities, and from the following in Anthony Munday's "Two Italian Gentlemen," printed about 1584 :—

———— "The hunt is up,

And fooles be fledgde before the perfect day."

See also "Titus Andronicus," A. ii. sc. 2, this Vol. p. 28.

² Enter Nurse.] In the 4to, 1597, Romeo "goeth down" before the arrival of the Nurse, who does not enter until after the final departure of the hero. This part of the play, in the oldest 4to, reads exactly as if it had been hastily made up from imperfect notes, and not printed from any authentic copy : our text, here as elsewhere, is generally that of the 4to, 1599.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*He begins to descend.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every hour in the day³,
For in a minute there are many days:
Oh! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. Oh! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. Oh God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. Oh fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither⁴?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears⁵?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

³ I must hear from thee every HOUR IN THE day,] Not "every day in the hour," as the words became accidentally transposed in the old editions. We owe the setting right of this easy lapse to the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ — procures her HITHER?] So the 4to, 1599, the undated 4to, and the folio: the 4to, 1609, has *either* for "hither."

⁵ What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?] The 4to, 1597, "I think, thoul't wash him," &c., and the rest of the speech is there wanting. The scene was subsequently much lengthened and altered. In the corr. fo. 1632 "An if thou couldst," in the next line, is altered to "An if thou *wouldst*,"—a difference, most likely, of recitation.

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love ;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives, which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam ?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him ⁶ ! I do, with all my heart ;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives ⁷.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death !

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not :
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram ⁸,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company ;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—Oh ! how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt ⁹
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

⁶ God pardon HIM !] "Him" was not inserted until the folio, 1632 ; but the line is not in the first edition of the tragedy.

⁷ That is, because the traitor MURDERER lives.] So the 4to, 1599, (the line is not in the 4to, 1597,) but the 4to, 1609, having omitted "murderer," the folio, 1623, reprinted the line, defective as it was.

⁸ Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,] Instead of this line, the 4to, 1597, has, "That should bestow on him so sure a draught."

⁹ — my cousin TYBALT] The last word of this line, which is not in the older copies, but is obviously necessary to the measure, was added, most inoffensively, by the editor of the second folio.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

La. Cap. These are news indeed¹!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!

¹ These are news indeed!] These words indicate the surprise of Lady Capulet at the intelligence she has just heard, and they join on, with the utmost exactness, to what follows of her speech. Strange to say, the blunder of giving "These are news indeed!" to Juliet has never, in modern times, been detected, but the matter is set right in the corr. fo. 1632. The mistake, when pointed out, seems to correct itself.

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate²;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you³,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding⁴!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

² — of what I HATE;] So all the 4tos: the folio, *have*; another instance of what has already occurred in "Coriolanus" (Vol. iv. p. 683).

³ And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you,] This line was omitted in the folio, no doubt accidentally, as it is found in the 4to, 1609, from which the folio was certainly printed.

⁴ Out on her, HILDING!] For an explanation of "hilding," see Vol. ii. p. 471.

Cap.

Oh! God ye good den⁵.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap.

Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap.

You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd⁶,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man⁷,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest⁸.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

⁵ Oh! God ye good den.] *i. e.* God give you good *even* or *day*: they were sometimes confounded, because *even* began immediately after *noon*. In all the old copies, but the earliest, this is made part of the Nurse's speech, with the word "Father" (not as a prefix) before it. It doubtless belongs to old Capulet.

⁶ — youthful, and nobly TRAIN'D,] "Train'd" is from the 4to, 1597: the 4to, 1599, has *liand*; and the 4to, 1609, which the folio followed, *allied*.

⁷ Proportion'd as one's THOUGHT WOULD wish a man,] So the folio, and the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, as well as the undated 4to. Modern editors read, "as one's heart could wish a man," from the 4to, 1597.

⁸ I do not use to jest.] Malone has a note upon these words and others, in which he contends that, if the author of the old comedy "Wily Beguiled" did not imitate Shakespeare, there was a surprising coincidence of expression. There is no doubt that he did imitate Shakespeare, but although "Wily Beguiled" was in existence before 1596, we have no copy of it earlier than 1606. Malone, as usual, committed various errors in his citation, and among others printed "puling" *powting*, which so far lessens the resemblance. We can the more readily believe that the author of "Wily Beguiled" was the imitator in this case, because another part of the same comedy is directly borrowed from "The Merchant of Venice," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 337.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
Oh, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. Oh God!—Oh nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
Oh! he's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye⁹,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,

⁹ Hath not so GREEN, so quick, so fair an eye,] The commentators cite various passages, from ancient and modern authors, to show that a green eye was considered formerly a recommendation. There is no need here to re-cite the citations, which unquestionably establish the point.

To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation¹! Oh, most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with, above compare,
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste².

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway³;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,

¹ Ancient damnation!] Before this speech in the 4to, 1597, we have a stage-direction, which may give a hint how Shakespeare intended this portion of the scene to be acted: it is, "She looks after Nurse."

² And I am nothing SLOW to SLACK his haste.] We should rather say, "I am *something* slow," &c., and what Paris means obviously is, I have no wish that he should lessen his haste: the 4to, 1597, makes the speech the very reverse, viz.,
"And I am nothing *slack* to *slow* his haste."

³ — so much SWAY;] We do not alter the word in the old copies, but there seems much reason in the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632, "That she doth give her sorrow so much *way*." See the opposite error, Vol. iv. p. 381.

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.— [*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you;

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit PARIS.*

Jul. Oh! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.—
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

[Offering to strike.]

Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
 Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. Oh! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears⁴;
 Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud⁵;
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;

⁴ — chain me with roaring bears;] The 4to, 1597, here reads,
 "Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions are."

Mr. Singer, probably not having seen the original, but incautiously taking Malone's word, prints "savage lions roam:" there is no such word in the 4to, 1597.

⁵ — in his SHROUD;] So the undated 4to, according to the collation of Steevens. The 4to, 1597, has "Or lay me in a tomb with one new dead." The 4tos, 1599 and 1609, read, "Or hide me with a dead man in his," leaving the sense incomplete: the folio, 1623, has *grave* for "shroud."

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love⁶.

Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off⁷;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes⁸; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes, uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking⁹, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,

⁶ To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.] The 4to, 1597, has,
"To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife
To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo."

⁷ And this DISTILLED liquor drink thou off;] So the 4to, 1597; later 4tos, and the folios, "*distilling* liquor," but amended to "*distilled* liquor" in the corr. fo. 1632. This confusion of the participles, as we have seen, was common.

⁸ To PALY ashes;] So the undated 4to: all the other copies (prior to the folio, 1632, which has "*mealy* ashes") read, "*many* ashes."

⁹ ——— and he and I

Will watch thy waking,] These words were omitted in the folio, no doubt accidentally, as they are found in the 4to, 1609, from which it was printed, as well as in the 4to, 1599.

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me. Oh! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help
afford.

Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own
fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his fingers goes not
with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is¹.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been
gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

¹ A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.] Our poet puts the very same words into the mouth of Glendower in "Henry IV., Part I.," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 375. Shakespeare uses "harlotry" both as an adjective and substantive in the same play, for in A. ii. sc. 4, Mrs. Quickly speaks of "these harlotry players."

Of disobedient opposition²
 To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
 By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
 And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County: go tell him of this.
 I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
 And gave him what becomed love I might³,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
 This is as't should be.—Let me see the County:
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough⁴.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
 Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her.
 I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
 They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
 To county Paris, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

² Of DISOBEDIENT opposition] “Of froward wilful opposition,” 4to, 1597.

³ And gave him what BECOMED love I might,] In the time of the annotator on the fo. 1632, we may presume that the active was here used instead of the passive participle, for he substitutes *becoming*. On a previous page (177) we have had *distilling* in some of the old copies, and “distilled” in others.

⁴ — there is time enough.] In the 4to, 1597, Lady Capulet adds the desire, that the Nurse should attend Juliet, to “help her sort her tires, rebatos, chains.”

SCENE III.

JULIET's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet again ⁵.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life ⁶ :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse !—What should she do here ?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—

⁵ Farewell !—God knows when we shall meet again.] After this line, the 4to, 1597, adds,

“ Ah ! I do take a fearful thing in hand.

What if this potion should not work at all ?” &c.

In this first edition the speech consists of only eighteen lines : the additions, therefore, in the 4to, 1599, are large and numerous. We have, as usual, followed that text.

⁶ — the heat of LIFE:] The folio, 1623, has “ the heat of fire,” in opposition to the 4tos, 1599 and 1609 ; but “ heat of life ” is restored in the corr. fo. 1632. The passage is not in the 4to, 1597.

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there⁷.—

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought⁸.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort:—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
Oh! if I wake⁹, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,

⁷ — lie thou there.] In the 4to, 1597, these two lines thus stand:—

“Must I of force be married to the County?

This shall forbid it: knife, lie thou there.”

“Daggers, or, as they are commonly called, knives (says Gifford, Ben Jonson's Works, Vol. v. p. 221), were worn at all times by every woman in England—whether they were so in Italy, Shakespeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell.” It certainly was the case.

⁸ I will not entertain so bad a thought.] This line is only in the 4to, 1597: it seems necessary to the completeness of the rejection of Juliet's suspicion of the Friar. It is not introduced into the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ Oh! if I wake,] All the old copies, with evident corruption, read *walke* for “wake,” but the old corrector of the folio, 1632, put his pen through the letter *l* in *walke*, and “wake” has been the received text. In the last line but one of the speech, the folio reads, “upon *my* rapier's point.”

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 Oh, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
 Romeo! I come! this do I drink to thee¹⁰.

[*She drinks, and throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.

CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
 nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry¹.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
 The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—
 Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
 Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.
 Get you to bed: 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
 For this night's watching².

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now

¹⁰ Romeo! I COME! THIS DO I drink to thee.] Such is the line in the 4to, 1597; but in the 4to, 1599, and in the folios it is thus represented:—

“Romeo! Romeo! Romeo! here's drink—I drink to thee.”

We entirely agree with the Rev. Mr. Dyce that the words “here's drink” were blunderingly thrust into the text, being only, in fact, a stage-direction—*here drink*. In the 4to, 1597, we read at the end of this soliloquy, “She falls upon her bed within the curtain,” meaning the traverse curtain, at the back of the stage.

¹ They call for dates and quinces in the PASTRY.] *i. e.* In the room where what we now call *pastry* was made. Dates were formerly much used in cookery.

² For this night's watching.] We do not change the prefix here, as we can readily suppose that the Nurse was allowed considerable conversational licence in a family where she had lived so long; but at the same time we admit that there is some, though not sufficient, ground for Mr. Singer's alteration, when he assigns this speech to Lady Capulet. “Cot-quean” is not to be confounded with *cuc-quean*: the last means a she-cuckold, while the former only implies that the man was a womanish intermeddler in domestic affairs.

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt³ in your time ;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now, fellow,
What's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—Sirrah, fetch
drier logs :

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith ! 'tis day⁴ :
The County will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*]
For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come already :
Make haste, I say⁵. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber ; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !—fast, I warrant
her, she :—
Why, lamb !—why, lady !—fie, you slug-a-bed !—

³ Ay, you have been a MOUSE-HUNT] "A mouse-hunt" is a *stoat*, so still called in Norfolk and Suffolk : see Holloway's "Gen. Provincial Dictionary," 8vo, 1838. Lady Capulet, of course, uses the term metaphorically.

⁴ Good FAITH ! 'tis day :] It is "Good *father*" in the folio, 1623, a blunder it caught from the 4to, 1609 : it is "Good faith" in the folio, 1664.

⁵ Make haste, I say.] The foregoing scene is altered in the 4to, 1599, in various particulars, but the general import of the several speeches is the same in the 4to, 1597.

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
 What! not a word?—you take your pennyworths now:
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
 The county Paris hath set up his rest⁶,
 That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
 Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
 I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
 Ay, let the County take you in your bed:
 He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady!—
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
 Oh, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse.

Oh, lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse.

Look, look! Oh, heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me! Oh me!—my child, my only life,
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.—
 Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's
 dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Life and these lips have long been separated:
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field⁷.

Nurse. Oh, lamentable day!

⁶ The county Paris hath SET UP HIS REST,] A figurative expression, from gunnery, employed at Primero and some other games, for an explanation of which see "All's Well that Ends Well," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 555.

⁷ Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.] So all the old copies, excepting the first. In the 4to, 1597, this scene is in a very abbreviated form, and there Capulet (or as he is called *Old Man*) exclaims merely,

"Stay! let me see: all pale and wan.
 Accursed time! unfortunate old man."

La. Cap.

Oh, woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—

Oh son! the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's^{*}!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. Oh woe, Oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
Oh day! Oh day! Oh day! Oh hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
Oh woful day! Oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
Oh love! Oh life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
Oh child! Oh child!—my soul, and not my child!—

^{*} — life, LIVING, all is death's!] All modern editors, since the time of Steevens, have introduced an extraordinary corruption here, by reading, "life *leaving*, all is death's." Every old copy gives the passage as it stands in our text, and there can be no possible reason for changing "living" to *leaving*. Capulet says that death is his heir—that he will die, and leave death all he has: viz. "life, living," and every thing else. Malone gives applause to Steevens for his *emendation*. We are glad to see Mr. Singer adopting our text in this respect, although, as he had a perfect right to be, he is silent upon the subject.

Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not⁹
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
Oh! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature¹ bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar².

⁹ — confusion's CURE lives not] All the 4tos. and folios (the 4to, 1597, has not the passage) have *care* for "cure:" the emendation was evident, and we find it in the corr. fo. 1632: since the time of Theobald "cure" has been the text.

¹ For though FOND nature] "Fond" is from the folio, 1632: the earlier editions (the 4to, 1597, has not the line) have "For though *some* nature," a misprint arising out of the use of the long *s*. In the preceding line, "In all" is derived from the 4to, 1597: the later impressions have *And in*; but in the corr. fo. 1632 "In all" is restored.

² — and Friar.] Instead of this stage-direction, the oldest 4to. has, "They all, but the Nurse, go forth, casting rosemary on her, and shutting the curtains."

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER*³.

Pet. Musicians, Oh, musicians! "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" Oh! an you will have me live, play—"Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

Pet. Oh, musicians! because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe"⁴: "Oh! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel⁵.

1 *Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me? [*Drawing his dagger.*]

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

³ Enter Peter.] In the 4to, 1597, it is "Enter Servingman," who exclaims "Alack! alack! what shall I do? Come, fiddlers, play me some merry dump." In the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, it is, "Enter Will Kemp," from whence we learn that he played the part of Peter. The folio, 1623, has it, like the undated 4to, "Enter Peter." "Merry dump" is, of course, an intended contradiction.

⁴ "My heart is full of woe:"] This and "Heart's ease," were the names of popular tunes of the time. "Heart's ease" is mentioned in "Misogonus," a MS. play by Thomas Rychardes, written before 1570 (see "Hist. Eng. Dram. Poety and the Stage," Vol. ii. p. 470), where a song is sung to the tune. A "dump," mentioned in the next line, was a name sometimes given to a species of poem. In "Titus Andronicus" (p. 20 of this Vol.) we have had "dreary dumps," and in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (A. iii. sc. 2) we meet with "Tune a deploring dump:" in the next page we have "doleful dumps." It is necessary to add, that all the old editions, excepting the undated 4to, omit "of woe," and only read, "my heart is full;" but "of woe" is also inserted in the corr. fo. 1632, and the tune was very common.

⁵ — but the GLEEK: I will give you the MINSTREL.] "Gleek," as we have seen already (Vol. ii. p. 216) is a *jeer* or *scoff*; and Peter of course means that he will *scoff* the musicians by calling them *minstrels*: see also this Vol. p. 149.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit⁶. I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men :
[*Sheathing his dagger.*

*When griping grief the heart doth wound⁷,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress⁸,
Then music, with her silver sound ;*

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty⁹! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. Oh! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because musicians¹ have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.* [*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

⁶ Then have at you with my wit.] In the 4tos. and folios this is erroneously made part of what is said by the second musician. "My iron wit," in the next line, is the text as given in the corr. fo. 1632: it is "*an iron wit*" in the old copies.

⁷ When griping grief the heart doth wound,] This quotation is from "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," first published in 1576, and several times reprinted, where the poem is ascribed to "Mr. Edwards," *i. e.* Richard Edwards, author of "Damon and Pythias," 1571, and other early dramatic pieces. See also Percy's "Reliques," Vol. i. p. 201, edit. 1812.

⁸ And doleful dumps the mind oppress,] This line is omitted in all the editions after the 4to, 1597. In the edit. of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" in 1576, the word "mind" is omitted, and the line there given, "And doleful dumps *them* oppress."

⁹ Pretty!] So the first 4to, here and lower down: all the later editions, 4to. and folio, have either *prates* or *pratest*, which, without *thou* before it, can hardly be right. We therefore adopt the oldest reading; but it is to be noted that in the corr. fo. 1632 *Thou* is placed before *pratest*. By "pretty" we must understand, that Peter, in his self-conceit, takes upon him to criticise the answers of the first and second Musician.

¹ — because MUSICIANS] The 4to, 1597, instead of "musicians," reads, "such fellows as you."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death of sleep²,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar³?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.

² If I may trust the flattering DEATH of sleep,] This seems one of the happiest of the minor emendations in the corr. fo. 1632. The line has hitherto stood,

“If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep;”

but *truth* could not flatter, and must be an error. The 4to, 1597, has “the flattering *eye* of sleep,” and the passage has occasioned much dispute. The fact seems to be, that the old compositor was confounded between “trust” and “death,” and, joining the beginning of one word to the end of the other, printed *truth* when he ought to have printed “death.” Nothing can well be more intelligible and pertinent than “death” instead of *truth*: it was “the flattering death of sleep,” because Romeo had had such “flattering” dreams during “sleep,” which state has been, over and over again, likened by poets to “death.” The Rev. Mr. Dyce (“Few Notes,” p. 113) would preserve “flattering *eye* of sleep,” which nobody can satisfactorily explain, because, strange to say, he cannot understand what is meant by “the flattering death of sleep.”

³ Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?] This line is not found in the edition preceding that of 1599.

I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
Oh, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars⁴!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.—

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—Oh, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:

⁴ — then, I DEFY YOU, stars!] It is "then I defy *my* stars" in the 4to, 1597, but "then I *deny* you, stars" in every subsequent old edition. *Deny* is amended to "defy" in the corr. fo. 1632, and the usual text corresponds with it. *Deny* and "defy" were, of old, used somewhat synonymously.

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes⁵,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

[*Exit Apoth. and re-enters.*

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

⁵ Need and oppression STARVETH in thy eyes,] Some modern editors, without any other authority than that of Otway, who introduces the line into his "Caius Marius," read "stareth in thine eyes." All the old copies are uniform for "starveth," and no change is recommended in the corr. fo. 1632. Instead of this and the next line, the 4to, 1597, has,

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

So far justifying "starveth." There are other variations, but not important.

SCENE II.

Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar JOHN.**John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !*Enter Friar LAURENCE.**Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Lau.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,— [*Giving it.*]
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice⁶, but full of charge,
Of dear import ; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.[*Exit.*]*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,

⁶ The letter was not NICE,] *i. e.* Was not of trifling import. We have before had the word in this play in the same sense : see A. iii. sc. 1, p. 153.

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb⁷ !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Church-Yard ; in it a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers, and a torch*⁸.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand aloof ;—
 Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
 Under yond' yew-trees⁹ lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
 So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
 Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stay alone¹⁰
 Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
 Oh woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,
 Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
 Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans :
 The obsequies, that I for thee will keep,
 Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

⁷ — in a dead man's tomb !] Instead of this couplet, the scene in the 4to, 1597, closes weakly as follows :—

“ I will hie
 To free her from that tomb of misery.”

⁸ — bearing flowers, and a torch.] “ With flowers and sweet water,” adds the stage-direction in the 4to, 1597.

⁹ Under YOND' YEW-trees] “ Under *this* yew-tree,” 4to, 1597 : all the other copies, 4to. and folio, read “ *young* trees.” Balthasar afterwards speaks of a “ *young* tree” in the church-yard, but we ought there again to read *yew*-tree ; and in both places the corr. fo. 1632 has “ *yew*” for *young*. The blunder arose, doubtless, from “ *yew*” having been spelt *yough* in the old MS.

¹⁰ I am almost afraid to STAY alone] It is “ to *stand* alone” in the early impressions, but Paris had enjoined the Page to lie along, and in the corr. fo. 1632 *stand* is properly amended to “ *stay*.”

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
 What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while. [Retires.]

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR¹, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
 Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
 Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
 And do not interrupt me in my course.
 Why I descend into this bed of death
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use
 In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone:
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
 In what I farther shall intend to do,
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
 The time and my intents are savage, wild;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
 Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about:
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
 It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
 And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [Advancing.
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
 Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?

¹ Enter Romeo and Balthasar,] All the old copies, but the first, have it, "Enter Romeo and Peter." Possibly Kemp doubled this part, and acted both Peter and Balthasar, both being short; and hence the confusion.

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
Fly hence and leave me :—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—Oh, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ; live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy commiseration²,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*

Page. Oh Lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Oh ! I am slain. [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face :
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris !—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :

² I do defy COMMISERATION,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "thy" erased in this line, as redundant for the metre. The oldest 4to, has *conjurations*, and the 4to, 1599, *commiration* : all the other ancient authorities have "thy commiseration." The Rev. Mr. Dyce has declared *commiration* to be "a stark misprint:" nobody doubts, or has doubted it; the matter is self-evident. The question is, for what it is a misprint? All the other copies, 4to. and folio, tell us that *commiration* was a blunder for "commiseration" and not for *conjurations*. Mr. Dyce is of a contrary opinion ("Remarks," p. 175), and we are sorry to differ from him : taking *commiration* for "commiseration," we have the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, as well as the folios, 1623, 1632, 1664 and 1685, in our favour ; and moreover, when the old annotator on the folio, 1632, was amending the line, by erasing "thy," he did not think of altering "commiseration" to *conjurations*. Mr. Dyce does not advert to the important fact that Romeo had commiserated Paris, and had entreated him to fly, rather than remain to be killed. A man of Mr. Dyce's experience need not be told to look to the context before he adopts so decided an opinion : the error was that of the old printer of the 4to, 1597, who committed so many other, and such gross mistakes, and who, not being well acquainted with the word "commiseration" (written no doubt in his day with one *m*—*comiseration*), composed *coniurations* instead of it. All the probabilities are in favour of "commiseration," and although *conjurations* would answer the purpose, "commiseration" fills the place better : we can have no other ground of preference for one word over the other.

Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
 To think it was so?—Oh! give me thy hand, [He takes it.
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
 A grave? Oh, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence, full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[Laying Paris in the monument.]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry, which their keepers call
 A lightning before death: Oh! how may I
 Call this a lightning?—Oh, my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there³.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh! what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous⁴;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again⁵: here, here will I remain

³ And death's pale flag is not advanced there.] For the last five lines the 4to, 1597, has only,

“Ah! dear Juliet,

How well thy beauty doth become this grave!”

⁴ ——— Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous;] In the old copies (not including the 4to, 1597, where the words are, “Oh! I believe,” &c.) *I will believe* is inserted before “Shall I believe.” In our former edition we preserved both, being anxious not to desert the ancient authorities; but on reconsideration we are disposed to think Malone right: he excluded *I will believe*.

⁵ Depart again:] After these words the 4tos, 1599 and 1609, and all the folios, add the following passage:

——— “Come, lie thou in my arms.

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh! here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last:
 Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, oh! you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide;
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love.—[*Drinks.*] Oh, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar LAURENCE,
 with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed, how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?⁶

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Oh, true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Depart again."

Here we see that "Depart again" is twice repeated; and farther on we meet once more with the words, "Oh, true apothecary! thy drugs are quick." There was, no doubt, some strange confusion in this place in the MS. from which the 4to, 1599, was printed. The 4to, 1597, has no trace of any such lines as those above quoted; and it is to be remarked that the 4to, 1637 (which, in other respects, can be of little authority) omits,

——— "Come, lie thou in my arms.

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in."

⁶ Who's there?] After this line Malone and others added,

"Who is it that consorts so late the dead?"

from the 4to, 1597; but if inserted at all, it ought to come in after Balthasar's speech, as in the authority from which it was quoted. It is not in any other ancient edition.

Bal. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me ;
Oh ! much I fear some ill unthrifty thing⁷.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo !— [Advancing.
Alack, alack ! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace ?

[Entering the monument.
Romeo ! Oh, pale !—Who else ? what ! Paris too ?
And steep'd in blood ?—Ah ! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance !—
The lady stirs. [JULIET wakes.

Jul. Oh, comfortable friar ! where is my lord ?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo ? [Noise within.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents : come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead ;
And Paris too : come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare no longer stay.
[Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
Oh churl ! drink all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.
Thy lips are warm !

⁷ — some ill UNTHRIFTY thing.] So the 4to, 1599: the 4to, 1609, and the folio, *unlucky*. Balthasar's next speech is not in the 4to, 1597. It is needless to dwell upon minor variations.

1 *Watch*. [*Within*.] Lead, boy :—which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—Oh happy dagger !

[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger*.

This is thy sheath ; [*Stabs herself* ;] there rest, and let me die^s.

[*Dies*.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place ; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch*. The ground is bloody : search about the church-yard.—

Go, some of you ; whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some*.

Pitiful sight ! here lies the County slain ;—

And Juliet bleeding ; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search :

[*Exeunt other Watchmen*.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes,

We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR⁹.

2 *Watch*. Here's Romeo's man ; we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch*. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 *Watch*. A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

^s — there REST, and let me die.] It is "there rust" in the later impressions, and "there rest" in the 4to, 1597: rust is altered to "rest" in the corr. fo. 1632, which word we on all accounts prefer. As the Rev. Mr. Dyce remarks (p. 177), "the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the future rusting of the dagger: she only wishes it, by resting in her bosom as its sheath, to give her instant death." It may be added that if short-hand were employed in the original publication of this play, the words "rest" and rust would be spelt with the same letters. Modern editors have not remarked upon the fact, that in all the folios, "*This is thy sheath*," is misprinted, "*'Tis in thy sheath*:" even Capell here misrepresents the state of the old text.

⁹ Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.] According to the 4to, 1597, where the business is shortened, Friar Laurence is taken and brought upon the stage before Balthasar.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. Oh! the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears ¹⁰?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heaven! Oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague ¹,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom ².

La. Cap. Oh me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down ³.

¹⁰ What fear is this which startles in OUR ears? Johnson properly substituted "our" for *your* of the early editions.

¹ Is empty on the back of Montague,] It would only be waste of space to reproduce Steevens's misquoted instances, to show that the dagger was commonly turned behind, and worn at the back. The fact was so.

² — in my daughter's bosom.] The following are the corresponding lines in the 4to, 1597:—

"See, wife, this dagger hath mistook;
For, lo! the back is empty of young Montague,
And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast."

To prove how carelessly the commentators sometimes quote, we may mention that Steevens asserts (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, Vol. vi. p. 253) that the 4to, 1597, reads the last line "erroneously" thus:—

"And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom."

³ To see thy son and heir MORE early down:] We do not find that the com-

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night⁴;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outcry for a while⁵,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even unto death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge,
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief⁶, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris: then, comes she to me,

mentators have remarked upon a difference here in the old copies. The 4to, 1597, has "more early down," while the other 4tos. and the folios read "*now* early down:" the corr. fo. 1632 also has "*more* early down," and we adhere to the most ancient, and, as we think, most natural text.

⁴ Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;] After this line the 4to, 1597, adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceased too."

⁵ Seal up the mouth of OUTCRY for a while,] So the corr. fo. 1632: to "seal up the mouth of *outrage*" (as constantly misprinted) is almost nonsense, and Lady Capulet has spoken just before of the "open outcry" which had aroused her: the mouth of this "open outcry" the Prince wished to be sealed.

⁶ I will be brief,] As Steevens observes, in the old poem of "Romeus and Juliet," by Brooke, the dead bodies are placed upon a raised scaffold, from which the narrative of Friar Laurence is delivered. A similar course is pursued at the close of "Hamlet."

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. Oh, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand. [*They shake hands*⁷.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set⁸,
As that of true and faithful Juliet⁹.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace¹ this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things:
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished;

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ They shake hands.] We might infer that they shook hands, or embraced, but the corr. fo. tells it to us in so many words, in order to make sure that this part of the business of the scene was not neglected by the actors.

⁸ There shall no figure at SUCH rate be set,] So the 4to, 1599. The folio, 1623, copied the 4to, 1609, and reads, "at *that* rate be set." The 4to, 1597, gave the passage as follows:—

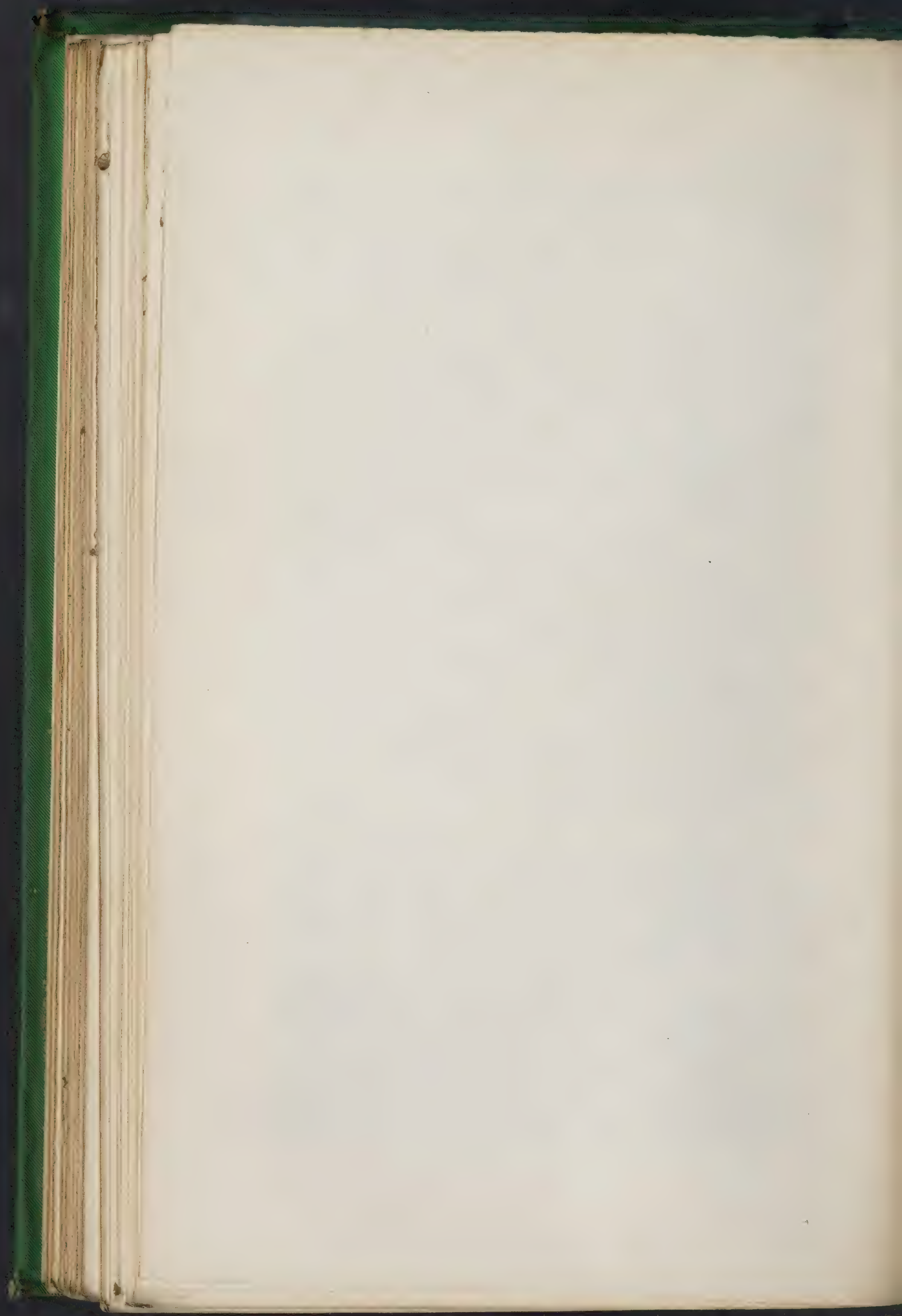
"There shall no statue at such price be set,
As that of Romeo's loved Juliet."

⁹ As that of TRUE and faithful Juliet.] So all the copies excepting the first; but perhaps all wrongly, though we do not run the risk of altering words which the poet may have used: at the same time the tautology of "true and faithful" is evident, and the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 plausible:

"As that of *fair* and faithful Juliet."

Even the alliteration in this line may possibly have recommended the words to Shakespeare.

¹ A GLOOMING peace] So all the editions subsequent to the first in 1597, which alone has "*gloomy* peace."



TIMON OF ATHENS.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies, in the division of "Tragedies," twenty-one pages, numbered from p. 80 to p. 98 inclusive; pp. 81 and 82, by an error, being repeated. Page 98 is followed by a leaf, headed, "The Actors Names," and the list of characters fills the whole page: the back of it is left blank. The drama bears the same title in the later folios, and "The Actors Names" occupies the reverse of the last page.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have written "Timon of Athens" late in his theatrical career, and Malone fixed upon 1610, as the probable date when it came from his pen. We know of no extrinsic evidence to confirm or contradict this opinion. The tragedy was printed in 1623, in the folio edited by Heminge and Condell; and having been inserted in the Registers of the Stationers' Company as a play "not formerly entered to other men," we may infer that it had not previously come from the press. The versification is remarkably loose and irregular, but it is made to appear more so by the manner in which it was originally printed. The object, especially near the close, seems to have been to make the drama occupy as much space as could be conveniently filled: consequently, many regular lines are arbitrarily divided: the drama extends to p. 98 in the folio, in the division of "Tragedies;" what would have been p. 99, if it had been figured, contains a list of the characters, and what would have been p. 100 is entirely blank: the next leaf, being the first page of "Julius Cæsar," is numbered 109. It is possible that another printer began with "Julius Cæsar," and that a miscalculation was made as to the space which would be required for "Coriolanus," "Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Timon of Athens." The interval between what would have been p. 100 of the folio of 1623, and p. 109, which immediately follows it, may, at all events, be in this way accounted for.

There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of "Timon of Athens," while others are elaborately wrought. In his Lectures in 1811-12, Coleridge dwelt upon this discordance of style at considerable length, but we find no trace of it in the published fragments of his Lectures in 1818. Coleridge said, in 1811-12, that he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout, and gave no countenance to the notion, that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in "Timon of Athens," as it has come down to us. It was Shakespeare's throughout; and, as originally written, he apprehended that it was one of the author's most complete performances: the players, however, he felt convinced, had done the poet much injustice; and he especially instanced (as indeed he did in 1818) the clumsy "clap-trap" blow at the Puritans in Act iii. sc. 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same principle,

and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the folio of 1623. Why the manuscript of "Timon of Athens" should have been more mutilated, than that from which other dramas were printed for the first time in the same volume, was a question into which he did not enter. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what, he firmly believed, was our great poet's real view of the characters of his fellow-creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire,—a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach the very highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting that the subject might have been taken up under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment.

How far this notion is well founded can of course be matter of speculation only; but a whole play could hardly be composed under a transient fit of irritation, and to us it seems more likely that, in this instance as in others, Shakespeare adopted the story because he thought he could make it acceptable as a dramatic representation. We agree with Farmer in thinking that there probably existed some earlier popular play of which Timon was the hero. The novels in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure" were the common property of the poets of the day; and "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is inserted in the first volume of that collection, which came out in or before 1567. Paynter professes to have derived his brief materials from the life of Mark Antony, in Plutarch; but Sir Thomas North's translation having made its appearance in 1579, all the circumstances may have been familiar to many readers. True it is, that Shakespeare does not appear to have followed these authorities at all closely, and there may have been some version of Lucian then current, with which we are not now acquainted. To these sources dramatists preceding Shakespeare may have resorted; and we find Timon so often mentioned by writers of the period, that his habits and disposition, perhaps, had also been made popular through the medium of the stage. Shakespeare himself introduces Timon into "Love's Labour's Lost," (Vol. ii. p. 140,) which, in its original shape, must certainly have been one of our great dramatist's early plays. In Edward Guilpin's collection of Epigrams and Satires, published under the title of "Skialetheia" in 1598, we meet with the following line, (Epigr. 52,) which seems to refer to some scene in which Timon had been represented:—

"Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits:"

And in the anonymous play of "Jack Drum's Entertainment," printed in 1601, one of the characters uses these expressions:—

"But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens."

We know also that there existed, about that date, a play upon the subject of Timon of Athens. The original manuscript of it is in the library of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who superintended an impression of it for the Shakespeare Society in 1842. He gives it as his opinion, that it was "intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and although the epilogue may be considered rather of a contrary complexion, the learned editor is probably right: it is, however, nearly certain that it was acted; and although it will not bear a moment's comparison with Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," similar incidents and persons are contained in both. Thus, Timon is in the commencement rich, bountiful, and devoured by flatterers: he becomes poor, and is at once deserted by all but his faithful steward;—but before he abandons Athens in disgust, he invites his parasites to a last banquet, where he gives them stones, painted to resemble artichokes, which he flings at them as he drives them out of his hall. Shakespeare represents Timon as regaling his guests with hot water; but it is very remarkable, that at the end of his mock-banquet scene, after the hero has quitted the stage, leaving certain lords behind him, upon whom he had thrown the water, the following dialogue occurs:—

"1 *Lord*. Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord*. Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord*. I feel 't upon my bones.

4 *Lord*. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones."

Shakespeare's Timon had cast no "stones" at his guests, and the above extract reads exactly as if it had formed part of some play in which stones (as in the "Timon" edited by the Rev. A. Dyce) had been employed instead of hot water. Unless stones had been thrown, there could be no propriety in the mention of them by the fourth Lord; and though Shakespeare may not have seen the academic play to which we have alluded, a fragment may by accident have found its way into his "Timon of Athens," which belonged to some other drama where the banquet-scene was differently conducted. It is just possible that our great dramatist, at some subsequent date, altered his original draught, and by oversight left in the rhyming couplet with which the third Act concludes. We need not advert to other resemblances between the academic play and "Timon of Athens," because the manuscript may be now said to have become public property through the press.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS,

SEMPRONIUS,

} Three flattering Lords.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS,

SERVILIUS,

} Servants to Timon.

CAPHIS,

PHILOTUS,

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS,

} Servants to Timon's Creditors.

Servants of Ventidius, Varro, and Isidore: two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

} Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

¹ Appended, with some omissions, to the play in the folio, 1623.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches?—See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.—I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. Oh! 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes¹.

Jew. I have a jewel here— [Showing it.]

Mer. Oh! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompence² have prais'd the vile,

¹ He PASSES.] As we now say, He *surpasses* or *exceeds*. Shakespeare uses "continue" (of the preceding line) in "Othello," A. iii. sc. 4, if indeed it be not there a misprint for *convenient*: of course, it here means of an enduring and persevering goodness. The word occurs in other good authors.

² "When we for recompence, &c.] "We must here suppose (says Warburton) the poet busy in reading in his own work; and that these three lines are the in-

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which issues³
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes⁴. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece. [Showing it.]

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination
Moves in this lip: to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

roduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of." Possibly it is only a reflection by the Poet.

³ — as a GUM, which ISSUES] The old copy, "as a gown which uses." Pope changed gown to "gum," and we obtain "issues" from the corr. fo. 1632: Johnson suggested oozes, which may be right, but seems to express too slow a process for what the speaker tells us had "slipped idly" from him.

⁴ Each bound it CHAFES.] All the folios read *chases* for "chafes:" the last is no doubt right, and in the corr. fo. 1632 *chases* is amended to "chafes:" the error was occasioned by the letter *f* having been mistaken by the printer for the long *s*. No copy of the folio, 1623, that we have ever seen, reads "chafes."

I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse⁵: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace,
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

⁵ In a wide sea of VERSE:] "In a wide sea of wax" in the folios; but "a wide sea of wax" was perhaps never before heard of, while "a wide sea of verse" is a figure of speech both natural and intelligible, as regards its flow, its swell, and its power. The word "verse" is derived from the corr. fo. 1632, and the adoption of it renders it needless to resort to the overstrained notion, that Shakespeare referred to the ancient mode of writing with a style upon wax tables: hitherto such has necessarily been the explanation. "Verse" might easily have been misread *waxe*, which was then frequently spelt with a final *e*: it is not however so printed in the old copies. The Poet had written his production in "verse," and we feel sure that it is the true text. Prof. Mommsen entertained no doubt upon the point, when he rendered "in a wide sea of verse" very happily *In weitem Versemeer*.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 (Some better than his value) on the moment
 Follow his strides: his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air⁶.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down⁷,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
 A thousand moral paintings I can show,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of
 VENTIDIUS talking with him⁸.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
 His means most short, his creditors most strait:
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up; which, failing,
 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

⁶ Drink the free air.] "To drink the air (says Wakefield), like the *haustos aetherios* of Virgil, is merely a poetical phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe*. To 'drink the free air,' therefore, through another, is to breathe freely at his will only."

⁷ Even on their knees and HANDS, let him SLIP down.] The folio reads *hand*, and *sit* for "slip." The emendation was made by Rowe, and it is warranted by the corr. fo. 1632.

⁸ — talking with him.] The old stage-direction is, "Trumpets sound. Enter lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor."

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me⁹. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

⁹ — when he MOST NEEDS me.] So the corr. fo. 1632, and so we may be convinced Shakespeare wrote, and not "when he *must need* me" as in the fo. 1623. In the fo. 1664 the text stands altered to "when he most needs me," and we cannot doubt that such was the manner in which the language of Shakespeare was accurately recited before, as well as after, the Restoration. We are not told that Timon was one of Burbadge's parts, but there can be little hesitation about it.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon¹ :
His honesty rewards him in itself ;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long :
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter ;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you !

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,

¹ Therefore he will be, Timon :] “ Therefore he will continue honest, Timon ” has been the usual explanation, but perhaps a word has been lost, the line being defective : to insert *rewarded*, as has been proposed, would not cure it to a person with any ear for verse. We might read “ Therefore he will be *always honest*, Timon,” but the corr. fo. 1632 makes no addition, as if there were nothing lost.

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman²: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them
not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then, I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

² Well fare you, GENTLEMAN:] Timon is addressing the Painter, and, taking leave of him for the present, he says, "Well fare you, gentleman," and not *gentlemen*, as it is usually printed, abandoning the old copy. If the true reading had been *gentlemen*, Timon would have asked for their hands, also in the plural.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. Oh! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost³ a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wish to be a lord⁴.—Art not thou a merchant?

³ — which will not cost] The two earliest folios, 1623 and 1632, read *cast* for “cost,” to which it was altered in the third folio, 1664.

⁴ That I had so HUNGRY A WISH to be a lord.] The text handed down to us

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done⁵
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there.—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints⁶!
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

in the folio, 1623, is, "That I had *no angry wit* to be a lord:" Apemantus probably means to say, that he should hate himself for being so desirous to be a lord. We are not satisfied with any emendation of this passage, but our reading is that of the corr. fo. 1632, which, as well as we can judge, seems to come nearest to the sense the poet intended to express.

⁵ — AND when dinner's done] "And," wanting in the first folio, is derived from the second.

⁶ ACHES contract and starve your supple joints!] The word "Aches" is here, as in A. v. sc. 2, and in "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2, obviously to be pronounced as a dissyllable. See Coleridge's Lit. Rem. Vol. ii. p. 146.

Apem. The most accursed thou⁷, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog⁸! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed⁹, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return, exceeding
All use of quittance¹⁰.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

⁷ The most accursed thou,] "The more accursed thou" in the corr. fo. 1632, but we make no alteration, because Apemantus may have wished to make it appear that the 1 Lord was superlatively accursed.

⁸ Away, UNPEACEABLE dog!] So all the folios, and "unpeaceable" may have been Shakespeare's epithet, but the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read *unappeasable*, which on some accounts seems the more appropriate word. We are not aware that any change of "unpeaceable" has hitherto been proposed.

⁹ — no MEED,] *i. e.* No desert. See Vol. iv. pp. 136 and 194 for similar uses of the word, which generally signifies *reward*. In this respect Shakespeare was not peculiar: it was the language of his time, as many instances would establish. T. Heywood, in his "Silver Age," 1613, employs *to meed* as *to deserve*:—

"And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave."

According to Richardson's Dict., Sir Thomas Wyatt also uses the verb *medeth*, but we recollect no other example.

¹⁰ All use or quittance.] Possibly, we ought to read "All use *or* quittance," meaning all *interest* or payment of the principal. "Of" and *or* were not unfrequently confounded, and "use of quittance" is hardly intelligible; but we have no authority for the alteration.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then, enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, whom TIMON redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. Oh! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho! confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. Oh, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou'rt a churl: you have got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man is ever angry¹.
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil², Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—Oh you gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats³.

Tim. My lord, in heart⁴; and let the health go round.

¹ But yond' man is EVER angry.] "*Very* angry" in the folios. Rowe made the change, which seems necessary, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 178) supplies the following quotation in support of it from Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Valentinian*," A. iii. sc. 3:—

"If my good master be not *ever* angry,
You shall command again."

Very is likewise altered to "*ever*" in the corr. fo. 1632.

² — at thine APPERIL,] This word occurs in the same sense three times in Ben Jonson. See Works, by Gifford, Vol. v. p. 137; vi. pp. 117 and 159. It also is met with in "*The Case is Altered*," which, though printed in 1609, Ben Jonson did not include in the folio of his productions. "*Apperil*" is also used by Middleton, in his "*Michaelmas Term*," 1607, edit. Dyce, Vol. i. p. 427.

³ — with HARNESS on their throats.] "*Harness*" is of course *armour*. We have printed this speech, with the exception of the closing couplet, as it stands in the folio, 1623, the most ancient authority for this play. The only lines that seem to run metrically are those which have come down to us in that volume as verse: the rest of the speech may have been originally measure, but in passing from one manuscript to another, and ultimately from manuscript to print, the lines have lost that character. The same remark, as may be seen hereafter, will apply to various other portions of this play.

⁴ My lord, in heart;] We must suppose Timon here pledging one of his noble guests.

2 *Lord*. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a fire⁵,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no odds,
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, amen! So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root⁶. [*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart⁷, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em⁸.

⁵ Here's that, which is too weak to be a FIRE,] An excellent emendation from the corr. fo. 1632: both rhyme and sense show that it was the poet's word. Apemantus speaks of intoxicating and inflaming liquor as "a fire," and how "fire" came to be misprinted *sinner* (as it stands in every folio) it is impossible to guess. The confusion between the *f* and the long *s* may in some way have contributed to the blunder.

⁶ Rich men sin, and I eat root.] The moral of this line seems to be, that because rich men sinned they feasted, while he, who was poor, and committed no such offences, was obliged to feed upon roots.

⁷ Much good DICHT thy good heart,] So printed in all the old copies; an apparent corruption of *d'it* for *do it*, but it has not been met with elsewhere. In the last line but one of the "Grace" we have ventured to interpolate "amen," for the sake of the measure. The old printer probably omitted it, thinking it an accidental repetition in the MS.

⁸ — and BID me to 'em.] *i. e.* Invite me to 'em. To "bid" was constantly

1 *Lord*. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh! no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. Oh, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? Oh! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. Oh joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord*. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord*. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tucket sounded.]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all

used in this sense. In St. Luke's Gospel we read, "None of those men which were *bidden* shall taste of my supper," ch. xiv. ver. 24.

That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise⁹;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all.—Let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome.

[*Exit CUPID.*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how amply y'are belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day!

What a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women¹.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

⁹ ————— THE EAR,

Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;] This is Warburton's ingenious emendation of a difficult passage, which in the old copies runs thus:—

"There taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise."

Warburton's restoration of the text (for such it merits to be called) makes four of the senses to be gratified at Timon's table, while the fifth is to be delighted by the coming mask. Coleridge, in his *Lit. Rem.*, Vol. ii. p. 147, adverting to Warburton's change, truly says, "This is indeed an excellent emendation."

¹ — they are mad women.] In allusion to their dancing, which, Apemantus pretends, proceeds from insanity. Among other passages Steevens aptly cited the following from Cicero pro Muræna, 6:—*Nemo enim fere saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit.* Stubbes, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," 8vo, 1583, Sign. O, has this marginal note, "Dauncers thought mad-men."

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind :
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre²,
And entertain'd me with mine own device ;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord³, you take us ever at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you : please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius !

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] More jewels yet !
There is no crossing him in his humour ;
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should :
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses !

Tim. Oh, my friends !

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel ; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

² — and LIVELY lustre,] The folio, 1632, inserts "lively" before "lustre," required by the metre. We may not unreasonably suspect that many other words had dropped out, or been omitted in this part of the play, especially in the last speech of Apemantus, where some lines rhyme, and others do not rhyme for want of missing portions.

³ 1 *Lady.* My lord,] This speech is assigned in the old copies to 1 *Lord*, but no doubt, as Johnson suggested, by mistake ; the error having arisen from the circumstance, that in the old MS. 1 *L.* was the prefix, the single letter being employed to denote either *Lady* or *Lord*. The expression used by the 1 *Lady*, in the folios, is "you take us *even* at the best ;" but in the corr. fo. 1632 *even* is altered to "ever," the meaning being, that Timon always puts the best construction on what is done to please him : see "*ever at the best*" on p. 254.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word : it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. *[Aside.]*

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now ! what news ?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to ?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer :
Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes
For every word : he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out !
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong : you bate too much of your own merits.—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* Oh! he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is your's, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords.

Oh! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib.

Ay, defil'd land, my lord⁴.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim.

And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.*

The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords*, &c.]

Apem.

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs⁵ be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

⁴ Ay, DEFIL'D land, my lord.] Alcibiades plays upon the word *pitch'd* used by Timon. The editor of the second folio, not observing the quibble, supposed "defil'd" a misprint, and altered it to "*I defy land, my lord*;" meaning that a soldier disregarded landed possessions.

⁵ I doubt whether their LEGS] *i. e.* Their *bows*: to make *a leg* was formerly, as now, to make *a bow*: see Vol. iii. pp. 275. 364, &c.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly⁶: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [Exit.

Apem. So thou wilt not hear me now,
Thou shalt not then⁷; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
Oh, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
A stable o' horses⁸. No porter at his gate;

⁶ — thou wilt give away thyself in PAPER shortly:] A question has arisen among the commentators, whether we are to take "in paper" to mean in securities, or to treat it as a misprint for *in proper*, when it might mean that Timon would soon give even himself away. There is no difficulty in the received text, and considerable doubt as to the change.

⁷ Thou shalt not then;] *i. e.* "As thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not have the opportunity hereafter." The concluding couplet of this speech may be adduced as an instance of the first line being some syllables short of the proper measure, (see Vol. iv. p. 379,) unless we are to suppose that four syllables have escaped, which is not by any means improbable.

⁸ A STABLE O' horses.] So the corr. fo. 1632, for "*And able horses*" of the old editions, words which have given considerable trouble. The Senator is referring

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can sound his state in safety⁹. Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
 Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
 "Commend me to your master"—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, sirrah¹,
 My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
 But must not break my back to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt².

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go. [*Exeunt.*]

to Timon's unbounded bounty—that if a horse were given to him by a person who wanted twenty more, that one gift-horse foaled instantly a stable full of horses for the giver. This is not only intelligible, but excellent.

⁹ Can SOUND his state in safety.] Thus the old copies; the meaning being, that no reason can sound Timon's state, and find it in safety. The usual lection has been *found*, which is not more intelligible than "sound."

¹ Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, SIRRAH,] The last word is from the folio, 1632, and is not in the folio, 1623: it is syllabically necessary for the metre, and, although we rejected it in our former edition, on re-consideration we are disposed to insert it, coming, as it does, upon that which is to be deemed the next best authority to the folio, 1623.

² And have the dates in COMPT.] The old reading of all the folios is, "And have the dates in. Come." Theobald made the change, which seems necessary; the meaning being, that Caphis is to take an *account* of the dates.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account
How things go from him; no reserves, no care
Of what is to continue³. Never mind
Was surely so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
I must be round with him⁴ now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro⁵. What!
You come for money?

³ ————— takes no account

How things go from him; NO RESERVES, no care

Of what is to continue.] The old and received text has hitherto been,

“*Nor resumes* no care

Of what is to continue.”

This cannot have been the phraseology of Shakespeare, and the corr. fo. 1632 gives us an emendation, making the whole passage clear and grammatical, which merely supposes that “noe,” as the negative was often spelt of old, had been misprinted *nor*, and that another easy blunder had transformed “reserves” into *re-sumes*. Of course Flavius means to express his regret that Timon never considers his vast expenditure, makes no reserves, and feels no care how he is to continue his extravagance. Two lines below we have another welcome change in the line as it stands in the folios,

“Was to be so unwise to be so kind,”

which Warburton explained by making three words understood. The old annotator on the folio, 1632, puts it thus:

————— “Never mind

Was SURELY so unwise, to be so kind.”

Mr. Singer proposes *truly* instead of “surely” (of course not having seen that “surely” was the word in our Vol. of “Notes and Emendations,” or he would have mentioned it); and we should not perhaps object to *truly* if “surely” did not answer the purpose better, and if it did not reach us on the authority to which we have so often been indebted.

⁴ I must be ROUND with him] *i. e.* Plain with him. See Vol. ii. p. 668, Vol. iii. p. 603, &c.

⁵ Good even, Varro.] The old stage-direction is, “Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.” Caphis we know was the servant of the senator who was Timon’s creditor,

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is.—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c. as from hunting.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—[*Seeing the Servants.*] With me! what is
your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*]
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

and the other two appear to have been servants of Isidore and Varro, although addressed by the names of their respective masters (as is still not unusual among servants), and so designated in the prefixes of all the folios.

With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds⁶,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay! here comes the fool with Apemantus:
let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him! he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

Isid. Serv. [*To VAR. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and
usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know
yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as
you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good: gramercy.

⁶ With clamorous demands of DATE-broken bonds,] This was Malone's emendation for "debt broken bonds" of the folio, 1623. We are not satisfied that the change is right, but the mention of "debts" in the next line, renders it probable that "debt" was not inserted in the preceding line.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page⁷.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably!

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit Page.*]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace.—Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us.

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily⁸; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

⁷ — my MISTRESS' page.] “My master's page,” in all the folios; the confusion perhaps having been occasioned, here and afterwards, by “mistress” having been expressed in the MS. the old printer used, merely by the letter M.

⁸ — and go away MERRILY;] “And go away merry” in the folio, 1623; but the adverb is substituted in the corr. fo. 1632, and rightly, as we see by the context, where the corresponding adverbs occur.

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt the Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. Oh, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,

Though you hear now, (too late) yet now's a time⁹,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. Oh, my good lord! the world is but a word;
Were it all your's to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook¹⁰,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?

⁹ Though you hear now, (too late) yet now's a time,] The corr. fo. 1632 seems to put this line preferably, with the abolition of the parenthesis and a slight transposition,

"Though you hear now, yet now's a time too late."
It was "too late," because the whole of Timon's remaining means would not pay half his debts. We adhere, however, to the oldest authority.

¹⁰ I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook,] *i. e.* A corner which was unfrequented. The old printer was misled, like some modern editors, by the reference above to the vaults and cellars, as if Flavius had likened his eyes to the cock of a wine-cask: he therefore composed *cock* for "nook," which was perhaps not clearly written in the MS. Pope altered the text to *lonely room*, seeing what was evidently meant, but not guessing at the corrupted word. Sir T. Hanmer explained *cock* to be *cock-loft*, and all commentators have vainly speculated upon a passage, now, we apprehend, rendered indisputable by the corr. fo. 1632. Professor Mommsen renders the passage in the following terms:—

"Sass ich in öd-verlassnen Winkels Raum,
Und liess mein Auge strömen:"
therefore, adopting "nook" unhesitatingly.

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !
Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep ? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts !

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there !—Flaminius¹ ! Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius ;
—to lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his honour to-day :—
you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves ; and, I am
proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them
toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? humph !

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

¹ Flaminius !] In the old copies, *Flavius* ; but Flavius was the name of the steward. Rowe altered it to Flaminius, which is, no doubt, right, because the first time he speaks the prefix is *Flam.*

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—
And so, intending other serious matters²,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS,*] be
not sad,
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak³,
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, [*To FLAV.*] give it these
fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought is
bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

² — INTENDING other serious matters,] *i. e.* Pretending other serious matters: see "Richard III," A. iii. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 292, &c.

³ — INGENIOUSLY I speak,] *i. e.* Ingenuously. Of old, "ingenious" was not unfrequently used for *ingenuous*. See "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 103, where the 4to, 1598, has "ingenious," and the folio, 1623, *ingenuous* in the same place.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS' House.

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master.

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

[*Giving him money.*

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [Exit LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? Oh you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him⁴:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
Oh, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

⁴ ————— This slave,

Unto his HONOUR, has my lord's meat in him:] So all the old copies, and so we persevere in reading in spite of the corr. fo. 1632, where "honour" is altered to *humour*, certainly a not unusual corruption. Flaminius is disgusted at the conduct of Lucullus, and may well be supposed to speak ironically: he does not mean that Lucullus is a slave to his honour; but that to his *disgrace* he has Timon's meat in him, and yet refuses to lend him a small sum. Modern editors have usually adopted "Unto *this hour*" for "Unto his honour," but no change is required. "Slave unto his *humour*" would seem preferable to "Slave unto *this hour*," not merely because the change is less, but because Lucullus may be called a "slave unto his *humour*" in yielding to his disposition not to relieve the wants of Timon: if *this hour* had been right, the preposition ought rather to have been *at*, and not "unto." We abide by the old text.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent⁵ his present occasion now, my lord;

⁵ HE HAS only sent] "*Has* only sent," in the original. *Has* is not unfrequently printed for "*He has*" in the first folio, though usually with an apostrophe,

requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents⁶.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me :
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius ?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour ! —Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do ; the more beast I, I say⁷.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind :—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit* LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece

thus, *H'as* or *'Has* : near the end of "Henry VIII.," Vol. iv. p. 404, we read, " 'Has any business at his house ;" but there the verse, in a manner, required the abbreviation : not so here, yet *had* is used in the same way afterwards, and with the same absence of an apostrophe.

⁶ — with so many talents.] The corr. fo. 1632 has the amount inserted, viz. *five hundred talents*, both here and in the next speech ; but perhaps the sum, if named at all, was left to be filled up by the performer. With regard to the "fifty-five hundred talents" mentioned by Lucius just afterwards, possibly this mode of printing the sum was only meant to indicate the surprised and hesitating manner of the actor, at the naming of so large an amount.

⁷ — the more beast *I*, I say.] We have no difficulty in adopting this small emendation from the corr. fo. 1632 : the old text is, "the more beast, I say," but the printer was confused by the repetition of the personal pronoun.

Is every flatterer's port⁸. Who can call him
 His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
 My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
 And kept his credit with his purse,
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
 Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
 And yet, (Oh, see the monstrousness of man
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
 He does deny him, in respect of his⁹,
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
 I never tasted Timon in my life,
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
 And honourable carriage,
 Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

⁸ Is every flatterer's PORT.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce pronounces the old reading, "Is every flatterer's *sport*," the "veriest nonsense;" but he ventures upon no emendation of his own, and offers no opinion upon Theobald's adoption of *spirit* instead of *sport*. We are therefore the more glad to produce an alteration from the corr. fo. 1632, which he cannot but approve, seeing that the corruption in the folio, 1623, has only arisen from the carrying on of the sibilation from a preceding to a succeeding word: for "flatterer's *sport*" read "flatterer's port," *i. e.* deportment or demeanour, and "the veriest nonsense" is converted into excellent sense. We need hardly adduce instances of the use of "port" in this way by Shakespeare, but our readers may refer to "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 271, and "Henry VI., Part II." Vol. iv. p. 71, &c.

⁹ He does deny him, in respect of his,] We should not add a note here, if the passage had not hitherto been misunderstood by most editors. The meaning of "in respect of his" is, not in comparison with the fortune of Lucius, but that, in comparison with the sums and benefits Timon has bestowed upon Lucius, what Timon asks in return is as mere alms to beggars. Such is Warburton's explanation, and decidedly the right one.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't, humph! 'bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal¹;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over²; must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't: I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't³,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,

¹ They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;] *i. e.* Exposed to the test of the touchstone, used to ascertain pure from base metal: so in "King John," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 156, Constance says,

"You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless."

² ——— His friends, like physicians,

THRICE give him over;] The old copies read, "*thrive* give him over."

³ I see no SENSE for't,] This may be what Shakespeare wrote, but it is not improbable that "sense" is a misprint for 'scuse, *i. e.* excuse: "I see no 'scuse for not sending to me first." 'Scuse is a word employed in "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 335, and in "Othello," A. iv. sc. 1.

And amongst lords I be thought a fool⁴.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
 devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he
 cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the
 villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord
 strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked;
 like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms
 on fire: Of such a nature is his politic love.
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master:
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS,
 meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to TIMON'S
 Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay; and, I think,

One business does command us all, for mine

Is money.

Tit. So is their's, and our's.

⁴ And amongst lords *I* be thought a fool.] The personal pronoun is from the second folio, and is necessary to the intelligibility of the line. The same impression omitted it on a previous page, 242.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv.
Philotus too !

And, sir,

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv.
What do you think the hour ?

Welcome, good brother.

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't : he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him :
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's ⁵, but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness :
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes ; mine's three thousand crowns : what's
your's ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the
sum,

⁵ You must consider, that a prodigal course

Is like the sun's ;] Johnson and various editors after him here quote from Catullus, *Soles occidere et redire possunt* : the passage in the text has nothing to do with the rising or setting of the sun, but with the different course of the sun in summer and in winter : therefore Lucius adds,

" I fear, 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse."

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd ⁶.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship : pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir.—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat ? Then, they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up ; let me pass quietly.
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end :
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,

'Tis not so base as you ; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

1 *Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashier'd worship mutter ?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what : he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in ? such may rail against great buildings.

⁶ Else, surely, his had equall'd.] The meaning is, "Your master's confidence in Timon exceeded my master's, or my master's demand had certainly been equal to your master's."

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. Oh! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick: And if he be so far beyond his health⁷, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir⁸.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord⁹.

Both Var. Serv. And our's, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

⁷ And if HE be so far beyond his health,] In the old copies, "if it be so far," &c.; but surely there is every reason for receiving the change in the corr. fo. 1632,—a mere mistake of the pronoun.

⁸ We cannot take this for AN answer, sir.] The line is quite intelligible without "an," as hitherto printed; but it is syllabically imperfect, and the article was doubtless omitted accidentally before a word beginning with the same two letters.

⁹ And mine, my lord.] In the old copies, these words are given to 1 *Var.*, but Malone properly changed it, as both Varro's servants speak directly afterwards. Timon in his next speech plays on the word "bills" as weapons, and as written statements of claims.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What your's?—and your's?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors?—devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all¹: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. Oh my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:] The name of Sempronius, in the folio, 1623, only, is followed by *Ullorxa*: for what it was meant commentators have never been able to explain, and Steevens truly says that it is a name "unacknowledged by Athens or Rome." We, like the editor of the folio, 1632, omit it, since it is not only unintelligible, but it ridiculously encumbers the line. We take it to have been some interposed interjection by Flavius (possibly, *Alack, sir*, then pronounced broadly,) misheard, misunderstood, and misrepresented. Others might be disposed to read the redundant line thus:—

"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, *all, look, sir*;"

as if Timon had thus emphatically enjoined Flavius to be sure to omit nobody, *all, look, sir*. However, speculation is useless, and we are content to strike out *Ullorxa*, as some mistaken intrusion by the actor.

SCENE V.

The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him².

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside³,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him⁴ which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but mov'd an argument⁵.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,

² — the law shall bruise HIM.] The old copies read, "shall bruise 'em."

³ — setting his FATE aside,] This may be right, but the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to erase "fate" in favour of *fault*, and with considerable plausibility; but as "fate" can be well understood we make no change.

⁴ (AN honour in him] The folios read, "*And* honour in him."

⁵ He did REPROVE his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but mov'd an argument.] This couplet seems to have been misheard in a double respect, the old text of the folio, 1623, being—

"He did *behoove* his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument."

The emendations we introduce are those of the corr. fo. 1632, by which it appears

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear :
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats ? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy ? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad ? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion ; the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. Oh, my lords !
As you are great, be pitifully good :
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger, is impiety ;
But who is man, that is not angry ?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

that "reprove" had been mistaken for *behoove*, and "mov'd" for *prov'd*. Warburton altered *behoove* into *behave*, and left *prov'd* unchanged. Of course, by "he did reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent," Alcibiades means, that the man checked his passion before it was exhausted.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords⁶, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no foes, that were enough⁷
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be.—My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

⁶ Why, I say, my lords,] "I" is from the folio, 1632, and omitted in the folio, 1623. Four lines below we adopt another emendation from that impression, viz. "'em" for *him* of the earlier folio: on a previous page (250) we have seen that all the folios read *'em* for *him*. We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Dyce for calling our attention to these variations: we also follow his advice in putting a mark of admiration after "plenteous wounds;" but we are not sure that what Alcibiades says ought not to be treated as an observation.

⁷ If there were no foes, that were enough] This line is imperfect and un-rhythmical: the annotator on the fo. 1632 tells us to read, as we think unobjectionably,

"Were there no foes, that were *itself* enough."

Still we do not insert the line as amended, contenting ourselves with giving the reader the advantage of it in a note.

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,
He shall be executed presently⁸. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may
live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts⁹.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

⁸ He shall be executed PRESENTLY.] *i. e.* Immediately, as often before. Mr. Singer's suggestion, that in the preceding line "swell" ought to be *quell*, deserves attention: it affords a distinct and accordant meaning. Steevens understands "not to swell our spirit" as not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage, and he cites a passage from "Henry VIII.," A. iii. sc. 1, which is only applicable because the word "swell" occurs in it: the poet is there using a figure from the swelling of storms.

⁹ — and LAY for hearts.] *i. e.* Probably, *lay out* for hearts, as we now express it: to *lay* was, however, of old often used for to waylay, and Alcibiades may mean, that he will waylay and catch hearts.

SCENE VI.

A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring¹, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both.—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

¹ Upon that were my thoughts TIRING,] To *tire on* is to fasten on, like a bird of prey *pecking at* its victim; and in this sense we have seen it used in "The Winter's Tale," A. ii. sc. 3, Vol. iii. p. 44, and in "Henry VI., Part III.," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 124.

2 *Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willingly², than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [*To them*.] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord*. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. Oh, sir! let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord*. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in*.]

2 *Lord*. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord*. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord*. All covered dishes!

1 *Lord*. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord*. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord*. How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord*. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord*. Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord*. 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord*. How? how?

2 *Lord*. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord*. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord*. This is the old man still.

3 *Lord*. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord*. It does; but time will—and so—

3 *Lord*. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can

² The swallow follows not summer more WILLINGLY,] So the corr. fo. 1632, and rightly, as appears by the repetition of the adverb by Timon immediately afterwards: the old copies read *willing*.

agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, oh gods³!—the senators of Athens, together with the common tag of people⁴,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome."

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?

³ The rest of your FEES, oh gods!] This may be right, and therefore we leave it; but not only is the old correction in the fo. 1632 *foes* for "fees," but it was Warburton's proposed amendment.

⁴ — the common TAG of people,] It is "*legge* of the people" in the folio, 1623, no doubt misread for "tagge" or "tag." Shakespeare uses "tag" for the common people in "*Coriolanus*," A. iii. sc. 1, and in "*Julius Cæsar*," A. i. sc. 2, he speaks of them as "tag-rag." On the other hand, he never has *lag* excepting in the sense of lingering or delaying; and we are convinced therefore that the annotator on the corr. fo. 1632 was warranted in altering *legge* to "tagge," *i. e.* tag of the people.

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push⁵! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones⁶.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, oh thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,

⁵ Push!] A frequent interjection, which sometimes assumed the form of *pish*: see "Much Ado about Nothing," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 69.

⁶ One day he gives us diamonds, next day STONES.] Respecting this line, and particularly the word "stones," see the Introduction, p. 209. If we suppose Shakespeare never to have heard of the academic play of "Timon," there mentioned, he may have seen or heard of some other drama on the same subject in his own day, in which also stones were employed to expel the guests: at all events, water seems but a poor substitute, even were we to believe that it was scalding, yet Timon himself calls it only "lukewarm."

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filths
 Convert o' the instant green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes⁷. Bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen⁸,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live⁹.—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!

[*Casting away his garments.*]

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans¹⁰!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)

⁷ Do't in YOUR parents' eyes.] Ought we not to read *their* for "your?"

⁸ — SON of sixteen,] The folio, 1623, reads, "*some* of sixteen:" corrected in the folio, 1632.

And YET confusion live.] "And *let* confusion live" in the corr. fo. 1632; but "yet" may be right, in the sense of *still*, and we do not disturb the text. Sir T. Hanmer also proposed this change.

¹⁰ — with multiplying BANS!] "Bans" are curses, and *to ban* is to curse.

The Athenians, both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,

"We have seen better days." Let each take some ;

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*They embrace, and part several ways*¹.]

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt ?

Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live

But in a dream of friendship ; and revive

To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends² ?

Poor honest lord ! brought low by his own heart ;

Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood³,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !

Who, then, dares to be half so kind again ?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,

Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat

Of monstrous friends ;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,

¹ They embrace, and part several ways.] This is the old expressive stage-direction, and not merely "Exeunt Servants," as it stands in modern editions. These explanatory passages, as well as the text, might be by Shakespeare.

² But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?] This entire passage we take to be one of the most fortunate recoveries of the old and true language of Shakespeare, supplied by the corr. fo. 1632. We only subjoin the words as they imperfectly stand in the folios, from which the reader will at once be able to judge of the nature of the corruptions, and of the manner in which they have been remedied :—

" Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship,
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his varnish'd friends."

Flavius begins to rhyme with the lines ending with the words "exempt" and "contempt," and so continues for two additional couplets, most ignorantly and miserably mangled by the old printer or copyist, perhaps by both. It seems impossible to dispute the fitness of the changes by which the old text has here been happily restored. Mr. Singer, while availing himself of part of the emendation, without stating from whence he derived it, suggests that "varnish'd" ought to be *banish'd* : not only does the old annotator on the fo. 1632 make no such change, but we should have been surprised if he had, seeing "painted" in the same line.

³ Strange, unusual BLOOD,] Steevens adduced a passage in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," 1608, to show that "blood" was formerly used for *inclination* or *disposition*. He might have proved it by various quotations from Shakespeare's undoubted productions.

Or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out :
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Woods.

Enter TIMON, *with a spade* ⁴.

Tim. Oh, blessed breeding sun ! draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,
 (To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and decline that lord ⁵ ;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides ⁶,

⁴ *Enter* Timon, *WITH A SPADE.*] The words "with a spade" are an addition from the corr. fo. 1632 : the object of it, no doubt, was that the hero should be sure not to come upon the stage without this implement.

⁵ Raise me this beggar, and *DECLINE* that lord ;] So the corr. fo. 1632 for "*deny't* that lord" of the early editions : "decline that lord," of course means sink him, or reduce him in rank and condition. Shakespeare not unfrequently uses "decline" in this way : see "*Antony and Cleopatra*," A. iii. sc. 11. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Honest Man's Fortune*," A. ii. sc. 2 (Dyce's Edit. iii. 377), we meet with this passage : "And being you have *declin'd* his means, you have increas'd his malice." It is strange that the experienced editor should have had so defective an ear as to print the above as verse.

⁶ It is the pasture lards the *ROTHER'S* sides,] Our note upon this line, in our former edition, ran as follows, and we have seen no sufficient reason to make a change in it. "We insert '*rother*' (instead of *brother*, as it stands in the folios) at the instance of Mr. Singer, who has contributed so much to the knowledge and just appreciation of old English literature. The suggestion was made in a letter published in the '*Athenæum*,' in April, 1842, in which the writer truly observed, that to change *brother* to '*rother*' removed the whole difficulty of a passage, regarding which commentators had so much disputed. Warburton recommended '*wether*,' with a near approach to the meaning of the line ; but a '*rother*' is a horned beast, such as oxen or cows ; and in Golding's *Ovid's Metam.*, 1567, we meet with the expression of '*herds of rother-beasts*.' But Shakespeare must have been well acquainted with the word from his own youthful experience, for in

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood, stand upright,
 And say, "This man's a flatterer?" if one be,
 So are they all; for every grise of fortune⁷
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison.—What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idol votarist⁸. Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you gods! Why,
 this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads⁹.
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wapper'd widow wed again¹;

the town of Stratford-upon-Avon (as indeed is stated in Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary") is what is still called a 'rother-market.' The word 'rother' is also found in our statute-book. Jacob's Law Dictionary, stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 18."

⁷ — every GRISE of fortune] *i. e.* Every *step* or *degree* of fortune. We have had the word before in "Twelfth Night," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 686.

⁸ I am no IDOL votarist.] It is misprinted "I am no *idle* votarist:" few mistakes could have been more readily committed, but it entirely perverts the meaning of the poet, who makes Timon declare that he is no worshipper of the "idol" of mankind—gold, being merely in search of what is sufficient to sustain nature. *Ich bin kein Götzendiener* are the words in the recent German version.

⁹ Pluck *stout* men's pillows from below their heads.] This alludes (says Warburton) to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the passage, substituted *sick* for "stout."

¹ That makes the WAPPER'D widow wed again;] The word is *wappen'd* in all the folios: "wappered" is *worn*, or *weakened*, as in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," A. v. sc. 4 (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, xi. 432), "unwappered" is *unworn*,

She, whom the spital house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—Ha! a drum?—

Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Reserving some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner; and*
PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man.

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

undebilitated. This small misprint of *n* for *r* has occasioned much discussion, and produced many quotations, applicable and inapplicable.

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast², and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have had but little gold of late, brave Timon³,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it; I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

² To the TUB-FAST,] Old copy, *fub-fast*; an error of the press corrected by Warburton. The allusion is to the sweating-tub, and to the prescribed regimen, then the ordinary mode of treating the venereal disease.

³ I have HAD but little gold of late, brave Timon,] "Had" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and is clearly necessary: it had, probably, dropped out in printing.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;—
And thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes⁴,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat⁵ shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against abjects⁶;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent, [*Throwing it.*
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st
me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
thee!

Phry. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou
more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

⁴ That through the WINDOW-BARS bore at men's eyes,] The folios read, "window barn,"—perhaps intended for the A. S. plural.

⁵ — THY throat] Old copy "*the* throat." Corrected by Pope, and *the* is altered to "thy" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁶ — swear against ABJECTS;] *i. e.* Show them no mercy: it is *objects* in the old copies; and "abjects," as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632, was indisputably Shakespeare's word, and requires here no explanation. See "*Richard III.*," A. i. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 228, and "*Troilus and Cressida*," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 564, where, as here, "abjects" is misprinted *objects*.

And to make whores abhorr'd⁷. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead⁸;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
 Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away

⁷ And to make whores ABHORR'D.] Here, according to the old annotator on the fo. 1632, we meet with a singular instance of mishearing. The sense is very clear, as we have given the words in our text; but in the folios this hemistich and the preceding line stand thus:—

“Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores a bawd.”

It has been strained to mean, “Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, and to make a bawd leave off making whores.” Timon says that he has gold enough to convert whores, and to make them objects of detestation to those who were once in the habit of using such carrion. Prof. Mommsen thus gives the passage in his German edition of 1855:—

“Genug dass Huren ihren Stand verschwören,
 Und solsch Gewerb zum Abscheu wird.”

⁸ With burdens of the dead;] Steevens, very much in point, quotes the following from Shakespeare's “Sonnets,” No. 68:—

“Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head;

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.”

He adds from Stowe, that the fashion of wearing this “thatch for thin roofs” came in about the date of the Massacre at Paris. It is often alluded to and satirized by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: makè curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:

[*Throwing it.*

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phry. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you
earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell,
Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib.

Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib.

We but offend him.—

Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [Digging.
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—Oh! a root,—dear thanks!—

Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas⁹;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——¹

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune². Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper:
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

⁹ Dry up thy MEADOWS, vines, and plough-torn leas;] In the original impressions *marrows* is misprinted for "meadows," but as nobody could tell what word to substitute, Johnson and others vainly set to work to extort a meaning from *marrows*. "Vines" is to be taken for vineyards; and substituting "meadows" for *marrows*, the line will relate to pasture, vineyards, and arable ground, as the producers of those "liquorish draughts" and "unctuous morsels" with which man "greased his pure mind." There can, we think, be no hesitation about substituting "meadows" for *marrows*.

¹ That from it all consideration slips——] We print this line as in all the folios, where it is followed by a short rule, to indicate, probably, that Timon was interrupted by the entrance of Apemantus.

² From change of FORTUNE.] The folios, "From change of *future*," which cannot be right. Southern altered it to "fortune" in MS. in his copy of the folio, 1685: Rowe afterwards adopted the same word, and it is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. The misprint was self-evident.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees³,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thoud'st courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded

³ Will these moss'd trees,] Misheard and misprinted "moist trees" in the folios. We owe the correction to Sir Thomas Hanmer; yet "moist trees" is not altogether improper, and we find no emendation of it in the corr. fo. 1632.

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive dugs of it
 Freely command ⁴, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows ⁵;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rogue ⁶,
 Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

⁴ To such as may the passive DUGS of it

Freely command,] The mere omission of a letter, as instructed by the corr. fo. 1632, makes a wonderful difference here. The old copies read "the passive *drugs* of it," and the difficulty has been to make sense out of *drugs*; but if we only suppose that the printer composed *drugs* instead of "dugs," an obstruction is for ever removed. The preceding words "from our first swath," in reference to the clothing of a sucking infant, and indeed the whole tenor of the passage, prove that "dugs" must have been Shakespeare's word.

⁵ ——— and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;] Malone refers us to Shakespeare's Sonnet, 73, for similar imagery:—

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Malone quoted the lines correctly, but Mr. Singer varies so much from the true text that we conclude, either that he copied from some corrupt original, or that in appropriating the note of his predecessor, he made two strange mistakes.

⁶ — thy father, that poor ROGUE,] We acknowledge our obligation here to the corrected second folio, the property of Mr. Singer: there is no emendation of the kind in our corr. fo. 1632, but undoubtedly there ought to have been. The original, in the folio, 1623, is "thy father, that poor *ragge*."

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now :
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this !

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here ; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company⁷, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold : look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest ;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather, where I
eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy guilt, and
thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity : in thy
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.
There's a medlar for thee ; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. And thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst
have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever
know unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

⁷ First mend MY company,] The old copy reads, "mend *thy* company:" the correction was made by Rowe. There could be no doubt about it, for the sense detects and corrects the blunder, and it is also in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How! has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speakest.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim.

Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim.

Slave!

Apem.

Toad!

Tim.

Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

Oh, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire⁸! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! Oh thou touch of hearts⁹!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem.

Would 'twere so!

⁸ 'Twixt natural son and sire!] The folios all read, corruptly, "'Twixt natural sunne and fire." These manifest blunders are set right in the corr. fo. 1632, and "son and sire" has long been the received reading.

⁹ Oh thou touch of hearts!] i. e. *Touchstone* of hearts: see this Vol. p. 244.

But not till I am dead.—I'll say, thou'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem.

Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem.

Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them¹⁰.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling from him of his friends¹, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Band.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Band.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both two²; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear masts, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

¹⁰ More things like men? &c.] This line, in the folios, is given to Apemantus; but (as Johnson suggested) it most likely belongs to Timon.

¹ — and the falling from HIM of his friends,] We obtain "him," required by the sense, from the corr. fo. 1632.

² Both two;] *i. e.* Both of the two, an emphatic idiom often used.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con³,
 That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
 In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions⁴. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
 Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
 Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it. Steal no less⁵, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
 Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

³ Yet thanks I must you con.] We have had this idiomatic expression before in "All's Well that Ends Well," Vol. ii. p. 693; and, indeed, nothing can be more common. It is sometimes spelt *cun*, as in Nash's "Pierce Penniless," 1592, Sign. H., "Our Lord will *cun* thee little thank for it." Skinner refers us to a similar Greek idiom.

⁴ In LIMITED professions.] *i. e.* says Malone, in *regular, orderly* professions. It seems rather to mean, *restricted* professions.

⁵ Steal no less.] "No" is wanting in the folios: Rowe supplied *not*, but we adopt "no" from the corr. fo. 1632. The Rev. Mr. Dyce is probably right when he says that "Amen," in the next line, ought to stand by itself: nevertheless the verse is so irregular, that it is a matter of little moment, hardly worth his note, or the reader's notice.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens : there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt Banditti*⁶.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. Oh you gods !
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord ?
Full of decay and failing ? Oh monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd,
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made !
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends ?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies :
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do !—
He has caught me in his eye : I will present
My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man⁷, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of your's.

Tim. Then, I know thee not :

I never had honest man about me, I ;
All I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What ! dost thou weep ?—Come nearer :—then, I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping :

⁶ *Exeunt BANDITTI.*] In the opening of the scene they are called "Banditti," and so we have termed them throughout, and at the conclusion ; but in the folios the stage-direction here is, "Exit Thieves."

⁷ Then, if thou GRANT'ST thou'rt a man,] The folios misprints, *grunt'st*. It was corrected for the first time by Southern in MS. in his copy of the fourth folio.

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild⁸.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least⁹.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

⁸ It almost turns my dangerous nature MILD.] On the authority of the corr. fo. 1632 we alter *wild* of the old copies to "mild." This was also a change, in modern times, introduced by Warburton.

⁹ Suspect still comes WHERE an estate is least.] It is "*when* an estate is least" in the corr. fo. 1632, but as the emendation may be doubted, we do not disturb the old, as well as the usual text.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy ;
 But thus condition'd :—thou shalt build from men ;
 Hate all, curse all ; show charity to none,
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. Oh ! let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
 Curses, stay not : fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit FLAVIUS ; and TIMON into his cave*¹.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter*².

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where
 he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour
 hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Timandra
 had gold of him : he likewise enriched poor straggling
 soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his
 steward a mighty sum.

¹ Exit Flavius ; and Timon into his cave.] This is the stage-direction in the
 corr. fo. 1632 : it has been usual to print *Exeunt severally* ; but the early editions
 merely have *Exit*.

² Enter Poet and Painter.] Johnson has truly remarked upon the incon-
 venience of commencing the fifth Act here, as the Poet and Painter were in sight
 of Apemantus before he quitted the scene. He suspected some transposition of
 the scenes, as they have come down to us ; but the difficulty is to arrange them
 otherwise than as at present, and to begin Act v. at any other point. The divisions
 are merely modern, not being marked in the folio, 1623, nor in any subsequent
 edition in that form.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purses with what we travail for³, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it⁴.

*Enter TIMON, behind, from his cave*⁵.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

³ — to load our PURSES with what we travail for,] The old and corrupt text has been *purposes* for "purses" and *they* for "we" (it is *unser Beutel* and *was wir erstreben* in the German): the emendations are from the corr. fo. 1632, and are evidently right, though *they* might possibly still stand. To talk of loading *purposes* is nonsense, but nonsense that has been eternally reiterated. It deserves remark that in Chapman's "Memorable Masque," 1613, Sign. C 3, the very same lapse by the printer has been committed: there "purses" is misprinted *purposes*, but in the copy now before us, it is corrected in the handwriting of the author.

⁴ — a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.] This speech and others are chopped up into lines of divers lengths in the old copies, but we give them consistently as prose. If this one be in verse, all the others are as much so, and ought to be printed accordingly.

⁵ Enter TIMON, BEHIND, from his cave.] The entrance of Timon is marked here in all the early editions, and we must of course suppose Timon to have come upon the stage, and to have overheard and recognised the Poet and Painter: his first three speeches are, of course, aside. He advances just before the Poet exclaims, "Hail, worthy Timon!"

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-cover'd night⁶,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipped in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

[*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—Oh, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked; men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

⁶ — before black-cover'd night,] It is "black-corner'd" in the old copies, a misprint, says the corr. fo. 1632, for "black-cover'd." This is more than probable; we only wonder that, among the strange suggested emendations, the epithet *black-colour'd* was never included.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have
gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit⁷
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

⁷ Thou draw'st a COUNTERFEIT] A "counterfeit" was the old word for a
portrait. It is of perpetual occurrence in this sense.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two in company⁸:—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company:
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, [*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me⁹; there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,

⁸ — but two in company:] The meaning seems to be, "although you go separately, still there are two in company—the *made-up villain* and yourself." This is Johnson's explanation of the passage. The corr. fo. 1632 reads, "but two *is* company," which gives a somewhat different sense.

⁹ You have *DONE* work for me;] Malone introduced the word "*done*," and the measure (though very irregular in this play) seems to require it as well as the meaning. Mr. Singer says that "*hence*" is *thence* in the old copies. This is a slight mistake as regards the folio, 1623, although "*hence*" was subsequently misprinted *thence*.

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be
hang'd:

For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* Oh ! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross ;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal ¹⁰
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were their's,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,

¹⁰ — hath SENSE withal] In the folio, 1623, it is misprinted "hath *since* withal," and the blunder is repeated in subsequent impressions, but set right in the corr. fo. 1632.

And of our Athens, thine and our's, to take
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
 Live with authority:—so, soon we shall drive back
 Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,
 I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,
 There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit¹ doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

¹ — bruit] *i. e.* Report, rumour. See "Henry VI., Part III.," A. iv. sc. 7,
 Vol. iv. p. 192.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his halter²,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther ; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
What is amiss plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams : Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* TIMON.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

² — let him take his HALTER,] This is one of the most noticeable of all the verbal emendations in the corr. fo. 1632 : the words have hitherto been "let him take his *haste*," a very unprecedented expression and not, we may be pretty sure, what the poet wrote : the old compositor misread "halter" *haste*, the *r* at the end of "halter" having been imperfectly written. Malone quoted Plutarch's "Life of Mark Antony ;" but the following from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," Vol. i. fo. 546, edit. Marsh, seems more applicable :—"The citizens [of Athens] on every part of the citie ranne to heare him : to whom he saide that he purposed to cutte downe his figge-tree, to builde a house upon the place where it stoode : 'Wherefore, (quoth he) if there be any man, amonges you all in this company, that is disposed to hange himselfe, let him come betimes, before it be cutte downe.'"

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril³.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report.

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring⁴
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Our's is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

³ In our DEAR peril.] *i. e.* In our *dire* or *dread* peril. In short-hand, *dire* and "dear" were spelt with the same letters; and if short-hand were used in taking down the dialogue of plays, this circumstance may sometimes account for the peculiar way in which Shakespeare in many places seems to use "dear." See however, Vol. ii. p. 714.

⁴ — and fearful SCOURING] Shakespeare and other dramatists not unfrequently use the word *skirr* or *scurr* for "scour:" see "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 7, Vol. iii. p. 620.

SCENE IV.

The Woods near TIMON'S Cave.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

[*Finding TIMON'S grave.*

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd this⁵; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice : till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,

⁵ Some beast REAR'D this ;] The old copies have *read* for "rear'd." Johnson was in favour of *read*, instead of "rear'd," which was substituted by Theobald. It would however be strange for the Soldier to call upon a beast to *read* that which, he tells us, just afterwards, he could not read himself. The stage-direction "Finding Timon's grave" is from the corr. fo. 1632, where also *read* is amended to "rear'd" and *no* (peculiar to that edition) altered to "not," as it stands in the folios, 1623, 1664, and 1685. We are to suppose "tomb," in the next line, to mean merely some appearance of a place of sepulture.

Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
 And porsy insolence shall break his wind
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love
 By humble message, and by promis'd means:
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of our's
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning⁶, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread:
 By decimation, and a tithed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is not square to take⁷,
 On those that are, revenge: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,

⁶ Shame, that they wanted CUNNING,] *i. e.* That they wanted *knowledge*—the etymological meaning of the word. Sax. *connan*, to know.

⁷ — it is not square to take,] It is fit to mention that the phrase "it is not square" does not seem to have been understood in the time of the old corrector, and he changes it in the fo. 1632, to a question, *Is't not severe to take, &c.* We prefer the old reading: "not square" means out of ordinary rule.

Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there's my glove:
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone your fears⁸
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws⁹
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and the gates are opened.*]

Enter a Soldier ¹.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;

⁸ — to ATONE your fears] *i. e.* To *reconcile* your fears. See Vol. iv. p. 694, &c. Massinger uses *atonement* in the same sense. Gifford's edit. Vol. i. p. 315.

⁹ But shall be RENDER'D to your public laws] In our former edition we suggested that *remedied*, of the old copies, was a misprint for "render'd : " it was an error probably arising out of mishearing. We now place "render'd " in our text ; an emendation which the Rev. Mr. Dyce subsequently advocated in his " Remarks," p. 183. The corr. fo. 1632 suggests no change.

¹ Enter a Soldier.] This is the same Soldier who had taken a wax impression

Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
 soul bereft :

Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
 left !

Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
 Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy
 gait²."

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword :
 Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
 Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

of the inscription on the tomb of Timon ; but in this place, in the old stage-direction, he is merely called "a Messenger."

² — and stay not here thy gait."] This, which is here given as one epitaph, is in fact two ; as is evident, because in the first couplet the reader is told, "Seek not my name," and yet in the very next line he is told, "Here lie I, Timon," &c. They stand thus separately in "Plutarch's Lives," by Sir Thomas North, fol. 1579, p. 1003 :—

"Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft.

Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

"It is reported that Timon himselfe, when he lived, made this epitaphe ; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus :—

"Heere lye I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate.

Passe by, and curse thy fill ; but passe, and stay not here thy gate."

The epitaph assigned to Timon in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," edit. Marsh, fo. 55, runs thus :—

"My wretched catife dayes, expired now and past,

My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,

In waltring waves of swelling sea by surges cast :

My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde."

There also it is given to Callimachus, on the authority of Plutarch.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

"The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 109 to p. 130 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished; and it appeared in the same manner in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

No early 4to. edition of "Julius Cæsar" is known, and there is reason to believe that it never appeared in that form. The manuscript originally used for the folio, 1623, must have been comparatively free from corruptions, for there is, perhaps, no drama in the volume more accurately printed; still it will be seen, in various instances, that our corrected folio, 1632, has been of considerable use.

Malone and others have arrived at the conclusion that "Julius Cæsar" could not have been written before 1607. There is ground for believing that it was written and acted before 1603.

We found this opinion upon some circumstances connected with the publication of Drayton's "Barons' Wars," and with the resemblance between a stanza there found, and a passage in "Julius Cæsar," both of which it will be necessary to quote. In Act v. sc. 5, Antony gives the following character of Brutus:—

"His life was gentle; and *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that *Nature* might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

In Drayton's "Barons' Wars," book iii. edit. 8vo, 1603, p. 61, we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:—

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace *th' elements all lay*
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
In him it show'd *perfection in a man.*"

Italic type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard "Julius Cæsar" at a theatre, or seen it in manuscript, before 1603, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

Drayton's "Barons' Wars" first appeared in 1596, 4to, under the title of "Mortimeriados." Malone had a copy without date, and he and Steevens erroneously imagined that the poem had been originally printed in 1598. In the 4to. of 1596, and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line

stanzas; and what is there said of Mortimer bears no likeness whatever to Shakespeare's expressions in "Julius Cæsar." Drayton afterwards changed the title from "Mortimeriados" to "The Barons' Wars," and remodelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the English ballad form to the Italian *ottava rima*. This course he took before 1603, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from "Julius Cæsar." We apprehend that he did so, because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1603; and we think that strong presumptive proof that he was the borrower, and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of "The Barons' Wars," in 1605, 1607, 1608, 1610, and 1613, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1603; but in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before "Julius Cæsar" was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, thus:—

" He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
 In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
 In whom *so mix'd the elements did lay*,
 That none to one could sovereignty impute;
 As all did govern, so did all obey:
 He of a temper was so absolute,
 As that it seem'd, when *Nature* him began,
 She meant to show *all that might be in man*."

We have been thus particular, because the point is new, and obviously important, as regards the date when "Julius Cæsar" was brought upon the stage. Malone seems to have thought that "The Barons' Wars" continued under its original name, and in its first shape, until the edition of 1608, and concluded that the resemblance to Shakespeare was first to be traced in that impression. He had not consulted the copies of 1603, or 1605 (which were not in his possession), for if he had looked at them he must have seen that Drayton had copied "Julius Cæsar" as early as 1603; and, consequently, unless Shakespeare imitated Drayton, that that tragedy must then have been in existence. That Drayton had not remodelled his "Mortimeriados" as late as 1602, we gather from the circumstance, that he reprinted his poems in that year without "The Barons' Wars" in any form, or under any title.

Another slight circumstance might be adduced to show that "Julius Cæsar" was even an older tragedy than "Hamlet." In the latter (Act iii. sc. 2) it is said that Julius Cæsar was "killed in the Capitol:" in Shakespeare's drama such is the representation, although contrary to the truth of history. This seems to have been the popular notion, and we find it confirmed in Sir Edward Dyer's "Prayse of Nothing," 1585, 4to, a tract unknown to bibliographers, where these words occur: "Thy stately

Capitol (proud Rome) had not beheld the bloody fall of pacified Cæsar, if nothing had accompanied him." Robert Greene, a graduate of both Universities, makes the same statement, and Shakespeare may have followed some older play, where the assassination scene was laid in the Capitol: Chaucer had so spoken of it in his "Monk's Tale." It is not, however, likely that Dr. Eedes, who wrote a Latin academical play on the story, acted at Oxford in 1582, should have committed the error.

Shakespeare appears to have derived nearly all his materials from Plutarch, as translated by Sir Thomas North, and first published in 1579¹. At the same time, it is pretty certain that there was a preceding play, and one reason for thinking so is assigned in a note in Act iii. sc. 1. It is a fact, ascertained from an entry in Henslowe's Diary (p. 221), dated 22d May, 1602, that Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were engaged upon a tragedy entitled "Cæsar's Fall²." The probability is, that these dramatists united their exertions, in order without delay to bring out a tragedy on the same subject as that of Shakespeare, which, perhaps, was then in performance at the Globe Theatre with success. Malone states, that there is no proof that any contemporary writer "had presumed to new-model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare." He forgot that Ben Jonson was engaged upon a "Richard Crookback" in 1602; and he omitted, when examining Henslowe's Diary, to observe, that in the same year four distinguished dramatists, and "other poets," were employed upon "Cæsar's Fall."

From Vertue's manuscripts we learn that a play, called "Cæsar's Tragedy," was acted at Court in 1613, which might be the production of Lord Stirling, Shakespeare's drama, that written by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others, or a play printed in 1607, under the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge." Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Revels' Accounts," (Intro. p. xxv.) has shown that a dramatic piece, with the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar," was exhibited at Court on Jan. 31, 1636-7.

¹ The Earl of Stirling published a tragedy under the title of "Julius Cæsar," in 1604: the resemblances are by no means numerous or obvious, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact, that two writers were treating the same subject. The popularity of Shakespeare's tragedy about 1603 may have led to the printing of that by the Earl of Stirling in 1604, and on this account the date is of consequence. Malone appears to have known of no edition of the Earl of Stirling's "Julius Cæsar" until 1607, and Mr. Singer is obviously in the same predicament. It is also to be observed that in his "School of Abuse," 1579, Gosson mentions a play on the history of Cæsar and Pompey.

² A memorandum in the same Diary (p. 44) shows that on the 8th Nov., 1594, a new play under the title of "Cæsar and Pompey" had been acted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

} Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius
Cæsar.

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOL-
LUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DAR-
DANIUS; Servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at
Sardis; and near Philippi.

¹ A list of the characters was first prefixed by Rowe.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS¹, and a body of Citizens.

Flav. Hence ! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but,
as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave² ? thou naughty knave,
what trade ?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet, if
you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow ?

¹ — Marullus,] The folios call him *Murellus* ; but it is an obvious error, and Theobald changed it to "Marullus," on the authority of Plutarch. The "Citizens" in the old copies are called *Commoners*.

² *Mar.* What trade, thou knave ?] We agree with Mr. Craik ("The English of Shakespeare," p. 71), that this speech and the next but one both belong to Marullus. The old copies give the first to Flavius, and the second to Marullus.

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but with all³. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! Oh! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort: Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

³ — but WITH ALL.] Printed *withal* in the old editions, and without any stop, so that the reading might merely be, “but withal I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.” The Rev. Mr. Dyce seems to have discovered in this passage “more than meets the ear.” “Remarks,” p. 184.

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
 See, whe'r⁴ their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol:
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal⁵.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
 Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
 And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
 So do you too, when you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ See, WHE'R] Printed *where* in the old copies, to indicate that it was to be considered a monosyllable: the folio, 1623, is by no means uniform in the practice. Mr. Craik ("English of Shakespeare," p. 74) on this point quotes Shakespeare's 59th Sonnet, but he obviously took Malone's representation of the text of the edition of 1609, without referring to it: the line there is, not

"Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,"

but,

"Whether we are mended, or *where* better they;"

meaning, whether we are mended, or *in what respects* they are better. In the very next line of the sonnet "whether" is again printed at length, because no abbreviation of the word was required,

"Or whether revolution be the same."

All the poets of Shakespeare's age sometimes used "whether" as a monosyllable.

⁵ You know, it is the feast of LUPERCAL.] An annual festival in Rome in honour of Pan, celebrated, some say, on the 13th, and others on the 15th of February. Antony, as was the custom, ran nearly naked through the streets, and on this occasion it was that he offered Cæsar the crown. Malone quotes the passage from North's "Plutarch" (Life of Cæsar, p. 791), professing to give it literally: it consists of only about twelve lines, but he commits more errors than there are lines, and those errors have been still further multiplied by his successors: Mr. Singer makes the variations amount to more than twenty, and we would subjoin the extract accurately, did it at all materially explain or illustrate the text of Shakespeare. We should not have noticed the fact, if it had not been easy, in a case of this kind, to verify a quotation: it is not at all times possible to do so, on account of the extreme rarity of the works cited.

SCENE II.

The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter, in procession, with trumpets and other music*⁶, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course*; CALPHURNIA⁷, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca.

Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way⁸,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant.

I shall remember :

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar !—Speak : Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

⁶ With TRUMPETS AND OTHER music,] These words are from the corr. fo. 1632: the folio, 1623, says nothing of the kind, but from what follows, it is evidently necessary to mention music.

⁷ — Calphurnia,] Such is the name she bears in North's "Plutarch," 1579, p. 769, both in the body of the book and in the margin. We only mention it because Mr. Craik, in his "English of Shakespeare," p. 60, by mistake says the reverse, and objects that Shakespeare ought to have called her *Calpurnia*. See Plutarch's "Life of Antonius."

⁸ Stand you directly in ANTONIUS' way,] It is, by corruption, "in *Antonio's* way" in the old copies. Cæsar afterwards states his reason, and the knowledge of the superstition was obtained by Shakespeare from the "Life of Cæsar," in North's "Plutarch."

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugh⁹, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester¹; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself, in banqueting²,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then, must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men

⁹ — a common LAUGH^{ER},] Old copies, *laughter*. Corrected by Pope.

¹ To every new protester;] *i. e.* says Johnson, to invite *every new protester* by making my regard stale by reason of the use of customary oaths.

² That I profess MYSELF, in banqueting,] The folio, 1632, omits "myself" in this line, but the old annotator on that edition inserted it in his margin.

Think of this life ; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar, so were you ;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? " — Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd³,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.
Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe, that these applauses are

³ But ere we could ARRIVE the point propos'd,] *i. e.* Attain or reach the point propos'd. This transitive use of "arrive" was not uncommon.

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than your's?
Write them together, your's is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?⁴
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,

⁴ That her wide WALLS encompass'd but one man?] The early impressions have *walks* for "walls" of the corr. fo. 1632, and Mr. Singer, adopting "walls" (and he could not well avoid it), in this instance fairly admits his obligation to the old annotator.

Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions⁵, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

⁵ Under THESE hard conditions,] We do not alter "these" to *such*, as in the corr. fo. 1632, because the necessity is by no means apparent, although it is not improbable that *such* was the word of the poet.

And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned⁶, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part,

⁶ — for he SWOONED,] Nothing can more strongly show the fitness of adopting here the uniform modern mode of spelling “swooned,” than the fact that it is here *swooned* in the folio, 1623, and just afterwards we have “did Cæsar *swoound*” in the same edition. *Swoound* seems to have been the vulgar pro-

I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people⁷ did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those, that understood him, smiled at one another,

nunciation, and ought therefore only in certain cases (as in that of the Nurse in “Romeo and Juliet,” A. iii. sc. 2) to be preserved. It is now, and ought commonly to be, written and printed “swoon” and “swooned.”

⁷ If the TAG-RAG people] The expression “tag and rag” is old in our poetry: thus in “The worthie Historie of the most valiant Knight, Plasidas,” by John Partridge, 8vo, 1566,

“To walles they goe, both tagge and ragge,
Their citie to defende,” &c.—Sign. C. 7.

In “Coriolanus,” A. iii. sc. 1, we have had “the tag of the people;” and in “Timon of Athens,” A. iii. sc. 6, “the common tag of the people,” in the last instance usually misprinted “lag of the people:” see this Vol. p. 256.

and shook their heads ; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too : Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well : there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca ?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow ?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so.—Farewell, both.

[*Exit CASCA.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be. He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so :—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal⁸ may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore, 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus⁹ :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

⁸ Thy honourable METAL] It may be doubted whether "mettle," a few lines above, ought not also to be printed *metal*. Butler says of Hudibras,

"Both kinds of *metal* he prepar'd,
Either to give blows or to ward :
Courage and steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better or for worse."

In both places in the folio, 1623, it is spelt *mettle*, but altered above to *mettled* in the corr. fo. 1632 : it should seem that what we now distinguish as *mettle*, and what we call a "metal," were originally the same word.

⁹ Cæsar doth bear me HARD, but he loves Brutus:] This expression occurs again twice in this play, and the meaning is sufficiently evident in all three instances ; but in one place, A. ii. sc. 1, the folio, 1632, having "hard" misprinted *hatred*, the word "hard" was restored by the old annotator.

He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanc'd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? Oh, Cicero!
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam
To be exalted with the threatning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me¹, and went surly by,

¹ Who GLAR'D upon me,] The folios all read *glaz'd*; which Southern, in his copy of the folio, 1685, altered to "glar'd:" and probably that is the correct reading, and *glaz'd* a misprint: it is corrected to "glar'd" in MS. in the fo. 1632; but we are not sure that *glaz'd* might not be taken to mean that peculiar flash of the eyes of a wild beast, when it is nearly dark, and when all the remaining light seems concentrated in its eye-balls.

Without annoying me : and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons",—they are natural;"
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things, after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in.

Casca.

Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca.

A Roman.

Cas.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this ?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
 And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
 And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

² "These are their REASONS,] We are instructed by the old corrector of the folio, 1632, to read *seasons* for "reasons," as in "Henry V." (Vol. iv. p. 556) we are told most incontrovertibly to amend *reasonable* to "seasonable." We do not alter the text, because the old reading is palpable enough as regards meaning, but that *seasons* may very well be right is indisputable ; for what Casca wishes to be understood may be, that people might contend that these prodigies ought not to excite special wonder, inasmuch as, at these *seasons*, they are not unnatural.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind,
Why old men fools, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs³ like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

³ Have THEWES and limbs] "Thewe" seems to be from the Saxon word signifying the *thigh*, and it means here, and elsewhere in Shakespeare, muscular power. By a comparison of the old copies, we may ascertain about the time "thewes" became obsolete: it is found in the folios, 1623 and 1632, but is altered to *sineus* in the folios, 1664 and 1685. It was rather a favourite word with our poet, and he uses it in "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 3, and in "Henry IV., Part II.," A. iii. sc. 2. It occurs in Chaucer and Spenser, in the sense of *manners* or *qualities*, but then it has a different etymology. Ben Jonson employs "thewes" in the same way as Shakespeare, and not as Chaucer, which indeed Gifford suspected. (Works, Vol. viii. p. 127.)

And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder.*]

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man, I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, oh grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then, I know,
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprize
Of honourable, dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,

And the complexion of the element,
In favour's like the work⁴ we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. Oh, Cassius! if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party⁵—

Cas. Be you content.—Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—[*Exit CINNA.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is our's already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him our's.

Casca. Oh! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

⁴ In FAVOUR's like the work] *i. e.* In *appearance*, or, more strictly, in *countenance*, is like the work, &c. The folios all read, "*Is* favour's," for "*In* favour's," which is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632. The change proposed by Reed was to alter the second word of the line, instead of the first, and to read "*Is feverous* like the work," &c. This seems doing needless violence.

⁵ But win the noble Brutus to our party] We have adopted here the metrical arrangement proposed by Mr. Craik in his "*English of Shakespeare*," p. 124: at all events it has the merit of making two good lines, and leaving only one hemistich.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day!—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:

Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Giving him the paper.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March⁶?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the paper, and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"—

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake."—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? Oh Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days⁷.

[*Knocking within.*

⁶ — the IDES of March?] All the folios read, "the first of March," a decided error, corrected by Theobald.

⁷ Sir, March is wasted FOURTEEN days.] "Fifteen days" in all editions before

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man⁸,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius⁹ at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks¹,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. Oh conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh! then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path², thy native semblance on,

that of Theobald, who truly states that March was only wasted "fourteen" days, inasmuch as Lucius was speaking at the dawn of the fifteenth day.

⁸ — and the state of man,] It is "and the state of a man" in the folio, 1623, but altered properly to "the state of man" in the folio, 1632: Brutus refers to the whole species.

⁹ Sir, 'tis your BROTHER Cassius] Cassius was brother to Brutus by reason of the marriage of the former with Junia, the sister of the latter.

¹ And half their faces buried in their CLOAKS,] "Cloaks" is printed *cloaths* in the folio, 1632; and it may be fit to note that in the corr. fo. 1632 "cloaks" is restored in manuscript.

² For if thou PATH,] This verb was in use for *walk* by Drayton, one of the best writers of his time. All the old editions concur in "path;" but Southern, in his copy of the folio, 1635, has altered the word to *put*. Coleridge also, in his *Lit. Rem.*, Vol. ii. p. 140, would read *put*, being, as he states, not aware that any writer of Shakespeare's age had used "to path" in the sense of to *walk*.

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,
and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.
Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,
But honours you : and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca ; this Cinna ;
And this Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ? [*He whispers* BRUTUS.

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. Oh ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and yond' grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

[*He takes their hands.*

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men³,

³ — if not the FACE of men,] *i. e.* If we cannot trust the countenances of men, &c., break off betimes. Monck Mason proposed *faith*, and Warburton *fate* for "face;" but surely no change is called for, and none is made in the corr. fo. 1632, though one word might be misheard for the other.

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
 And every man hence to his idle bed;
 So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous⁴,
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. Oh! let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. Oh! name him not; let us not break with him,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

⁴ — and men CAUTELOUS,] *i. e.* Men of whom we ought to be *cautious* or *suspicious*. In "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 677, we have the expression "cautelous baits and practice" for *suspicious* allurements and contrivance. Here we are probably not to take "cautelous" as *wary*.

Cas. Then, leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards⁵;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
Oh, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall mark
Our purpose necessary⁶, and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.

⁵ — and ENVY afterwards;] We have had many previous instances in which “envy” is used for *hatred*, or *malice*. Near the end of the speech, “envious” occurs in a corresponding sense.

⁶ ————— This shall MARK

Our purpose necessary,] So the corr. fo. 1632; the reading having hitherto been, “This shall *make*,” &c., a poor and inexpressive word, which, as Mr. Craik says (“English of Shakespeare,” p. 144), can only be understood on the assumption that *make* is to be taken as *make seem*. The dropping out of the letter *r* caused all the difference.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard⁷,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him⁸:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—

⁷ Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar HARD,] See p. 308, where this expression has already occurred. The folio, 1632, only, has here *hatred* for "hard," but *hatred* is amended to "hard" by the old annotator upon that edition.

⁸ — go along by him:] *i. e.* By his house; or, perhaps, where you know he is to be met with.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it, as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber⁹ :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for your's neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther ; then, you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape

⁹ Enjoy the HEAVY HONEY-DEW of slumber :] This is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 of a line which has always been printed "Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:" the words "honey" and "heavy" became transposed, and the hyphen was put in the wrong place: the compound is "honey-dew" and not *honey-heavy*. We can only smile at editors who may persevere in repeating such a palpable absurdity, in spite of the admitted excellence of the alteration.

As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and upon my knees
I charm you¹, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

[*Kneeling.*

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

[*Raising her.*

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good plèasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

¹ ————— and upon my knees

I CHARM you,] Pope read *charge* for "charm," but perhaps needlessly, especially as no change is noted in the corr. fo. 1632. At the same time "charm" has here somewhat of a forced application in the sense of *enchant*, unless we could understand it as *invoke*. The two stage-directions, "Kneeling" and "Raising her," are from the corr. fo. 1632: they are hardly superfluous.

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. Oh ye gods !
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark ! one knocks. Portia, go in a while ;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows ².
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks ?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. Oh, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick ³, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

² All the CHARACTERY of my sad brows.] *i. e.* All that is written, as it were in characters, on my sad brows.

³ I am not sick, &c.] Plutarch relates this incident thus, as Sir T. North renders it : “ And therefore in his hearte he (Ligarius) was alway his (Cæsar's) mortall enemie, and was besides verie familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, beinge sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him : O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke ? Ligarius, risinge uppe in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him : Brutus, sayed he, if thou has any great enterprise in hande, worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.” “ Life of Brutus,” edit. 1579, p. 1059.

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

[*Throwing away his bandage.*]

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru.

Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room in CÆSAR's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his nightgown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :
The noise of battle hurtled in the air⁴ ;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
Oh Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :

⁴ The noise of battle HURTLED in the air ;] We have had "hurtling" in "As You Like It" (Vol. ii. p. 418), in reference to the contest between Orlando and the lioness ; and here it means the clash or noise of contest. To "hurtle" has descended to us from the time of Chaucer, who uses it to express the crash on the unhorsing of a champion, and it seems to be derived from the old Fr. *heurteleur*, to push, or dash violently against. It is remarkable that after the folio, 1623, the word was always misprinted *hurried* in the early copies, but the old annotator on the folio, 1632, brought back "hurtled."

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions⁵, litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible;
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

[*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

[*Raising her.*]

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus; he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
 To bear my greeting to the senators,
 And tell them that I will not come to-day.
 Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;
 I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
 Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will; I will not come.
 That is enough to satisfy the senate;
 But, for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

⁵ We ARE two lions,] All the folios read "We *heare* two lions," and the usual text has been, "We *were* two lions," but the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to alter *were* to "are," and we have done so, being convinced that it is right: the construction is, "We are two lions, which were littered in one day."

She dream'd to-night she saw my statue⁶,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
Of evils imminent⁷; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo! Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

⁶ She dream'd to-night she saw my STATUE,] The word "statue" in the time of Shakespeare was frequently pronounced as a trisyllable: we must remember it in this line, as well as afterwards, A. iii. sc. 2,

"Even at the base of Pompey's statue;" which is sometimes printed *statua*. Nine lines lower down "statue" is only a dissyllable. See also Vol. iv. pp. 59. 297.

⁷ OF evils imminent;] So the corr. fo. 1632 instead of "And evils imminent."

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs.

Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru.

Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs.

Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther. [*Aside.*

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, oh Cæsar!

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, oh Cæsar! thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another part of the same Street, before the
House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house:
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.—
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
Oh constancy! be strong upon my side:
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue.
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.—
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow.
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth.

About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards
him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is.—Oh Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—Oh! I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. Near the Capitol.

*A crowd of People in the street leading to the Capitol; among
them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter
CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TRE-
BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and
others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. Oh, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. That touches us? Ourselves shall be last serv'd⁸.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators
rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and
the Senators take their seats.]*

⁸ THAT touches us? Ourselves shall be last serv'd.] This is the reading and punctuation of the corr. fo. 1632, and seems vastly preferable to the mere observation, as it tamely stands in the old copies,

“What touches us ourselves shall be last serv'd.”

Cæsar catches at the words of Artemidorus, “that touches Cæsar nearer,” and, as it were, inquires whether he has heard correctly—“That touches us?” and then he adds the resolution, that he will hear last what relates to himself, speaking in the majestic plural—“Ourselves shall be last serv'd.” We have no hesitation in adopting “That” for *What*, and in inserting the note of interrogation, by which great additional force and spirit is given to the line. See “Troilus and Cressida,” Vol. iv. p. 482, for a passage somewhat similarly treated.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd⁹: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready¹?

Cæs.

What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:—

Cæs.

I must prevent thee, Cimber.

[*Kneeling.*]

These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies²,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law of children³. Be not fond
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied⁴.

⁹ He is ADDRESS'D:] *i. e.* He is ready. In Vol. iii. p. 500, we read, "Our navy is address'd," &c. See also Vol. ii. pp. 245. 300.

¹ *Casca.* Are we all ready?] The old copies very absurdly make these words belong to Cæsar, whereas his speech only begins at "What is now amiss," &c. In the corr. fo. 1632 the distribution is amended, as we have given it, making the whole consistent and intelligible. Cinna tells Casca that he is to strike the first blow, and Casca asks, if all are ready? while Cæsar, not suspecting danger, inquires what abuse he and his senate can remedy. This is all as it should be, and renders other changes needless. Professor Mommsen, giving the passage, in German, follows our arrangement precisely.

² These CROUCHINGS, and these lowly courtesies,] So the corr. fo. 1632, while, seven lines further on, it also substitutes "low-crouched" for *low-crooked*. We were formerly unwilling to desert the early impressions, but here we find the second of them amended in a way not to be resisted. Mr. Singer mentions that such changes have been proposed, but he seems carefully to exclude the avowal of the source of them. Was it worth while?

³ Into the LAW of children.] A clear misprint in all the old copies of *lane* for "law." When, as formerly, "law" was spelt with the final *e*, nothing could be easier than such a mistake. In the corr. fo. 1632 *lane* is amended to "law," as might be expected, and Johnson was for "law."

⁴ Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.] A question has arisen, whether this passage has reached us in the shape in which Shakespeare originally wrote it; and the doubt has been

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. Oh Cæsar!—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of

produced by the misquotation of it in Ben Jonson's "Explorata, or Discoveries." After asserting that Shakespeare "many times fell into those things could not escape laughter," Jonson adds this:—"As when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'" (Edit. fo. 1640, p. 98.) It is very evident that Ben Jonson was only writing from memory, "shaken (as he confesses in the same work) with age now, and sloth;" because Metellus had not said, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," nor any such words, though that might have been the upshot of his complaint. We have little doubt that the folio, 1623, represents the passage as it was written by Shakespeare, and that it was never, in fact, liable to the criticism of Ben Jonson, though he had ridiculed the same expression in the Induction to his "Staple of News," which was acted in 1625.

his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS⁵.

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute*⁶?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted.
Fly not; stand still: ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus⁷.

Dec.

And Cassius too.

Bru. Where’s Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar’s
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we, the doers.

⁵ — and last by Marcus Brutus.] The old stage-direction is merely, “They stab Cæsar;” but more explanatory particularity seems necessary.

⁶ *Et tu, Brute?*] It has been a question whence Shakespeare obtained the words, *Et tu, Brute?* which, for the sake of emphasis, and without regard to propriety, he puts into the mouth of Cæsar. The probability is, that he found them in some earlier play on the same subject, which earlier play is quoted, or at all events referred to, in “The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,” 1594, where this line occurs,

“*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou stab Cæsar, too?”

It is also met with (as Malone remarks) in the very same words in a poem called “Acolastus his Afterwit,” by S. Nicholson, 1600. Malone supposed that *Et tu, Brute*, appeared originally in the old Latin play upon the death of Cæsar: this is very possible, but quite as likely that Shakespeare took it from some anterior English drama, containing the line quoted in “The True Tragedy” and in “Acolastus.” Mr. Craik in his “English of Shakespeare,” p. 190, refers, like Malone, to Suetonius, and to the Greek exclamation he puts into the mouth of Cæsar, when Brutus struck him, *καὶ σὺ, τέκνον*.

⁷ Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.] “We have now taken leave of Casca,” &c., says Steevens: “We have now taken leave of Casca,” &c., says Mr. Singer; both of them evidently forgetting Casca’s famous speech, on the next page. Such is the almost necessary result, when one editor leaps blindly after another, not even naming his predecessor, but laying claim even to his mistakes.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures.—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

[*Kneeling.*

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony. [Rising.]

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:
 I never thought him worse.
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much, and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. Oh mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

[Kneeling over the body⁸.]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.— [Rising.]
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,

⁸ Kneeling over the body.] This and other stage-directions, of a similar kind, in this part of the tragedy are obtained from the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Hence we learn that no sooner did the old actor in the part of Antony, in the first impulse of grief, kneel over the body of Cæsar, without taking any notice of his assassins, than he rose again to address them.

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. Oh Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of welcome⁹, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

[*Taking them one after other*¹.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, your's;—now your's, Metellus;—
Your's, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, your's;—
Though last, not least in love, your's, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh! 'tis true:

[*Turning to the body, and bending over it*².

⁹ Our arms, in strength of WELCOME,] So the corr. fo. 1632, showing that "welcome" had in some way been printed *malice* in all the old editions, and thus removing at once an obstruction which has hitherto impeded the course of our acutest commentators. No emendation could be much more acceptable, and we need not now pause to notice speculative suggestions.

¹ Taking them one after other.] This is the stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632, and perhaps it may be considered surplusage, but such was the old annotator's particularity.

² Turning to the body, and bending over it.] This is also the descriptive direc-

If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy Lethe³.
 Oh world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, oh world! the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony!

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
 The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
 Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,
 But what compact mean you to have with us?
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
 Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.

tion in the corr. fo. 1632; perhaps, for the purpose of conveying information how the old actor of the part of Antony conducted himself, and of giving instruction to others who succeeded him.

³ — and crimson'd in thy LETHE.] We forbear to alter "Lethe" to *death*, which is the change in the corr. fo. 1632, because figuratively "Lethe" may be taken for *death*, although we are aware of no similar use of the word in any other author. At the same time it is not difficult to suppose that "Lethe" was a misprint for *death*; though it was not usual, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, to write and print *deth* (supposing it to be so spelt) with a final *e*. On the other hand, in the folio, 1623, the word stands *Lethee*, and in the later folios "Lethe:" the first only was printed from the original MS. furnished by Heminge and Con-dell, and perhaps in that MS. the word was *Lethee*: we cannot suppose that *death* would have been written *dethee*. On the whole, with the information that "Lethe" of the folio, 1632, is altered to *dethe* by the old corrector of that edition, we leave the intelligible text as it has usually been accepted.

Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place ;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do : do not consent,
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites⁴, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. Oh ! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.

⁴ Have all TRUE rites,] For "true" the corr. fo. 1632 has *due* ; but the change seems rather for the worse, and *due* may only have been the word used in recitation by some performer. It is by no means impossible that the old annotator himself misheard it.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
 A curse shall light upon the loins of men⁵ ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry " Havock ! " and let slip the dogs of war⁶,
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

Oh Cæsar !

[*Seeing the body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet :

⁵ A curse shall light upon the LOINS of men ;] *i. e.* Upon the generations of mankind : the old reading, from the folios, has been " upon the *limbes* of men," which few, but Steevens, have tolerated, and which most have denounced as next to nonsense. Hammer proposed *kind*, Warburton *line*, and Johnson *lives* or *lymnes*,—all equally wrong. There can be no doubt, among impartial readers, that we have here recovered the true word of the poet.

⁶ Cry " Havock ! " and let slip the dogs of war,] " Havock " is the A. S. word for *destruction* ; and the dogs of war are fire, sword, and famine, mentioned by Shakespeare in the Chorus to A. i. of " Henry V.," and in " Henry VI., Part I.," A. iv. sc. 2. See Vol. iii. p. 541, and p. 707.

Hie hence, and tell him so.—Yet, stay a while ;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.]*

SCENE II.

The Same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied : let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens, BRUTUS
goes into the Rostrum.]*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and
be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine honour,
and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : cen-
sure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses that you may
the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear
friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar
was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I
loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar
were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep
for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was

valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then, none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover⁷ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.*

Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

⁷ — I slew my best lover] *i. e.* The person who loved me best: see also the first words of the speech of Brutus. This use of the word "lover," as we have already noted in several places, was common in the time of Shakespeare: see particularly *Coriolanus*, A. v. sc. 2, Vol. iv. p. 703.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.*

He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.*

Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit.

Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says, he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 Oh judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?
 I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown :

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him : he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now, lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.
 Oh masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends ; I must not read it :

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh! what would come of it?

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue⁸,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 Oh! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* Oh piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* Oh noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* Oh woful day!

4 *Cit.* Oh traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* Oh most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge! about,—seek,—
 burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen. [*They are rushing out*⁹.

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
 him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable:
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

⁸ Even at the base of Pompey's STATUE,] See A. ii. sc. 2, p. 327. "Statue" is here also to be pronounced as a trisyllable, but not therefore to be printed *statua*. With reference to the words that follow, "Which all the while ran blood" (Antony meaning to represent that even the statue itself bled at the assassination), the commentators have been accustomed to cite North's "Plutarch:" Steevens was the first to make the quotation, but he having committed two gross blunders in it, others, never giving themselves the trouble to refer to the original, have fallen into the same mistakes. The words Sir T. North employs in the "Life of Cæsar," p. 794, edit. 1579, are precisely these: Cæsar "made no more resistance, and was driven, either casually, or purposedly, by the counsell of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stode, which ranne all of a goare bloude, till he was slaine. Thus it seemed, that the image tooke just reuenge of Pompey'semie."

⁹ They are rushing out.] This stage-direction, necessary for the actors of the mob, is, like many others, from the corr. fo. 1632.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit ¹⁰, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony ; most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?
Alas ! you know not : I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true ;—the will :—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* Oh royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

¹⁰ For I have neither wit,] So the folio, 1632, for *writ* of the folio, 1623. The old corrector properly allows "wit" to stand without alteration. Mr. Singer strangely tells us that Johnson supposed "wit" to mean, "a penned and premeditated oration : " he must refer to *writ*.

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses¹.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard them say², Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dream'd to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlikely charge my fantasy³.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

¹ — fire the traitors' houses.] The folio, 1632, reads, "fire *all* the traitors' houses;" but needlessly, because "fire" was often used as a dissyllable.

² I heard *THEM* say.] *Him*, as it stands in the folios, can only refer to Octavius Cæsar, who was not very likely to know, and the corr. fo. 1632 puts it, "I heard *them* say," *i. e.* people say; the change is more than plausible, and is to be found in Capel's edition.

³ And things *UNLIKELY* charge my fantasy.] It is "things *unluckily* charge my fantasy" in the folios; but what Cinna was considering was the little probability that he should "feast with Cæsar:" in North's "Plutarch" (p. 795) it is called "a marvelous strange" dream. "Unlikely" is from the corr. fo. 1632.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly: wisely, I say I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius. Away! go!

[*Exeunt, forcing out CINNA* ⁴.

⁴ *Exeunt, forcing out Cinna.*] Plutarch's words, as translated by North, are these:—"Wherefore, taking him for Cinna, the murderer, they fell upon him with such furie, that they presently dispatched him in the market place:" edit. 1579, p. 795. Shakespeare has given some show of justice to the treatment of Cinna, when he makes the 4 *Cit.* wish him to be torn to pieces "for his bad verses."

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in ANTONY'S House⁵.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony⁶.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

⁵ The Same. A Room in Antony's House.] There is no doubt that Shakespeare intended to lay this scene in Rome, and Malone fixed upon the particular locality—Antony's house. There is as little doubt that this is historically wrong, since, according to North's "Plutarch" which Shakespeare usually followed, the meeting between Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus took place "on an island environed round about with a little river." Theobald showed, from Appian, that this island was near Mutina, upon the river Lavinus.

⁶ Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.] As the text stands, this is a historical error, since Publius was not Antony's sister's son. It is of little consequence, but we think, with Upton, that Shakespeare perhaps wrote,

"You are his sister's son, Mark Antony."

At all events, this change would avoid the mistake, although our great dramatist was far from nice upon such points.

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons ⁷.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head;
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ⁸;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*

⁷ And graze IN commons.] So all the folios, and it is not expedient to change "in" to *on*, as we find it in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁸ Our best friends made, and our BEST means stretch'd out;] This is the line as it stands in the folio, 1632: in the folio, 1623, it is left imperfect—"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd." This is one of the cases in which the second folio comes in aid of the defects of the first: Malone, who was unwilling to admit its worth, thus pieced out the line himself, "Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost," which is not only a bad verse, but is supported by no authority.

SCENE II.

Before the Tent of BRUTUS, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers :
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius :
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand²!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of your's hides wrongs;
And when you do them——

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly; I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

[*Exeunt.*

² *Within.* Stand!] “One after other, and fainter” is the direction in the corr. fo. 1632, the word “stand” being passed along, and heard more indistinctly as it was supposed to recede. The object was to give an appearance of numbers, and the MS. addition proves that these matters were attended to on our old stage. Cassius then begins to address Brutus impatiently. Respecting the famous interview that succeeds, Plutarch in his “Life of Marcus Brutus” (1579, p. 1071), narrates as follows:—“Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a litle chamber together, and bad every man avoyde, and did shut the dores to them. Then they beganne to powre out their complaints, one to the other, and grew hot and lowde, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends, that were without the chamber, hearing them lowd within, and angry betwene them selves, they were both amased, and affrayd also, lest it would grow to further matter.”

SCENE III.

Within the Tent of BRUTUS ¹⁰.

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ¹ should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What ! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?

¹⁰ Within the Tent of Brutus.] In the old copies there is no change of place here, although one may be supposed: the stage-direction in the first folio is, *Exeunt. Manet Brutus and Cassius.* The second folio alters *Manet* to *Manent*, but *exeunt* in all the folios applies to the troops, and not to Brutus and Cassius.

¹ That every NICE offence] *i. e.* Every trifling offence. We have had so many instances of this use of the word "nice," that we do not repeat them here: see, however, "Romeo and Juliet," A. iii. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 153.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me²,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. Oh ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men³.

² Brutus, BAY not me,] Cassius must mean to repeat the word "bay" which had just been used by Brutus; but in the folio, 1623, it is "Brutus, *bait* not me:" in the folio, 1632, it is *bait* in both speeches, and in both the old annotator erases *bait*, and inserts "bay." We may be confident that "bay" is right: no man speaks of *baiting* the moon.

³ I shall be glad to learn of ABLER men.] The text has hitherto been—
"I shall be glad to learn of *noble* men;"
but who has referred to *noble* men? Cassius said,

—————"I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself."

Brutus ought, therefore, to retort the word Cassius had employed: Cassius did

Cas. You wrong me every way : you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ! durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

not say that he was a "noble," or even a *nobler* man, but an "abler" soldier ;
and in the corr. fo. 1632 "noble" is struck out, and *abler* most properly and in-
controvertibly substituted. The old printer composed *noble* instead of "abler,"
and until the discovery of the corr. fo. 1632 such had always been the text. It
can surely be so no longer.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear⁴
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh ! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
Oh Cassius ! you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. Oh Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

⁴ — though they do appear] “Though they *did* appear” in the corr. fo. 1632.
The emendation is questionable, and we do not avail ourselves of it.

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet*⁵.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence⁶.

Cas. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius! a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. Oh Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

⁵ Enter Poet.] It does not appear why this intruder should have been called a poet by Shakespeare: according to Plutarch ("Life of Brutus" in North's translation, 1579, p. 1071) his name was Phaonius, a pretended cynic and philosopher, who afterwards quoted Nestor's remark about his age in the first book of the Iliad, not as his own, but merely as a translation. Plutarch adds, "Cassius fell laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge and counterfeate cynick. Howbeit, his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left eche other."

⁶ COMPANION, hence.] "Companion" here, as in "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 684, and in various other places, is used derogatorily, and as a term of reproach.

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
Oh, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract⁷,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. Oh, ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

⁷ That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,] The Rev. Mr. Dyce is quite right in recommending that the full point we formerly placed after "came" should be expunged: we substitute a semicolon, thinking with him that the speech is "one broken sentence, which admirably marks the struggle of Brutus with his feelings." "Remarks," p. 187.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her in your's ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is.

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-hearted, and encourag'd^s ;

^s Come on refresh'd, new-HEARTED, and encourag'd ;] So the corr. fo. 1632, and not "new-added" as in the older and subsequent impressions : we see in the preceding line that Brutus contemplated that addition would be made to the force of the enemy, and in this line he states that the foe would, in consequence, come on, not only "refresh'd," but "new-hearted and encourag'd." "New-aided," which is the Rev. Mr. Dyce's emendation, is only saying the same thing over again that appears in the line just above,—

"By them shall make a fuller number up."
"New-hearted" is a strong and expressive compound, and, as Mr. Craik observes

From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala :—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. Oh ! my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night. .
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*]

("Engl. of Shakesp." p. 260), "the very sort of word that one would expect to find where it stands in association with 'refresh'd' and 'encourag'd.'"

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru.

What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not⁹; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru.

It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—Oh murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy¹,

⁹ Poor knave, I blame thee not;] It may just deserve notice that in the folio, 1632, and in the later folios, the negative is omitted, but carefully supplied by the old annotator.

¹ Lay'st thou thy LEADEN MACE upon my boy,] Holt White, very appositely, referred to the following from Spenser's "Fairy Queen," B. i. c. 4, but misquoting it, it has ever since been misquoted, nobody thinking it necessary to advert to the original: we copy from the first edition, 4to, 1590, p. 57:—

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
 Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi².

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
 Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
 Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
 Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

"But whenas Morpheus had with *leaden mace*

Arrested all that courtly company."

If Shakespeare remembered the passage, he forgot the extreme propriety of the connexion between the "leaden mace" and the word "arrested."

² *Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.] Plutarch, neither in his "Life of Brutus," nor in that of "Cæsar," represents that the former saw the ghost of the latter, but "a wonderfull straunge and monstrous shape of a body comming towards him, and sayd never a word" (North's "Plutarch," 1579, p. 1072). This was at Sardis; and, again, before the battle of Philippi, "The monstrous spirit, which had appeared before unto Brutus in the citie of Sardis, did now appeare againe unto him in the selfe same shape and forme, and so vanished away, and sayd never a word." (Ibid. p. 1073.)

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou: awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru.

Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau.

Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau.

It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us³ at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

³ — WARN us] To *warn* is to *summon*. The use of the word in this sense was not uncommon: see "King John," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 140, and "Richard III.," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. iv. p. 241. In neither of these places did a note seem required, since the position of "warn" explained its meaning.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals.
The enemy comes on in gallant show :
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live ! hail, Cæsar !"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows is yet unknown⁴ ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. Oh ! yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

⁴ The posture of your blows is yet unknown ;] *Are* of the old copies is naturally enough amended to "is" in the corr. fo. 1632, and Steevens contended for the fitness of the change. Formerly we preserved "are," not in consequence of the weight of authority for such a solecism in grammar, but because we were unwilling to desert the text of the folio, 1623, and the other folios. Now we find that, at least in the time of the old annotator, the word used was "is;" and although in other places similar grammatical irregularities have been pointed out, some of them probably arose from the carelessness and ignorance of printers. We have here good authority for the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds⁵

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors⁶.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. Oh! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

⁵ — three and THIRTY wounds] This is the reading of all the old copies. Theobald changed it to "three and *twenty*," and he was certainly supported by Plutarch, Suetonius, &c.; but we are not thereby warranted in changing the text as it has come down to us, and as it was probably written by Shakespeare. Ritson showed that Beaumont and Fletcher committed a similar error in their "Noble Gentleman," where they spoke of Cæsar's *two and thirty* wounds. The old corrector of the folio, 1632, allows "three and thirty" wounds to remain.

⁶ Have added slaughter to the SWORD of TRAITORS.] The corr. fo. 1632 gives this line as follows:—

"Have added slaughter to the *word* of traitor,"
but as the emendation may reasonably be disputed, and the text is very intelligible as it stands, we make no alteration.

Bru. Ho ! Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc.

My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes.

What says my general ?

Cas.

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign⁷
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas.

I but believe it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas.

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :

⁷ — ON OUR FORMER ENSIGN] "Former" may have been used for *foremost* : so in a passage quoted by Ritson from Adlington's translation of Apuleius, "former foot" is used for *fore-foot*. Ritson gives the date 1596, which might mislead, for the example is thirty years older : Adlington's work, "The XI. Bookes of the Golden Asse," was first printed in 1566, again in 1571, a third time in 1577, a fourth in 1582, and the fifth edition came out in 1596. The corr. fo. 1632 has *forward* for "former," but we do not adopt it as necessary.

What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life^s,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind: but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began,
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius. [Embrace.]
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—Oh, that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala! ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud alarum.]

^s ————— so to prevent

The TERM of life,] *i. e.* To anticipate the end or termination of life. This conjectural emendation, adopted by Capel, is supported by the corr. fo. 1632: in the next line on the same authority we alter *some* to "those." This change has not been suggested by any of the commentators.

Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. Oh, look, Titinius, look ! the villains fly.
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back⁹ ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. Oh Cassius ! Brutus gave the word too early ;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius !
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :

⁹ This ENSIGN here of mine was turning back ;] " Ensign," like *ancient* in some other places, means either the standard or the person who bore it. In " Henry V.," A. iii. sc. 6 (Vol. iv. p. 587), Fluellen, according to the 4to, speaks of " an ensign at the pridge," who was " as valiant a man as Mark Antony." In " Henry VI., Part I.," A. v. sc. 4 (Vol. iii. p. 735), York says, " Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still."

My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit* PINDARUS.]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above.*] Oh my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.—
Now, Titinius !—now some 'light :—Oh ! he 'lights too :—
He's ta'en : and, hark ! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—
Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face¹ !

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come, now keep thine oath :
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will.—Oh Cassius !
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

¹ To see my best friend ta'en before my face !] “ Cassius, thinking in deede that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes : Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best frendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent, where no bodie was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserved ever for such a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow : but then casting his cloke over his head, and holding out his bare necke unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be striken of. So the head was found severed from the bodie : but after that time Pindarus was never seene more.” North's “ Plutarch,” 1579, p. 1075.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with a wreath*, and MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living.—Oh my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—Oh setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night²,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Oh Error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

² As in thy red rays thou dost sink to NIGHT,] In our first edition we incautiously printed "to night" with a hyphen, and we are glad to correct the error at the instance of Mr. Craik ("English of Shakespeare," p. 279), who justly remarks that, "a far nobler sense is given to the words, by taking 'sink to night' to be an expression of the same kind with *sink to rest* or *sink to sleep*."

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.
 But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I [Crowning him.
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Kills himself.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet:
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome
 Should breed thy fellow³.—Friends, I owe more tears
 To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

³ Should breed thy fellow.] In North's "Plutarch" we read thus of Brutus:
 "So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius,
 calling him the last of all the Romanes, being unpossible that Rome should ever
 breede againe so noble and valliant a man as he, he caused his bodie to be buried,
 and sent it to the citie of Thassos, fearing least his funerals within the campe
 should cause great disorder." Edit. 1579, p. 1076.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, oh! yet hold up your heads.

Cato. What bastard doth not?—Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the Enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered,
and falls.*]

Luc. Oh, young and noble Cato! art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And mayst be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;

Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead ;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent ⁴,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ⁵; but, my lord,
He came not back : he is or ta'en, or slain.*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*]*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.*Bru.* Peace then : no words.*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [*Whispers him.*]*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?*Cli.* Oh, Dardanius!*Dar.* Oh, Clitus!*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.*Vol.* What says my lord?*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

⁴ And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,] The folio, 1632, having " word " carelessly omitted, the old corrector placed it in his margin.

⁵ Statilius show'd the torch-light ;] " Furthermore (says Plutarch in North's translation) Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe), and from thence, if all were well, that he woulde lift up a torche light in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him." Edit. 1579, p. 1079.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
[*Shaking hands severally*⁶.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord⁷.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

⁶ Shaking hands severally.] This stage-direction is in the corr. fo. 1632 only.

⁷ I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.] “Having sayd so, he prayed everie man to shift for them selves, and then he went a litle aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the studie of rethoricke. He came as neere to him as he coulde, and taking his sword by the hilts with both his hands, and falling downe upon the poynt of it, ran him selfe through. Others say, that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell downe upon it, and so ranne him selfe through, and dyed presently.” North's “Plutarch,” 1579, p. 1080.

Stra. Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He, only, in a generous honest thought
Of common good to all^s, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man⁹ !"

^s He, only, in a GENEROUS honest thought

OF common good to all,] It is "*general* honest thought" in the old copies, and in the next line "*And* common good," but such could scarcely have been the language of Shakespeare, and the corr. fo. 1632 presents us with two emendations, which appear in our text, avoiding an absurd piece of tautology, and much improving the sense of the passage, by attributing to Brutus the generous (not *general*) motive of attempting the common good of his countrymen.

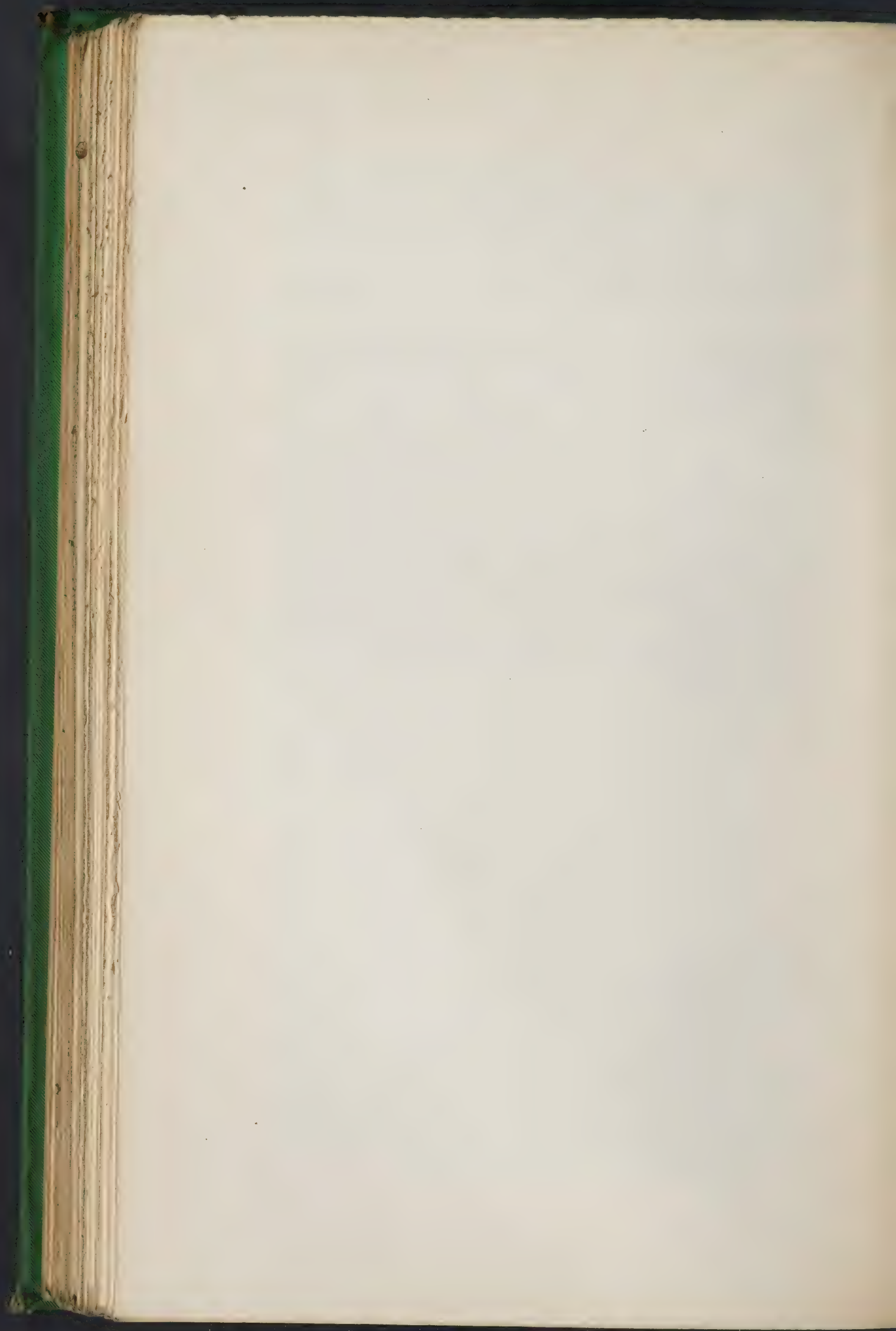
⁹ And say to all the world, "This was a man!" This passage bears a striking resemblance to a portion of Drayton's "*Barons' Wars*," first printed under that title, and in that form of stanza, in 1603 : Mr. Craik, in his "*English of Shakespeare*," p. 286, falls into Malone's error of supposing that the edition in which the character of Mortimer first occurs was printed in 1608. The point is more particularly illustrated in our Introduction to this tragedy. Drayton com-

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial¹⁰.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

menced his poetical career in 1591: at least such is the date of his earliest known work, "The Harmonie of the Church," and in Mr. P. Cunningham's interesting volume (printed for the Shakespeare Society), "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," is stated the novel fact, in connexion with Drayton's history, that he was in the pay of Prince Henry, being allowed an annuity of 10*l.* per annum.

¹⁰ With all respect, and rites of burial.] Plutarch thus concludes his "Life of Brutus," in North's translation:—"Now Antonius having found Brutus bodie, he caused it to be wrapped up in one of the richest cote armors he had. Afterwards also, Antonius understanding that this cote armor was stollen, he put the theefe to death that had stollen it, and sent the ashes of his bodie unto Servilia his mother. And for Porcia, Brutus wife, Nicolaus, the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus doe wryte that she, determining to kill her selfe (her parents and frendes carefullie looking to kepe her from it) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them in her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe. There was a letter of Brutus found wrytten to his frendes, complayning of their negligence, that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffred her to kill her selfe, choosing to dye, rather than languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knewe not well that time, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus letter) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and also the maner of her death." Edit. 1579, p. 1080.



MACBETH.

"The Tragedie of Macbeth" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz. from p. 131 to p. 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts and Scenes are marked there, as well as in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

THE only ascertained fact respecting the performance of "Macbeth," in the lifetime of its author, is that it was represented at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610. Whether it was then a new play, it is impossible to decide; but we are inclined to think that it was not, and that Malone was right in his conjecture, that it was first acted about the year 1606. The subsequent account of the plot is derived from Dr. Simon Forman's manuscript Diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, from which it appears, that he saw "Macbeth" played at the Globe on the day we have stated:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Codor, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What! all to Macbeth, and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan, King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bad them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them; by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came to Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

Our principal reason for thinking that "Macbeth" had been originally represented at least four years before 1610, is the striking allusion, in Act iv. sc. 1, to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the hands of James I. That monarch ascended the throne in March, 1602-3, and the words,

"Some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry,"

would have had little point, if we suppose them to have been delivered after the king who bore the balls and sceptres had been more than seven years on the throne. James was proclaimed king of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October, 1604, and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth" in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606.

It may admit of doubt whether there was not a considerably older drama on the story of Macbeth, for we meet with an entry of a ballad called "Macdobeth" in the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1596: the notice of it is, we believe, quite new, and we quote the very words of the register:—

"27 die Augusti 1596. Tho. Millington—Thomas Myllington is likewyse fyned at ij^s vj^d for printinge of a ballad contrarye to order, which he also presently paid. Md. the ballad entituled The taming of a shrew. Also one other Ballad of Macdobeth."

This shows the existence of a so-called "ballad" on the subject; and if "The Taming of a Shrew," which we know to have been a play, were so recorded, it is not unlikely that the "Ballad of Macdobeth" was of the same character. The latter part of the above entry is struck out, but it is not the less probable that the incidents were then known to the stage; and we derive some confirmation of the fact from the subsequent, not very intelligible, passage in Kemp's "Nine Days Wonder," printed in 1600:—"A penny poet, whose first making was the miserable stolen story of Macdoel, or *Macdobeth*, or Macsomewhat, for I am sure Mac it was, though I never had the maw to see it." Here the words "to see it" seem to show that the piece had been publicly represented, and that it was not merely a printed "ballad." Kemp, as a highly popular actor, would most naturally refer to dramatic performances; but, as we also gather from him, this "miserable story" had been "stolen," and perhaps he may mean to refer to a pre-existing production of which the author of the play of Macdobeth had availed himself. It is to be observed, that both in Kemp's tract, and in the Registers at Stationers' Hall, the production, whatever it may have been, was distinctly called "Macdobeth."

Malone elaborately supports his opinion, that "Macbeth" was produced in 1606, by two allusions in the speech of the Porter,

Act ii. sc. 3, to the cheapness of corn, and to the doctrine of equivocation, which had been supported by Robert Garnet, who was executed on the 3rd of May, 1606. We are generally disposed to place little confidence in such passages, not only because they are frequently obscure in their application, but because they may have been introduced at any subsequent period, either by the author or actor.

Shakespeare, doubtless, derived all the materials he required from Holinshed, without resorting to Boethius, or to any other authority. Steevens persevered in maintaining that Shakespeare was indebted, in some degree, to Middleton's "Witch" for the preternatural portion of "Macbeth;" but Malone, who at first entertained the same view of the subject, ultimately abandoned it, and became convinced that "The Witch" was a play written subsequently to the production of "Macbeth." Those who read the two will, perhaps, wonder how a doubt could have been entertained. "The Witch," in all probability, was not written until about 1613; and what must surprise every body is, that a poet of Middleton's rank could so degrade the awful beings of Shakespeare's invention; for although, as Lamb observes, "the power of Middleton's witches is in some measure over the mind," (Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 174,) they are of a degenerate race, as if, Shakespeare having created them, no other poet was sufficiently gifted even to continue their existence.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding these agents, and of the locality he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation, is a point we have considered in the Biography of the poet. The existing evidence on the question is there collected, and we have shown, that ten years before the date hitherto assigned to that circumstance, a company called "the Queen's Players" had visited Edinburgh. This fact is novel in the history of the introduction of English theatrical performances into Scotland¹.

"Macbeth" was inserted by the player-editors in the folio of 1623; and, as in other similar cases, we may presume that it had not come from the press at an earlier date, because in the books of the Stationers' Company it is registered by Blount and Jaggard, on the 8th of November, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acts pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes carefully and, for the most part, accurately noted.

¹ From the *Registrum Sancti Andreæ*, printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1841, p. 114, it appears that "Macbet, filius Finlach, et Gruoch filia Bodhe, Rex et Regina Scotorum," were the grantors in a deed there printed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } his Sons.

MACBETH,
BANQUO, } Generals of his Army.

MACDUFF,
LENOX,
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS, } Thanes of Scotland.

FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.

Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England; through
the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

¹ There is no list of characters in the old copies: it was first supplied by Rowe.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done¹,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls²:—Anon.—

¹ When the HURLYBURLY's done,] "Hurlyburly" generally means tumultuous uproar: it occurs in the unique poem by John Drout, "The Pityful Historie of Two Loving Italians," 1570:

"Then hurly burly did begin,
great rumors straight was raysde."

A few years afterwards "hurlyburly" was used on the stage in the interlude of "Appius and Virginia," by R. B., 1575, Sign. E:

"Thus in hurly burly from pillar to poste
Poore Haphazard daily was toste."

In "The Garden of Eloquence," by H. P., 1577, it is explained, "hurlyburly, an uprore, and tumultuous stirre." In G. Whetstone's "Censure of a Loyal Subject," 1587, we read, "Andrea and Viscounte were both slaine in the hurley burley of the people." Sign. E 3.

² Paddock calls:] "Paddock" is the old word for a toad, supposed to be one of the familiars of the Witches, like the cat, Graymalkin, in the preceding line. In the Townley Miracle-play called "Lazarus," we meet with this line,

"And ees out of your hede thus-gate shalle paddokes pyke."

Fair is foul, and foul is fair :

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

*Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain*³.

Dun. What bloody man is that ? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend !
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Capt. Doubtful it stood ;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that⁴
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied⁵ ;
And fortune, on his damned quarry⁶ smiling,

³ — a bleeding CAPTAIN.] This "Soldier," as he is called in modern editions, is a *Captain* in the stage-direction of the old copies ; but by the dialogue it appears that he was a Sergeant. Sergeant seems formerly to have been a considerably higher rank in arms than at present.

⁴ (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that] *i. e.* "Because the multiplying villainies," &c. Mr. Singer takes credit for restoring the punctuation of the folio, 1623,—“I follow the punctuation of the first folio.” If he had examined “the first folio,” he would have seen that his punctuation differs from it, and that our’s represents it truly. It is however here a matter of little moment.

⁵ Of KERNES and GALLOWGLASSES is supplied ;] We have had “Gallowglasses and stout Irish Kernes” spoken of in “Henry VI., Part II.,” Vol. iv. p. 93 : we need add nothing here to our former note.

⁶ — damned QUARRY] *i. e.* His army doomed, or damned, to become the “quarry,” or *prey*, of his enemies. This is the reading of all the old copies, which has been deserted by most editors, although giving an obvious and striking meaning, much more forcible than *quarrel*, which, at Johnson’s instance, they substituted for “quarry.” It is also amended to *quarrel* in the corr. fo. 1632, the old annotator, or the actor whose word he repeated, perhaps, not understanding “quarry” so applied. Respecting “quarry,” see Vol. iv. p. 607.

Show'd like a rebel's whore : but all's too weak ;
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
 Till he fac'd the slave ;
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break⁷,
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Capt. Yes ;
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha,
 I cannot tell.—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds :
 They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Captain, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS⁸.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

⁷ — and direful thunders BREAK,] In the folio, 1623, the line ends at "thunders," and being obviously defective, the folio, 1632, inserted *breaking* ; but the present tense, and not the participle, is wanted, and it is found in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632 : Pope also printed "break."

⁸ Enter Rosse and Angus.] Rosse only speaks, and is spoken of and to ; but they both enter, and subsequently execute the commission they had in charge from

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !
So should he look that comes to speak things strange⁹.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king ;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' Inch¹
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

the king. Modern editors (Mr. Singer, like our former impression, excepted) omit Angus, although his name is found in every old stage-direction.

⁹ So should he look that COMES to speak things strange.] "Comes" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and it is there substituted for *seems*, for which it was a misprint: *seems* is hardly intelligible unless we suppose it to mean *seems to come*.

¹ — SAINT COLMES' INCH,] *Colmes'-inch*, now called *Inchcomb* (says Steevens), is a small island, lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it dedicated to St. Columb; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columbo*.

3 *Witch*. Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch*. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd: "Give me,"
quoth I:—

"Aroint thee, witch²!" the rump-fed ronyon³ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger⁴;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3 *Witch*. And I another.

1 *Witch*. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card to show⁵.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid.
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—
Look what I have.

2 *Witch*. Show me, show me.

1 *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

² "AROINT thee, witch!" The meaning of the word is quite obvious; viz. *begone*, or *stand off*, and it is still used in the Craven district, and generally in the north of England, as well as in Cheshire. In some places it has assumed the form of *rynt*, but it is the same word. Various conjectures have been indulged respecting its etymology, and we meet with "aroint," used in the same way, in "King Lear," A. iii. sc. 4, "Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

³ — ronyon] *i. e.* Scabby or mangy woman. Fr. *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. In "As You Like It," Vol. ii. p. 372, the adjective *roynish* is employed, which has the same etymology as "ronyon."

⁴ Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;] In Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1589 and 1599, are printed several letters and journals of a voyage to Aleppo in the ship *Tiger* of London: it took place in 1583. For this note we are indebted to Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., who observes that Shakespeare may from thence have derived the name of the place, as well as of the ship.

⁵ I' the shipman's card to show.] "To show" is obtained from the corr. fo. 1632: the line is imperfect, ending with "card," and we may feel sure that we thus recover two words Shakespeare wrote, but which had dropped out in the press.

3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand⁶,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores⁷?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can.—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical⁸, or that indeed

⁶ The WEIRD sisters, hand in hand,] All authorities agree that "weird" (spelt *weyward* in the folio, 1623) is of Saxon origin, viz. from *wyrd*, which has the same meaning as the Latin *fatum*: "weird" is therefore *fatal*. In the ballad of "The Birth of St. George," in Percy's "Reliques," Vol. iii. p. 275, edit. 1812, we meet with the expression "The weird lady of the woods;" and the same word occurs twice in the old Scottish drama of "Philotus," printed in 1603 and 1612. As Steevens remarks, Gawin Douglas, in his translation of the *Æneid*, calls the *Parcæ* "the weird sisters," but it is useless to go back to other early authorities, when we find the following words in Holinshed, to whom Shakespeare constantly resorted:—"But afterwards the common opinion was that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphes or fairies." The Rev. Mr. Dyce refers us to Chaucer, but Steevens did the same more than half a century ago.

⁷ How far is't call'd to FORES?] *Sores* in all the folios, but amended to "Fores" in the corr. fo. 1632: the blunder must have arisen from the misuse and mistake of the long's.

⁸ Are ye FANTASTICAL,] *i. e.* Creatures of *fantasy* or *imagination*. In Holinshed it is stated, that Macbeth and Banquo at first reputed the appearance of the witches "some vain, *fantastical* illusion."

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's death, I know, I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why,
Upon this blasted heath, you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about,
Or have we eaten on the insane root⁹,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads

⁹ — eaten on the INSANE ROOT,] The "insane root" is hemlock or henbane.

Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post¹; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. [*Aside*².] Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,

¹ ——— As thick as TALE,

CAME post with post;] The old copies read, "Can post with post," which misprint was corrected by Rowe. The meaning is evident, when we take *tale* in the sense, not of a narrative, but of an enumeration, from the Sax. *telan*, to count. Johnson explains the passage correctly in these words:—"Posts arrived as fast as they could be counted." Rowe read, "as thick as hail," and Southern, in his copy of the folio, 1685, made the same change in MS. The corr. fo. 1632 presents us with no emendation of "tale," although it amends *can* to "came:" nevertheless, *hail* may be the word, though the simile is very trite.

² *Aside*.] This stage-direction, with several others of the same kind in this scene, is from the corr. fo. 1632: they are deficient in all copies of the tragedy, ancient and modern.

Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told, [Aside.
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [Aside.
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical³,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour⁴: my dull brain was wrought

³ My thought, WHOSE murder yet is but fantastical,] It is "where murder," &c. in the corr. fo. 1632, but the change is not required, and may be taken merely as a different mode of reciting the passage.

⁴ Give ME your favour:] Here we are told in the corr. fo. 1632, that the actor of the part of the hero was to *start*, on being suddenly roused from his ambitious dream. The word was intended as a direction to the performer, and seems scarcely required in our text.

With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban.

Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX,
 and Attendants.*

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? are not
 Those in commission yet return'd^s?

Mal.

My liege,

They are not yet come back; but I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report,
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it: he died
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun.

There's no art,

To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

Oh worthiest cousin!

[*Embracing MACBETH.*]

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,

^s ————— ARE NOT

Those in commission yet return'd?] The folio of 1632 alters "or" of the folio, 1623, into *are*, a change which all modern editors have adopted.

That swiftest wing of recompense⁶ is slow
To overtake thee : would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been more⁷ ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so ; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart. [*Embracing BANQUO.*]

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

⁶ That swiftest WING of recompense] So the folio, 1623 ; but in the folio, 1632, " wing " was misprinted *wine*, and amended by the old annotator, not to " wing," but to *wind*.

⁷ Might have been MORE !] *i. e.* That there might have been more proportion between desert and payment : it is *mine* for " more " in the folio, 1623, and amended in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer admits that " it has been proposed to read, Might have been *more* : " but, perhaps, he did not recollect where he had seen the proposal, though his memory is generally remarkably accurate as to changes recommended by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, &c. He could only have seen it " proposed " in our Vol. of " Notes and Emendations," p. 419.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland⁸ ! That is a step, [*Aside.*
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies.—Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Inverness. A Room in MACBETH's Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned, by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them farther, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor ;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell." Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature : It is too full o' the milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ; Art not without ambition ; but without

⁸ The prince of Cumberland !] The crown of Scotland (as Steevens remarks) was originally not hereditary. When the successor was declared in the lifetime of a king (as was often the case) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him, as a mark of his destination : *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England as a fief. The incident to which the text relates is from Holinshed.

The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.—

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:

He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven himself
 is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements⁹. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
 Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

⁹ ——— The raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements.] These lines have produced a good deal of comment, but the meaning seems to be, that Lady Macbeth considers the fate of Duncan so certain, that the ominous raven is hoarse with proclaiming it. Warburton would read, "The raven himself's *not* hoarse," which appears to be the direct opposite of what was intended by the poet. Drayton, in his "Barons' Wars," 1603, B. v. st. 42, has these lines:—

"The ominous raven with a dismal cheer,
 Through his hoarse beak of following horror tells."

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee¹ in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark²,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! [*They embrace.*
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. Oh! never
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

¹ And PALL thee] *i. e.* Cover thyself as with a *pall*: from Lat. *pallium*, a cloak. We believe that Shakespeare alone uses "pall" as a verb.

² — the BLANKET of the dark,] This is one of the places where even judicious critics differ, whether the word should be "blanket," as it is printed in the old copies, or *blankness* as it is written in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. Our verdict has already been given in favour of the latter; but inasmuch as the removal of the former would disturb the prejudices of not a few of those who, from time to time, have been accustomed to hear and read "blanket" as part of the text of Shakespeare, we allow it to remain, giving those who are of a contrary opinion the information that the old annotator on the folio, 1632, substituted *blankness* for "blanket." We are persuaded that "blanket" was misheard for *blankness*, and that *blankness* was Shakespeare's word. The passage in "Cymbeline," A. iii. sc. 1, which has been quoted to the contrary—"If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket,"—has no other relation to the line in "Macbeth" than that "blanket" occurs in both plays.

Lady M.
To alter favour ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

Only look up clear :

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat : the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they much breed³ and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love : herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble⁴.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith

³ Where they MUCH breed] The folios have "Where they *must* breed," but it should appear from the corr. fo. 1632 that *must* was misheard, and therefore misprinted for "much." Five lines above, "martlet" stands *Barlet* in all the folios—another mishearing, probably.

⁴ How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,

And thank us for your trouble.] Malone had "no distinct conception" of what was meant by this passage, and Steevens was equally at fault. To us the whole speech seems sufficiently clear: Duncan says, that even love sometimes occasions trouble, but that he thanks it as love notwithstanding; and that thus he teaches Lady Macbeth, while she takes trouble on his account, to "bid God yield," or *reward*, him for giving that trouble.

Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have their's, themselves, and what is their's, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Same. A Room in the Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer⁵,
and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, enter
MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success⁶; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time⁷,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,
We still have judgment here: that we but teach

⁵ Enter—a SEWER,] A "sewer" (says Steevens) was an officer, so called from his placing the dishes upon the table: *asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place.

⁶ ——— and catch

With his SURCEASE success;] To "surcease" is to finish or conclude, and the meaning, of course, is, "and catch success with its conclusion."

⁷ — and SHOAL of time,] The old reading is *schoole*, which Theobald altered to "shoal;" and perhaps no better suggestion, to cure an obvious error, could be made. "We'd JUMP the life to come" is, We would take the chance of, or risk, the life to come. See "Coriolanus," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 658.

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague th' inventor : thus, even-handed justice⁸
 Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject ;
 Strong both against the deed : then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the
 chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business :
 He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since,
 And wakes it now to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely ? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valour,

⁸ — THUS, even-handed justice] “ Thus ” of the corr. fo. 1632 seems so much preferable to “ *this* even-handed justice ” of the old copies, that we adopt it. Macbeth is referring back to the earlier portion of the same sentence, where he has said that “ bloody instructions ” “ return to plague the inventor.”

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage⁹?

Macb.

Pr'ythee, peace.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none¹.

Lady M.

What beast was't, then²,

That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macb.

If we should fail,—

Lady M.

We fail³?

⁹ Like the poor cat i' the adage?] The adage is,

"The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet."

It is found in the following form in "Adagia Scotica," &c. collected by R. B., 12mo, 1668, "Ye breed of the cat: ye would fain have fish, but ye have na will to wet your feet." See "Bridgewater Catalogue," 1837, p. 2.

¹ Who dares do more is none.] The old folios, instead of "do more," read "no more." The correction was made by Southern, in his folio, 1685. It had previously been introduced by the old corrector into his copy of the folio, 1632, by converting *n* into *d* with a pen, thus altering *no* to "do."

² What BEAST was't, then,] The corr. fo. 1632 has "What *boast* was't, then," as if Lady Macbeth were referring to the vaunt of the hero, when he opened his design to her. This word *boast* has been doubted, and the opposition of "man," in the next line but one, has, with some apparent justice, been pointed out as against the change of "beast," the word in the old copies, to *boast*. It is evident, however, that the misprint was easy, and Mr. Singer notices *boast* as having been "suggested;" but he refrains, as in many former instances, from stating where, though it never was hinted at until our discovery of the corr. fo. 1632.

³ We fail?] This is the punctuation of the folios, 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, and in this case, perhaps, we may take it as some evidence of the ancient mode of delivering the two words, "We fail?" interrogatively. Malone substituted a mark of admiration, "We fail!" and Steevens pursued the same course. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, who is generally hyper-emphatic upon punctuation, (the importance of which nobody disputes,) strangely informs us here that "there is in reality no difference" between a note of interrogation and a mark of admiration. He

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince⁴,
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell⁵?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled; and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

makes a difference between them in works he has himself edited—and rightly: at the end of his own notes he often places a mark of admiration, and at the end of the notes of rival critics a note of interrogation. See particularly the first play in his Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. i. pp. 58. 93, &c. What can he mean, too, by not putting a note of admiration after "Oh God" in "The Scornful Lady" (iii. 106), and by putting one after "Lazarillo, thou art happy," in "The Woman Hater" (i. 36)? Every editor, however careful, and Mr. Dyce is one of the most so, is liable to such mistakes. In the instance before us, we purposely place a note of interrogation after "We fail," following the precedent of old copies, and thinking it right to adhere to the practice.

⁴ Will I with wine and wassel so CONVINCE,] *i. e.* So *overcome*. The word is again used in the same sense, A. iv. sc. 3; and we have already had it so applied in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 174.

⁵ Of our great QUELL?] To "quell" and to *kill* are in fact the same word in their origin, from the Saxon *cuellan*. Here "quell" is used substantively, which was at least uncommon.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. Court within the Castle.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch before him*⁶.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle.

I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven⁷;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose.—Give me my sword.—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir? not yet at rest! The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices⁸.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dream'd last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

⁶ Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.] This is the old stage-direction, which says nothing about a servant, as in the modern editions. Fleance carried the torch before his father.

⁷ There's HUSBANDRY in heaven;] *i. e.* Thrift, or frugality in heaven.

⁸ Sent forth great largess to your OFFICES.] It is not only needless, but improper, with Malone, to change "offices" of the old copies into *officers*. There were various "offices" in the residences of the nobility, and servants belonging to each: to send largess to the "offices" in Macbeth's castle, was to give money to the persons employed in them.

Macb.

I think not of them :

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban.

At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you⁹.

Ban.

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb.

Good repose, the while !

Ban. Thanks, sir : the like to you.[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE* ¹.

Macb. Go ; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.— [Exit Servant.
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood²,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing :
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

⁹ If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,

It shall make honour for you.] This passage has occasioned a good deal of discussion, but the sense seems evident : " If (says Macbeth) you shall adhere to my opinion, when that leisure arrives, it shall make honour for you."

¹ Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.] Most modern editors seem to have forgotten that Fleance had also to quit the stage, and merely note " Exit Banquo." Fleance, no doubt, stood back while his father and Macbeth were talking together, and he goes out with Banquo, still carrying the torch.

² And on thy blade, and DUDGEON, GOUTS of blood,] The " dudgeon" is the handle or haft of a dagger : " gouts" of blood are drops of blood, from the Fr. *goutte*. The word was unusual in this sense.

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleeper³: witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell,
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made
 me bold:
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—
 Peace!
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it.
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their
 possets,

³ The curtain'd SLEEPER:] In all the ancient impressions it is "curtain'd *sleep*," but amended, incontrovertibly, to "sleeper" in the corr. fo. 1632. The same change was proposed by Steevens. Lower down the corr. fo. 1632 also reads "sure" for *sowre*, and "which way they walk" for "which *they may* walk." We owe the emendation of *sides* to "strides" to Pope: there can be no dispute about its fitness, although it is not made in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer, in reference to the word "strides," repeats, among other second-hand quotations, one made by Warburton from Shakespeare's "*Lucrece*," and not having referred to the original, reiterates Warburton's gross blunder, adding a new one of his own. We refer the reader, for the mere sake of accuracy, to the poem itself, in our sixth volume.

That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho⁴!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried,
“murder!”

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, “God bless us!” and, “Amen,” the
other,

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no more!

⁴ Who's there?—what, ho!] In the old copies, “Enter Macbeth” is placed above this speech, but he does not, in fact, enter till afterwards.

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care⁵,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

Lady M.

What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb.

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M.

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.—Knocking within.*]

Macb.

Whence is that knocking?—

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red⁶.

⁵ — the ravell'd SLEAVE of care,] "Sleave" silk is coarse unwrought silk. See Vol. iv. p. 571. This and what follows are Macbeth's reflections upon sleep, and ought not, therefore, to form part of what he is supposed to have overheard. Compare Griffin's "Fidessa," sonn. 15. repr. 1815.

⁶ Making the green one red.] This is the punctuation of the corr. fo. 1632, in which the comma after "one" (found in all the old copies) is struck out. In the same way, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid in the Mill" (edit. Dyce, ix. 280), Otrante ought to say—

"How I freeze together,
And am *one* ice;"

but all editors, including the last, have allowed the last hemistich to remain,
"And am *on* ice,"

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knock.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key⁷. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?
—Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of
plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here
you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Who's there,
in the other devil's name?—'Faith, here's an equivocator,
that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who
committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equi-
vocate to heaven: Oh! come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*]
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?—'Faith, here's an
English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose:
come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*]

as if Otrante had meant, not that he freezed together and was "one ice," but
merely that he stood upon ice. How injurious this course is to the force of the
passage need not be shown.

⁷ — he should have OLD turning the key.] The word "old" was a very
common augmentative in Shakespeare's time, and hundreds of instances of its
use might easily be accumulated. We have already met with several in Shake-
speare: see "Much Ado about Nothing," A. v. sc. 2, Vol. ii. p. 79, &c.

Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

*Enter MACBETH in his nightgown*⁸.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet, 'tis one.

⁸ Enter Macbeth IN HIS NIGHTGOWN.] The addition "in his nightgown" is from the corr. fo. 1632, showing that he had changed his dress in the interval between this and the last scene. Such has been the usual course.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Oh horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell⁹. [*Bell rings.*]

⁹ Ring the bell.] Malone and Steevens omitted these words, on the ground that they were a stage-direction; whereas they are a repetition of the order to "ring the alarum-bell," and they are moreover necessary to complete the line.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. Oh, gentle lady!
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

*Enter BANQUO*¹.

Would murder as it fell.—Oh Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX*².

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.

If "Ring the bell" had been a stage-direction, it would hardly have been followed by "Bell rings," as in all the old copies.

¹ Enter Banquo.] "Unready," adds the corr. fo. 1632, to show that he rushed upon the stage from his bed-room. Nothing of the kind is said above of Lady Macbeth, but we may safely infer it.

² Re enter Macbeth and Lenox.] The folio, 1623, adds "and Rosse" to this stage-direction; but Rosse has not been on the stage in this act, and he is employed in the next scene. We have, therefore, had no difficulty in correcting an error, which runs through the folios.

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
 So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
 Upon their pillows : they star'd, and were distracted.
 No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. Oh ! yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man :
 The expedition of my violent love
 Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
 For ruin's wasteful entrance : there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage, to make 's love known ?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho !

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
 That most may claim this argument for our's ?

Don. What should be spoken
 Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
 May rush, and seize us ? Let's away : our tears
 Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
 Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out* ³.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 And question this most bloody piece of work,
 To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us :
 In the great hand of God I stand ; and, thence,
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight ⁴
 Of treasonous malice.

³ Lady Macbeth is carried out.] The substituted stage-direction in the corr. fo. 1632 is "Lady Macbeth swoons," (not *swounds*,) and we are left to conclude that she is carried out.

⁴ Against the undivulg'd PRETENCE I fight] "Pretence" is *intention, design*, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakespeare. See "Coriolanus," A. i. sc. 2, Vol. iv. p. 611, &c. In the next scene Rosse uses the verb in the same way, "What good could they *pretend* ?"

Macd.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

*Macb.*Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.*All.*

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.*Mal.*This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Without the Castle.

*Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.**Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.*Rosse.*Ah! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp⁵.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?*Old M.*

'Tis unnatural,

⁵ — the TRAVAILING lamp.] *i. e.* The sun struggling against darkness: to "travail" is to labour, and as Shakespeare may have used "travailing" in a double sense, as indicating toil and locomotion, we make no change.

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and
certain)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each other.

Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill⁶;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin; I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—adieu—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new.

⁶ Carried to Colme-kill;] Iona, the burial-place of many of the early kings of Scotland. It is now called Icolmkill, "kill" meaning a *cell* or chapel: "Colme-kill" is therefore the chapel of St. Columbo.

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine⁷)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me⁸; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

⁷ — their speeches SHINE] "Their speeches show" in the corr. fo. 1632; but the change does not seem necessary, nor perhaps judicious.

⁸ LAY your highness'

Command upon me,] It is "Let your highness," &c. in the folios, but Sir W. Davenant, in his alteration of "Macbeth," amended *Let* to "Lay," and such is the correction in the fo. 1632. We have therefore no difficulty in adopting "Lay," although *Set* may appear to come nearer the letters.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council ; but we'll take to-morrow⁹.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.—

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be thus is
nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him

⁹ — but we'll TAKE to-morrow.] Malone persisted in changing "take" to *talk*,
but without the slightest pretence, the meaning being quite obvious.

My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind¹,
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings²!
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance³!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.—

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self. This I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instruments;
 Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
 Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 Mur.

You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went farther, which is now

¹ For Banquo's issue have I FIL'D my mind,] *i. e.* Defil'd my mind. To "file" is often used for to *defile*, by elision of the preposition. We meet with it in Rowland's "Looke to It, for Ile Stabbe Yee," 1604, "Ile *fyle* no hands upon thee."—Sign. D 3 b. Other authorities are needless.

² — the SEED of Banquo kings!] It is *seeds* in the old copies, but amended to "seed" in the corr. fo. 1632, which is doubtless right.

³ And champion me to the UTTERANCE!] *i. e.* To *extremity*; Fr. *à l'outrance*, See "Troilus and Cressida," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 563, where "utterance" has always been misprinted *uttermost*.

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd your's for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped⁴
All by the name of dogs: the valued file⁵
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill⁶
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with disasters⁷, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

⁴ — are CLEPED] *i. e.* Are called: so in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. v. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 147, "he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf," &c. So in "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 4, "They clepe us drunkards." "Ycleped," which occurs twice in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 1, and A. v. sc. 2, is the same word with the A. S. prefix.

⁵ — the valued FILE] *i. e.* The "file" or *list* in which they are valued.

⁶ — from the BILL] *i. e.* From the "bill" or paper in which they are written all alike: the corr. fo. 1632 has *quill* for "bill," and perhaps *quill* ought to be placed in the text; but "bill" is very intelligible.

⁷ So WEARY with disasters.] The corr. fo. 1632 reads "*wearied* with disasters," and as we have "tugg'd" in the same line, *wearied* may be right.

2 *Mur.*

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life : and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.*

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.*

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time^s,
The moment on't ; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace ; always thought,
That I require a clearness : and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart :
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.*

We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight : abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded : Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exit.*]

^s — with THE perfect spy o' the time,] The exact moment ; but the expression has no parallel that we are aware of, and the corr. fo. 1632 puts it "with a perfect spy o' the time," as if Macbeth referred to some "perfect spy" who was to give the two Murderers notice of the proper time : in that case we must understand "with" as *by*, and it would be by no means unprecedented. This change concurs with M. Mason's notion of the meaning of the poet.

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy⁹,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake¹⁰, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the eternal frame of things disjoint¹,
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

⁹ Things without remedy,] It is worth noting that *all* is struck out in the corr. fo. 1632: in the folio, 1623, and in the other editions in that form, the words are "Things without *all* remedy;" but *all* is clearly surplusage as regards sense and metre, and in modern times Sir T. Hanmer and Steevens omitted it.

¹⁰ We have SCOTCH'D the snake,] *i. e.* Wounded it. This word is best illustrated by a passage in "Coriolanus," Vol. iv. p. 689, "He *scotched* him and notched him like a carbonado."

¹ But let the ETERNAL frame of things disjoint,] "Eternal" is from the corr. fo. 1632, and it cures an obvious defect in the line, though it still leaves what follows a hemistich, as possibly the poet intended: at all events one error is remedied, and we are not therefore required to read, as the Rev. Mr. Dyce recommends, the whole as a single line of thirteen syllables—a course that we think few ears could be reconciled to, and which he himself opposes in his "Remarks," p. 211.

That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace²,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther.

Lady M. Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these flattering streams, and make our faces
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle³, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night⁴,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

² Whom we to gain our PEACE have sent to peace,] The second folio poorly substitutes *place* for "peace" in the first instance, perhaps by a misprint.

³ The SHARD-borne beetle,] "Shard" is synonymous with *scale*; and the allusion is to the scaly wings of the beetle, which bear him through the air. Such is the construction of Steevens, who supports it by the following lines from Gower's *Confessio Amantis*:—

"She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,
Whose *scherdes* shynen as the sonne."

⁴ Come, SEELING night,] *i. e.* *Blinding*. "Seeling" is a term in falconry.

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he: the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. Oh treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge.—Oh slave! [*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes.]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down : the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet set out. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees ; sit down : at first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state ; but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends ;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd ?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats ;
Yet he is good, that did the like for Fleance :
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again : I had else been perfect ;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad, and general as the casing air ;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome⁵. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?
[*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.

⁵ 'Tis given with welcome.] We adopt the punctuation of this passage recommended by the Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Remarks," p. 196). It is no novelty, since it was that of Malone; but it admits of dispute, and Mr. Singer, following our text, commits the mistake (if mistake it be) of our first edition.

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

[*Coming to MACBETH : aside to him.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M.

Oh, proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh ! these flaws and starts⁶,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say
you ?—

Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M.

What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M.

Fie ! for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end ; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M.

My worthy lord,

[*Returning to her state.*]

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb.

I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;

⁶ Oh ! these flaws and starts,] A "flaw" is properly a violent gust of wind. See "Henry VI., Part II.," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 55. The stage-direction, just above, is from the corr. fo. 1632. "Impostors to true fear" means, as Mason and Steevens showed, impostors compared to, or with, true fear.

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—

*Re-enter Ghost*⁷.

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide
thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The baby of a girl⁸. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

⁷ Re-enter Ghost.] The corr. fo. 1632 gives no countenance to the notion, entertained by some, that the Ghost which now appeared was the Ghost of Duncan, and not that of Banquo. In our former impression we treated it merely as a fanciful conjecture.

⁸ If trembling I INHABIT, THEN protest me

The baby of a girl.] This passage has occasioned much dispute; and supposing the arguments equally balanced, we should prefer the reading of all the old copies, as in our text. Malone would alter "inhabit then," to *inhibit thee*, or *forbid thee*, which was the meaning of *inhibit*: the corr. fo. 1632 has *exhibit* for "inhabit;" from which we perhaps only learn that the actor of Macbeth, in the time of the old annotator, supposed that the meaning was "If I *exhibit* or *show* trembling, then protest me," &c. In Middleton's "Blurt Master Constable," the Rev. Mr. Dyce permitted a misprint of the word "inhabit" to escape him: it is where the Page, having inquired where the Constable lives, tells his master,

"The officious gentleman *inherits* here."

"Inhabits here" must be right, and *inherits* must have been misheard for it. See Middleton's Works, i. 237. The Constable did not *inherit*, but "inhabit" the house. Macbeth's "inhabit" may have a similar meaning.

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so ;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse.

What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and
worse ;

Question enrages him. At once, good night :
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night ; and better health
Attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say ; blood will have blood :
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou⁹, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send.
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd¹⁰.—I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters :
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way : I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,

⁹ How say'st thou,] *i. e.* "What do you say to the news that Macduff," &c.
In the next line "sir" overloads the syllabic construction of the verse.

¹⁰ I keep a servant fee'd.] The corr. fo. 1632 puts it in the future, "I'll keep
a servant fee'd." We are inclined to think it right.

Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound :
I'll catch it ere it come to ground ;
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
 And, you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] *Come away, come away, &c.*¹
 Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back
 again. [Exit.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought², how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?

¹ Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.] Steevens refers us to the following song, as it is called, in Middleton's "Witch," which was unquestionably written some time after "Macbeth:"—

"Song above.

"Come away, come away,
 Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
 With all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may."—Dyce's Middleton, iii. 303.

If it be the same song, and there are only the words "Come away," by which to identify it, both poets probably made use of the same then known piece of music.

² Who cannot want the thought,] *i. e.* Who cannot but think.

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think,
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key,
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan³,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
 That by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king⁴, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, "Sir, not I:"
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

³ The son of Duncan,] The old copies, *sons*, obviously wrong.

⁴ — THE king,] *i. e.* Macbeth. The old copy has, *their* king.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries ⁵,—'Tis time, 'tis time!

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold stone ⁶,
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

⁵ HARPER cries,] In all the old folios this name is spelt *Harpier*: it may be doubted whether it was not a misprint for *Harpy*, then spelt *Harpie*. In Marlowe's "Tamberlaine, Part I.," 1590, 4to, *Harpie* is misprinted *Harper*: in the 8vo. edition, which is of the same date, it stands *Harpy*. Dyce's Marlowe, i. 51. Mr. Singer, taking Steevens's word, misquotes the line.

⁶ Toad, that under cold stone,] Such is the line in the original copies, and laying only due and expressive emphasis upon "cold," it is not defective. Pope introduced "the" to complete the metre: Steevens read *coldest* for "cold;" but there is no reason whatever for preferring the superlative degree.

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron⁷,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood;
 Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and other Witches*⁸.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song.* "Black spirits"⁹, &c.]

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes.— [Knocking.
 Open, locks, whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:

⁷ Add thereto a tiger's CHAUDRON,] *i. e.* A tiger's *entrails*, from the Fr.

⁸ Enter Hecate, and other Witches.] The old stage-direction is, "Enter Hecate, and *the* other three Witches." What "other three Witches" are intended does not appear: perhaps we ought to read only, "Enter Hecate, and other three Witches;" but that some addition was meant to the three Witches, who had been engaged in the incantation, is highly probable, if only for the purpose of the song which is given immediately afterwards.

⁹ Music and a Song. "Black Spirits," &c.] The following is from Middleton's "Witch," and is probably the song intended:—

"Black spirits, and white,
 Red spirits and grey;
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may."

Dyce's Middleton, iii. 328.

Doubtless, it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare; but it was inserted in both dramas, because it was appropriate.

Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bleaded corn be lodg'd¹, and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins² tumble all together,
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
 Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come high, or low;
 Thyself, and office, deftly show³.

Thunder. 1 *Apparition, an armed Head*⁴.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
 Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough. [*Descends.*]

¹ Though BLEADED corn be lodg'd,] "*Bladed corn*" in the folios; but it is manifestly an error (merely of one letter) for "*bleaded corn*," as it stands amended in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer says that "*bladed corn*" is "*corn just come into ear, when it is very liable to be lodged:*" this is a mistake; it is most liable to be lodged when it is heavy in the ear, ripe and ready for the sickle, and such is the meaning of "*bleaded*," from A. S. *blædan*. In the next line, the corr. fo. 1632 also instructs us to read *o'er* for "*on*;" and in the next line but one *stoop* for "*slope*;" but as these last changes can hardly be considered necessary, and may be inexpedient, we only mention them.

² Of nature's GERMINS] "*Germins*" are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. Shakespeare uses the word again in "*King Lear*," A. iii. sc. 2.

³ — DEFTLY show.] *i. e.* *Dexterously*, or *adroitly*, from the Sax. *deft*.

⁴ Apparition, an armed Head.] In the old copies, the Apparitions are distinguished by the figures 1, 2, and 3, meaning the first, second, and third Apparition; and there seems every reason to continue to observe this practice, for the sake of distinctness.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks :
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2 *Apparition, a bloody Child.*

2 *App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. 3 *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a tree in his
hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king ;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

3 *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest⁵ ? bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellion's head, rise never⁶, till the wood

⁵ Who can IMPRESS the forest ?] *i. e.* Who can "impress" the forest into his service ?

⁶ REBELLION'S HEAD, rise never,] In all the old copies it is *Rebellious dead*, and Theobald altered *dead* to "head," quite as incontrovertibly as the old corrector of our folio, 1632, amends *Rebellious* to "Rebellion's," personifying Rebellion, and adding much force to the passage. Mr. Singer admits it to be "quite evident" that "Rebellion's" is right ; but he has been the first editor who has ever said so, and he found it in our corr. fo. 1632, although he maintains his usual silence as to the source of the emendation. How much trouble and annoyance he might have saved himself on many occasions, if he had but subjoined to what he was compelled to borrow, the words "corr. fo. 1632." He could not hope that any reader of his edition would impute the emendations to him : yet he runs that risk, sometimes almost as if he wished it.

Of Birnam rise ; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing : tell me, (if your art
 Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know.—
 Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Show ! 2 *Witch.* Show ! 3 *Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, and BANQUO last, with a glass in his hand*⁷.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo : down !
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls :—and thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
 A third is like the former :—Filthy hags !
 Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—Start, eyes !
 What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
 Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shows me many more ; and some I see,
 That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
 Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 'tis true ;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo⁸ smiles upon me,

⁷ — and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.] We make no change here either in the old stage-direction, or in the text, although it is proper to note that both stand thus in the corr. fo. 1632 :—

“ A show of eight Kings, and Banquo *first and last*, with a glass in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo : down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls ; and thy hair.

Thou other gold-bound brow *art* like the first :

A third is like the former.”

Thus the crown, on the blood-clotted hair of Banquo, is made to sear the eye-balls of Macbeth. At all hazards, it seems certain that “ hair ” ought not to be printed *air*, as Warburton gave the text, and all the old editions spell it *haire*. We leave the whole as in our first impression, which precisely accords with the folios, although it still is not clear in what way this “ show ” was managed, nor whether, in fact, Banquo led, as well as closed the procession of the “ eight Kings.”

⁸ — the BLOOD-BOLTER'D Banquo] The epithet “ blood-bolter'd ” (says

And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch*. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in! without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Malone) is a provincial term, well known in Warwickshire. When a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be *boltered*; and whenever the blood issues out, and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be "blood-bolter'd." To this note we may add, that in "Arden of Faversham," 1592, the word *bolstered* is used much in the same sense: Michael says,

"Methinkes I see them with their *bolstered* haire,
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face."

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
 But no more flights⁹.—Where are these gentlemen?
 Come; bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
 Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
 He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
 I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther:

⁹ But no more FLIGHTS.] It is "But no more sights" in the old editions, but altered to "flights" in the corr. fo. 1632. Here we fortunately possess the confirmation of Mr. Singer's amended second folio, so that he cannot dispute the change. This fact seems not to have been promulgated until after the appearance of our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," and it has come out for us most opportunely. The allusion, of course, is to the flight of Macduff to England, of which Macbeth has just received intelligence: then it is that he determines to take measures that nobody else shall escape his power. It merits notice that the very same blunder is committed, and set right in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Love's Cure," A. i. sc. 1 (Dyce's edit. ix. 115). The emendation in that case was made by Sympson.

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know't ourselves¹; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again².
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once. [Exit ROSSE.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set
for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

¹ And do not know't ourselves;] The folios all read, "And do not *know* ourselves;" but it is very evident from the context that the abbreviation for *it* had here escaped: "know't" is from the corr. fo. 1632.

² 'T SHALL not be long but I'll be here again.] Here Mr. Singer does not claim that his own amended second folio assists him; but he takes "'T shall" from our corr. fo. 1632, merely observing that "the ellipsis 't for *it* had evidently been omitted," in the same way as above. Nobody ever discovered the omission until it was pointed out in our "Notes and Emendations," though Mr. Singer does not say (the emendation is a comparative trifle) that he found it there. The text has always hitherto been "Shall not be long," &c.

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage,
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. *[Exit Messenger.]*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain³.

³ Thou liest, thou shag-EAR'D villain.] *i. e.* A villain who is shaggy about the ears, by reason of his long hair. Such (and not *shag-hair'd*) is the word in all the old copies, and we decline to make any alteration.

Mur. What, you egg, [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies* ⁴.
[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying "Murder," and*
pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.

England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom ⁵. Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will :
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve ⁶ of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

⁴ Dies.] There is no such stage-direction in the old copies, which, after this speech by the son, have only "Exit, crying murder;" but the meaning probably is, that only Lady Macduff goes out exclaiming, leaving the boy dead. She is, of course, followed by the assassins.

⁵ Bestride our DOWN-FALL'N birthdom.] The old copies have *down-fall*.

⁶ You may DESERVE] The folios read *discerne*, which Theobald corrected: still the construction is defective, and we might read "'tis wisdom," &c.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon :
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs ;
The title is affeer'd ' !—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds : I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands ; but, for all this, [*Showing a paper.*
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean ; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,

⁷ The title is AFFEER'D !] The old copies spell the law term, "affeer'd," *affeared*. To *affeer*, in the proceedings of manor courts, is to *confirm* ; and the meaning of the whole passage is,—“Great tyranny, be thou confident, for goodness dares not oppose thee : do what wrong thou wilt, thy title is confirmed.” Perhaps we ought also to substitute *Thy* for “The,” although the change is not made in the corr. fo. 1632.

That, when they shall be open'd⁸, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is your's: you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty⁹,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,

⁸ That, when they shall be OPEN'D,] Here we do not adopt an emendation, of a plausible character, in the corr. fo. 1632, viz. *ripen'd* for "open'd." The use of the word "grafted" may have led the poet to carry on the figure by the use of the word *ripen'd*, as applied to the growing up of the vices of Malcolm to maturity. It is, however, questionable, and we adhere to the received text.

⁹ ENJOY your pleasures in a spacious plenty,] It is "*Convey* your pleasures" in every impression from 1623 to the date of Mr. Singer's edition, where "Enjoy" (the word in the corr. fo. 1632) is found in the place of it. Even of this important change he makes no acknowledgement, but his note is merely this: "The old copy has *convey*. The words were easily confounded in copying from old MS." Hence the reader might infer that the change was the result of the unassisted sagacity of Mr. Singer. No editor ever dreamed of the fitness of such a change, until it was announced as contained in our corr. fo. 1632; and surely, in common fairness (to Mr. Singer) it ought to have been acknowledged.

I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
 And my more-having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd.

This avarice

Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
 Than summer-seeming lust¹ ; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foisons² to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own. All these are portable
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them ; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproar the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth.

Macd.

Oh Scotland, Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

Fit to govern !

No, not to live.—Oh, nation miserable !
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed ?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king : the queen, that bore thee,
 Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.

¹ Than SUMMER-SEEMING lust ;] *i. e.* Probably for "summer-beseeming." Warburton proposed to read, "summer-teeming ;" but the change appears unnecessary. Blackstone recommended "summer-seeding," and Steevens took "summer-seeming lust" to mean, "lust that seems as hot as summer."

² Scotland hath FOISONS] *i. e.* Plenty. It is generally used in the singular. We have had "teeming foison" in "Measure for Measure," A. i. sc. 5 ; which, in connexion with the next line but one above, may possibly give some warrant to "summer-teeming."

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.—Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces³
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

³ — their malady CONVINCES] *i. e.* Overcomes: see Vol. ii. p. 174. To "convince" is sometimes to *convict*: see Vol. iv. p. 514.

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil⁴:
 A most miraculous work in this good king,
 Which often, since my here remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
 Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The mean that makes us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation!
 Too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.

⁴ 'Tis call'd the evil:] It is said that Edward the Confessor was the first who touched for the cure of the king's evil, and the power was supposed to descend with the crown. It is certain that Elizabeth and James exercised it, especially the latter; in compliment to whom Shakespeare seems to have inserted this part of the scene, not in any way necessary to the action of the tragedy. It is struck out with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632, and was probably not then acted.

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them⁵.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief⁶,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,

⁵ — should not LATCH them.] To "latch," (in the north country dialect,) Steevens informs us, signifies the same as to *catch*. It has the same meaning in Norfolk, as we find from Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," 1838.

⁶ — fee-grief,] A grief that has a single owner, who holds it *in fee*.

Savagely slaughter'd : to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer⁷,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven !—

What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows :
Give sorrow words ; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break⁸.

Macd. My children too ?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence !
My wife kill'd too ?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted :
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones ?
Did you say, all ?—Oh, hell-kite !—All ?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop ?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so ;
But I must also feel it as a man :
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part ? Sinful Macduff !
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now !

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword : let grief
Convert to anger ; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh ! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission ; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself ;

⁷ Were, on the QUARRY of these murder'd deer,] A "quarry" was strictly a square heap of dead game. See Vol. iv. p. 607.

⁸ Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.] The following is from Montaigne's Essays, by Florio, b. i. ch. 2, a work of which it is known Shakespeare had a copy, and of which he certainly elsewhere made use :—"All passions that may be tasted and digested are but mean and slight.

"*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

"Light cares can freely speake,
Great cares heart rather breake."

Within my sword's length set him ; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too !

Mal. This tune goes manly⁹.
Come, go we to the king : our power is ready ;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may ;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman*¹.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock
her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it,
afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while
in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this
slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual per-
formances, what at any time have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to
confirm my speech.

⁹ This TUNE goes manly.] The folios read, *time*, which Rowe fitly altered to
"tune." *Time* could here scarcely be right, even were we to take for granted
(which we are far from doing) Gifford's statement, that *time* and *tune* were, of old,
used indifferently (Massinger, ii. 261). It would seem as if the Rev. Mr. Dyce
does not acknowledge the distinction, for in Beaumont and Fletcher's "False
One," Vol. vi. p. 234, he makes Apollodorus talk of "setting" his lines "to a
solemn time," instead of "a solemn tune." No misprint could be more easy or
more frequently committed, and hence the confusion by modern editors.

¹ Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.] This is the old
stage-direction, but the English "Doctor," introduced in the last scene with
Malcolm and Macduff, must also have been a Doctor of Physic, though not so
described in the old editions.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut².

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly³.

[*Taking out his tables.*]

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that? [Writing.]

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

² Ay, but their sense is shut.] Surely it is not necessary to retain the false concord of "their sense *are* shut." We should have made an amendment of this description silently, had not Malone endeavoured to justify the printer's error, because perhaps Steevens had corrected it. It is altered to "their sense *is* shut" in the corr. fo. 1632.

³ — to SATISFY my remembrance the more strongly.] So the old copies, and so we repeat; but we feel convinced that Shakespeare's word was *fortify*, misprinted "satisfy," by reason of the confusion introduced by the long *s*. However, we have no warrant, beyond conjecture, for the change: the corr. fo. 1632 adds the stage-direction, but makes no emendation.

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind she has mated⁴, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Country near Dunsinane.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS,
LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes

⁴ My mind she has MATED,] *i. e.* Astonished, confounded. The word has occurred before in the same sense: see Vol. iv. p. 52, &c.

Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man ⁵.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths ⁶, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course ⁷
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

⁵ Excite the MORTIFIED man.] The man who has undergone religious mortification. Shakespeare is his own best commentator: see "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 94, "My loving lord, Dumain is mortified."

⁶ And many UNROUGH youths,] We do not alter the received text here, which must be understood to signify *beardless*; but it is proper to mention that the corr. fo. 1632 has *untough*, i. e. tender, for "unrough."

⁷ He cannot buckle his distemper'd course] It is *cause* for "course" in the folios, and amended to "course" in the corr. fo. 1632. We learn from Mr. Singer, that Mr. S. Walker proposed the same change.

SCENE III.

Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:—
“Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.”—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt⁸, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch⁹?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me ever¹⁰, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my May of life¹

⁸ Shall never SAG with doubt,] “Sag” is, perhaps, an old form of *swag*.

⁹ — patch?] An appellation of contempt, in frequent use, alluding to the *patched*, or particoloured, dress of fools. See Vol. ii. p. 218; Vol. iv. p. 519.

¹⁰ Will CHAIR me ever,] “Chair” was proposed by Dr. Percy, instead of *cheer* of the folios, and it is not only supported by “disseat” in the same line, but by the corr. fo. 1632. In “*Coriolanus*,” A. iv. sc. 7, Vol. iv. p. 699, we have seen “cheer” misprinted *chair*, and here we meet with the contrary error.

¹ — my MAY of life] This is the reading of the corr. fo. 1632, and doubtless (as indeed Johnson conjectured) the true language of Shakespeare. It needs no proof that “way of life” was a very trite phrase, but the more trite it is proved

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round²;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
 How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest³.

Macb. Cure her of that:
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief⁴,

to be, the less likely it is that our poet should have used it here: the next line, where "the yellow leaf" is contrasted with the green luxuriance of May, so completely supports our text, that we have no misgiving in adopting it.

² — SKIRR the country round;] *i. e.* *Scour* the country round: "skirr" was sometimes spelt *scur*. We have already had "skirr" in "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 7, Vol. iii. p. 620.

³ That keep HER from her rest.] Malone says that "her" is omitted in the folio of 1623, and inserted in that of 1632. It is to be found in all copies of the folio of 1623 which we have had an opportunity of consulting; and, possibly, he meant to refer to the next speech, "Cure her of that," where "her" is left out in the folio, 1623, and supplied in that of 1632.

⁴ Cleanse the STUFF'D bosom of that perilous GRIEF,] In our former edition we suggested that the error in this line was to be found in the last word of it; and since then, we have met with a confirmation of the opinion in the corr. fo. 1632, where *stuff* is erased and "grief" written in the place of it: "grief" and *stuff* might be mistaken, and certain we are that "grief" is a vastly better reading than *stuff*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Few Notes," p. 128) collects many passages in which the same word is apparently purposely repeated, but we are confident that neither they,

Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna ^s, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hear'st thou of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exit.*]

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

nor as many more (which might be readily accumulated) would satisfy a judicious and impartial reader with *stuff*, in opposition to "grief." Even Mr. Dyce mistrusts his own evidence, as he well may, and begs "not to be understood to maintain positively the integrity of the old text."

⁵ What rhubarb, SENNA,] "Senna" is misprinted *cyme* in the folios, and Rowe corrected it to "senna." The Rev. Mr. Dyce tells us ("Remarks," p. 201) that the "Rates of Merchandizes" (where he found the entry of *napless* fustians, erroneously taken by him to mean "Naples fustians," see Vol. iv. p. 637) contains no such drug as *cyme*: we should have been astonished if it had.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him : thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope ;
For where there is advantage to be gotten ⁶,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate ;
Towards which advance the war. [Exeunt marching.]

SCENE V.

Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, "They come !" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not farc'd with those that should be our's ⁷,

⁶ For where there is advantage to be GOTTEN,] It is "advantage to be given" in the folios, and amended to "advantage to be gotten" in the corr. fo. 1632. There can be little doubt that it was the poet's word : Johnson would read "advantage to be gone ;" but "advantage to be got" is more probable, and "advantage to be gotten" more correct.

⁷ Were they not FARC'D with those that should be our's,] He alludes to the filling up of the ranks of his enemy—the *stuffing* of them with troops that ought to have fought on his side. The old reading of the folios is *forc'd*—an easy mis-

We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—What is that noise?

[*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have quail'd⁸
To hear a night-shriek: and my fell of hair⁹
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead¹.

Macb. She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death². Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

print for "farce'd," to which it is amended in the corr. fo. 1632. To "farce" is to *stuff*, of which it is needless to cite examples: Shakespeare uses it in "Henry V.," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 604. We may add here that in "Troilus and Cressida," Vol. iv. p. 572, "forced" ought to have been printed *farced*.

⁸ — my senses would have QUAIL'D] So the corr. fo. 1632 for the poor word *cool'd* of the folio, 1623, and the other folios. The blunder, no doubt, arose from the fact that this part of the play, as printed, was originally taken down in shorthand, and that the same letters, *kld*, spelt "quail'd" and *cool'd*.

⁹ — and my FELL of hair] "Fell" is properly *skin*, covered with hair.

¹ The queen, my lord, is dead.] We must suppose, that Seyton has gone to what we now call "the wing" of the stage to inquire.

² The way to DUSTY DEATH.] Shakespeare was not the first to apply the epithet "dusty" to death. Anthony Copley, in his "Fig for Fortune," 1596, has this line:—

"Inviting it to *dusty death's* defeature."

There can be no doubt it is the right word, although the second folio reads "*study* death" ("dusty" is restored by the old annotator), and Warburton would read *duky*. None of the commentators appear to have found an instance of the coupling of the two words "dusty death." The Rev. Mr. Dyce, when putting together his "Few Notes," in 1853, and quoting a whole stanza of Copley's poem, must have entirely forgotten that we had already used the same quotation for the same purpose in our first edition, Vol. vii. p. 180. He might have thus spared himself about a page of inapplicable censure.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move³.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee⁴: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood

³ The wood began to move.] So in Deloney's ballad in praise of Kentishmen, published in "Strange Histories," 1607, they conceal their numbers from William the Conqueror by the boughs of trees:—

"For when they spied his approach,
in place as they did stand,
Then marched they to hem him in
each one a bough in hand.

"So that unto the Conqueror's sight,
amazed as he stood,
They seemed to be a walking grove,
or els a mooving wood."—P. 7.

This ballad was written, unquestionably, before the year 1600, but Shakespeare, as usual, had his information from Holinshed. In our first edition we never "seemed to suppose," (Dyce's "Remarks," p. 202) that Deloney invented the incident.

⁴ Till famine CLING thee:] "Cling" is a word to which it is difficult to assign a precise meaning. The commentators have adduced various passages from other authors, which show that most of them used it in different senses. Steevens says, that "*clung*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up." In Craven, when a wet bladder is empty, and therefore collapses, it is said to *cling*, and the word is there also figuratively used for *hungry* or *empty*. See Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," 1838. In Sir F. Madden's admirable Glossary to "Syr Gawayne," 4to, 1839, *clenged* is interpreted "contracted or shrunk with cold." "Till famine cling thee" may therefore mean, "till famine *shrink* thee."

Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring th' alarum bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
MACDUFF, &c., and their Army with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siv. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.

The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siv. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman:—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes⁵, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruited⁶. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes your's,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die

⁵ — wretched KERNES,] The word "kernes" seems here used with greater licence than usual, viz. as mercenaries. We have already had the word twice in this tragedy, pp. 386, 387.

⁶ Seems BRUITED.] i. e. Noised or reported. See this Vol. p. 284, &c.

On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :
But get thee back ; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words ;
My voice is in my sword : thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out ! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm ;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man :
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense ;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time :
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, be of no woman born⁷,

⁷ And thou oppos'd, BE of no woman born,] The usual lection is *being* for "be," but surely there can be no reasonable doubt as to the fitness of the change made in the corr. fo. 1632, seeing the construction of the line immediately preceding. In the last line of this speech the old annotator cures a grammatical error by changing "him" to *he*, but as "him" was perhaps considered right in Shakespeare's time, and as he probably used the word, we make no alteration.

Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield : lay on, Macduff ;
 And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt, fighting*⁸.]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM,
 old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thaness, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off ; and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt :
 He only liv'd but till he was a man,
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead ?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of
sorrow
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he !
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death :
 And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more :
 They say, he parted well, and paid his score,
 And so, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head upon a pike.

Macd. Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
[*Sticking the pike in the ground*⁹.]

⁸ Exeunt, fighting.] According to the stage-direction of the folio, Macbeth and Macduff re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain before the audience. This seems hardly consistent with what afterwards occurs, when, according to the old copies, Macduff returns to the stage with Macbeth's head : perhaps the audience of that day delighted in a combat, and were gratified ; but it seems nevertheless evident that Macbeth was "slain" out of sight.

⁹ Sticking the pike in the ground.] This stage-direction, and the previous in-

The usurper's cursed head : the time is free.
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds ;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
 Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls ; the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life ;—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
 So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

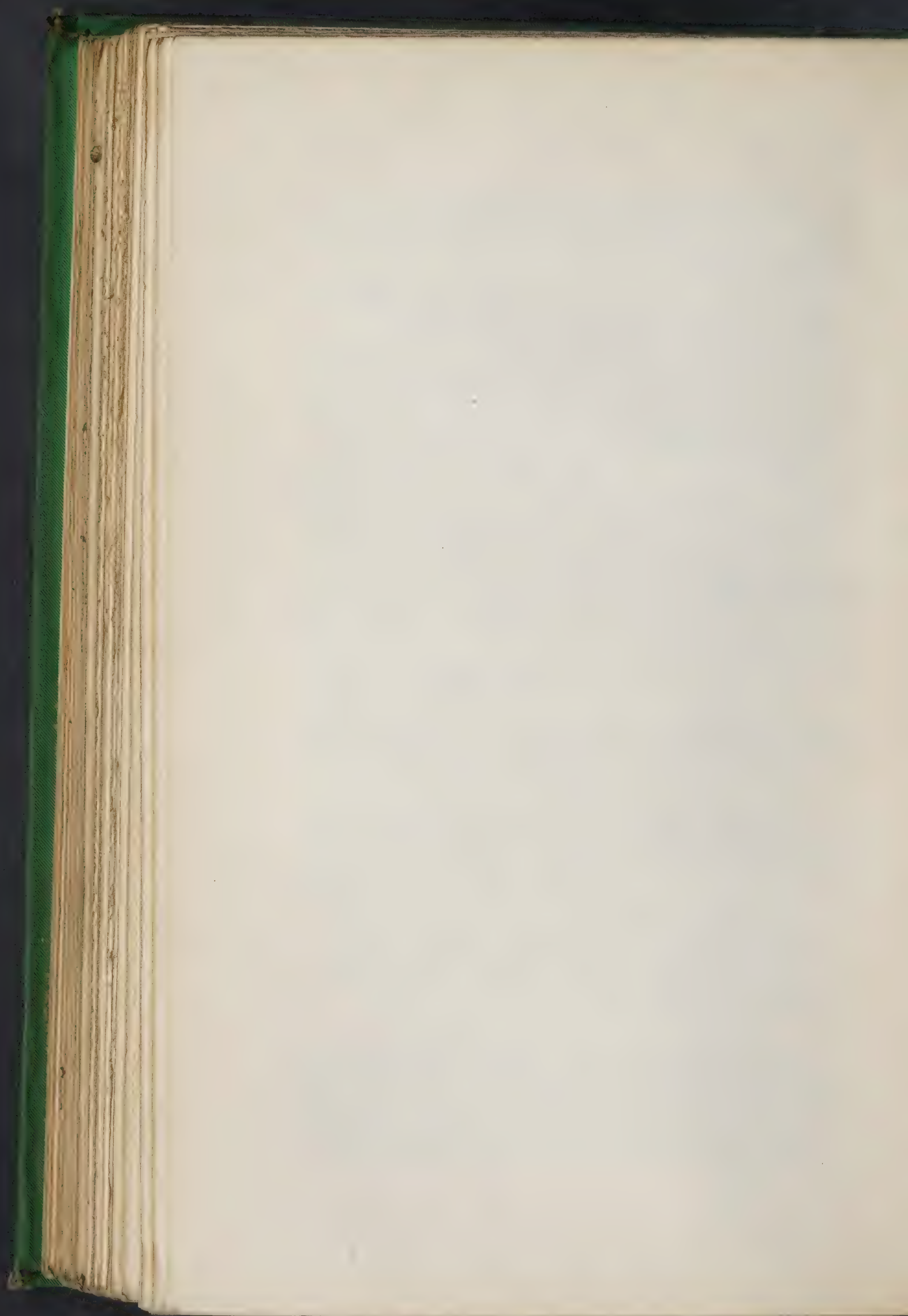
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

formation that Macduff entered with Macbeth's head *upon a pike*, are obtained from the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. They show the way in which the action of the tragedy was of old terminated ; and without it the words,

“ Behold, where stands

The usurper's cursed head,”

are hardly intelligible : they imply, however, that Macduff did not carry the head in his hand, and shake it before the spectators, as Richard is represented to have done with the head of Somerset, in “ Henry VI., Part III.,” A. i. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 116.



H A M L E T.

VOL. V.

h h

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. 4to. 33 leaves.

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet 1604. 4to. 51 leaves.

The title-page of the edition of 1605 does not differ in the most minute particular from that of 1604.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Diall. 1611. 4to. 51 leaves.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Diall. 4to. 51 leaves.

This undated edition was probably printed in 1607, as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on Nov. 19, in that year. An impression, by R. Young, in 4to, 1637, has also John Smethwicke at the bottom of the title-page.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke," occupies thirty-one pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz. from p. 152 to p. 280, inclusive, there being a mistake of 100 pages between p. 156 and what ought to have been p. 157.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story upon which, there is reason to believe, Shakespeare founded his tragedy of "Hamlet," has recently been reprinted, from the only known perfect copy¹, as part of a work called "Shakespeare's Library;" and there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable than the manner in which our great dramatist wrought these barbarous, uncouth, and scanty materials into the magnificent structure he left behind him. A comparison of "The Historie of Hamblet," as it was translated at an early date from the French of Belleforest², with "The Tragedy of Hamlet," is calculated to give us the most exalted notion of, and profound reverence for, the genius of Shakespeare: his vast superiority to Greene and Lodge was obvious in "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It;" but the novels of "Pandosto" and "Rosalynde," as narratives, were perhaps as far above "The Historie of Hamblet," as "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It" were above the originals from which their main incidents were derived.

There is, however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shakespeare: how far that lost play might be an improvement upon the old translated "Historie" we have no means of deciding, nor to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement. A drama, of which Hamlet was the hero, was certainly in being prior to the year 1587, (in all probability too early a date for Shakespeare to have been the writer of it) for we find it thus alluded to by Thomas Nash, in his preliminary epistle to the "Menaphon" of Robert Greene, published in that year³:—"Yet English Seneca,

¹ Dr. Farmer had an imperfect copy, but it is preserved entire among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge: it was printed in 1608, by Richard Bradocke, for Thomas Pavier. "There can be little doubt that it had originally come from the press considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century, although the multiplicity of readers of productions of the kind, and the carelessness with which such books were regarded after perusal, has led to the destruction, as far as can now be ascertained, of every earlier copy."—Introduction to Part IV. of "Shakespeare's Library."

² Belleforest derived his knowledge of the incidents from the "History of Denmark," by Saxo Grammaticus, first printed in 1514.

³ We give the date of 1587 on the authority of the Rev. A. Dyce (Greene's Works, Vol. i. pp. xxxvii. and ciii.). We have never been able to meet with any impression earlier than that of 1589. Sir Egerton Brydges reprinted the tract from the edition of 1616 (when its name had been changed to "Greene's Arcadia"), in "Archaica," Vol. i.

read by candlelight, yeelds many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfulls, of tragical speeches." The writer is referring to play-poets and their productions of that period, and he seems to have gone out of his way, in order to introduce the very name of the performance against which he was directing ridicule. Another piece of evidence, to the same effect, is to be found in Henslowe's Diary (p. 35), under the date of June 9th, 1594, when a "Hamlet" was represented at the theatre at Newington Butts: it was then an old play, and Henslowe's share of the receipts was only eight shillings. At that date, however, the company to which Shakespeare belonged was in joint occupation of the same theatre, and it is certainly possible, though improbable, that the drama represented on June 9th, 1594, was Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

We feel confident, however, that the "Hamlet" which has come down to us in at least six quarto impressions, in the folio of 1623, and in the later impressions in that form, was not written until the winter of 1601, or the spring of 1602⁴.

Malone, Steevens, and the other commentators, were acquainted with no edition of the tragedy anterior to the quarto of 1604, which professes to be "enlarged to almost as much again as it was:" they, therefore, reasonably suspected that it had been printed before; and within the last thirty years two copies of an edition in 1603 have been discovered. This, in fact, seems to have been the abbreviated and imperfect edition, consisting of only about half as much as the impression of 1604: one of these copies belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. From whose press it came we have no information, but it purported to be "printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell." The edition of the following year was printed by I. R. for N. L. only; and why Trundell ceased to have any interest in the publication we know not. N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and I. R., the printer of the edition of 1604, was, no doubt, James Roberts, who, two years before, had made the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"26 July, 1602.

James Roberts] A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett prince of Denmarke, as yt was latelie acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes."

The words, "as it was lately acted;" are important upon the question of date, and the entry farther proves, that the tragedy had been performed by the company to which Shakespeare

⁴ On 7 July, 1602, H. Chettle was paid 20s. in earnest of what is called in Henslowe's Diary (p. 224) "a Danish Tragedy"—possibly on the same story as Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and intended to rival it.

belonged. In the spring of 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's servants" became the King's players; and on the title-page of the quarto of 1603 it is asserted that it had been acted "by his Highness' servants." On the title-page of the quarto of 1604 we are not informed that the tragedy had ever been acted.

Thus we see, that in July, 1602, there was an intention to print and publish a play called "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark;" and this intention, we may fairly conclude, arose out of the popularity of the piece, as it was then performed by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," who, in May following, obtained the title of "the King's players." The object of Roberts in making the entry, already quoted, was to secure it to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavour to anticipate him. It seems probable, that he was unable to obtain such a copy of "Hamlet" as he would put his name to; but some inferior and nameless printer⁵, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing date in 1603 was published. Such, we have little doubt, was the origin of that impression, of which, probably, but a few were sold, and it was quickly entirely superseded by the enlarged impression of 1604.

As an accurate reprint was made in 1825 of "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke," 1603, it will be unnecessary to go in detail into proofs to establish, as we could do without much difficulty, the following points:—1. That great part of the play, as it there stands, was taken down in short-hand. 2. That where mechanical skill failed the short-hand writer, he either filled up the blanks badly from memory, or employed an inferior writer to assist him. 3. That although some of the scenes were carelessly transposed, and others entirely omitted in the edition of 1603, the drama, as it was acted while the short-hand writer was employed in taking it down, was, in all its main features, the same as the more perfect copy of the tragedy printed with the date of 1604. It is true that in the edition of 1603 Polonius is called Corambis, and his servant Montano, and we may not be able to determine why these changes were made in the immediately subsequent impression; but we may perhaps conjecture that they were names in the older play on the same story, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject. We know that Ben Jonson changed the whole *dramatis personæ* of his "Every Man in his Humour."

But although we entirely reject the quarto of 1603 as an

⁵ It has Ling's device on the title-page, and possibly was from his types: the edition of 1604 was printed for, not by, him.

authentic "Hamlet," it is of high value in enabling us to settle the text of various passages. It proves, besides, that certain portions of the play, as it appears in the folio of 1623, which do not form part of the quarto of 1604, were originally acted, and were not, as has been hitherto imagined, subsequent introductions. We have pointed out these and other peculiarities so fully in our notes, that we need not dwell upon them here; but we may mention, that in Act iii. sc. 4, the quarto of 1603 explains a curious point of stage-business, which puzzled all the commentators. Just as the Ghost is departing from the Queen's closet, Hamlet exclaims,

"Look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!"

Malone, Steevens, and Monck Mason argue the question, whether in this scene the Ghost, as in former scenes, ought to wear armour, or to be dressed in "his own familiar habit;" and they conclude, either that Shakespeare had "forgotten himself," or had meant "to vary the dress of the Ghost at this his last appearance." The quarto of 1603 shows exactly how the poet's intention was carried into effect, for there we meet with the stage-direction, "Enter the Ghost in his night-gown," and such was unquestionably the appearance of the performer of the part when the short-hand writer saw the tragedy: "My father, in *the* habit as he lived," are the words he recorded from the mouth of the actor of Hamlet. "Enter Ghost *unarmed*" is the stage-direction in our corrected folio, 1632.

The impression of 1604 being intended to supersede that of 1603, we may perhaps presume that the quarto of 1604 was, at least, as authentic a copy of "Hamlet" as the editions of any of Shakespeare's plays that came from the press during his lifetime. It contains various passages, some of them of great importance to the conduct and character of the hero, not to be found in the folio of 1623; while the folio includes other passages which are left out in the quarto of 1604, although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1603, that they were originally acted. The various quarto impressions were printed from each other, and even that of 1637, though it makes some verbal changes, contains no distinct indication that the printer had resorted to the folios.

The three later folios, in this instance as in others, were printed from the immediately preceding edition in the same form; but we are inclined to think, that if "Hamlet," in the folio of 1623, were not composed from some now unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre. The Acts and Scenes are, however, marked only in the first and second Acts, after which no divisions of the kind are noted, and

when Act iii. commences is merely matter of modern conjecture. Some large portions of the play appear to have been omitted for the sake of shortening the performance; and any editor who should content himself with reprinting the folio, without large additions from the quartos, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of "Hamlet" is, in fact, only to be obtained from a comparison of the editions in quarto and folio.

Coleridge, after vindicating himself from the accusation that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, (and we heard him broach them some years before the Lectures *Ueber Dramatische Kunst und Litteratur* were published,) thus, in a few sentences, sums up the character of Hamlet. "In Hamlet Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplation, acquire, as they pass, a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." (Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 205.)

It has generally been supposed that Joseph Taylor was the original actor of Hamlet, and Wright, in his "Historia Histriónica," 1699, certainly speaks of him as having performed the part. This, however, must have been after the death of Richard Burbage, which happened precisely eighty years before Wright published his tract: we know from the contemporaneous manuscript Elegy upon Burbage, that he was the earliest representative of Hamlet; and there the circumstance of his being "fat and scant of breath," in the fencing scene, is noticed in the very words of Shakespeare⁶. We apprehend that Taylor did not belong to the company for which Shakespeare wrote at the date when "Hamlet" was produced⁷.

⁶ See "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare" (published by the Shakespeare Society in 1846), p. 52.

⁷ Ibid. p. 253: Taylor was only 23 years old in 1608.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

LAERTES, his Son.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

} Courtiers.

OSRICK, a Courtier.

Another Courtier.

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

} Officers.

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.

REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.

A Captain. Ambassadors.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

¹ No copy of the tragedy, before the time of Rowe, has a list of the characters.

H A M L E T,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king¹!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there²?

¹ Long live the king!] This sentence appears to have been the watch-word given in answer to the demand of Francisco, "Nay, answer me," he being already on the watch.

² I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?] In all the 4tos, that of

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh! farewell, honest soldier³:

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night⁴?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore, I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond' same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

1603 excepted, this is a complete line: the folio of 1623 gives the latter part of it, "Stand: who's there?"

³ — honest SOLDIER:] The 4to, 1604, has *soldiers*; but only one was departing. It is followed by the later 4tos, but the literal error is corrected in the folio, 1623, and subsequently.

⁴ — to-night?] In all the 4tos, that of 1603 excepted, this line is assigned to Horatio, who had come purposely to inquire about the Ghost. The folio, 1623, gives it to Marcellus, but the mistake is remedied by the old annotator on the folio, 1632, which is thus made to conform to the 4tos.

Enter Ghost ⁵.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me ⁶ with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks ⁷ on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour ⁸,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

⁵ Enter Ghost.] "Armed" is added in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps needlessly; but see A. iii. sc. 4.

⁶ — it HARROWS me] One of the senses of "to harrow" is to *overthrow* or *subdue*, and some lexicographers have contended that it is more properly spelt *harry*. The verb recurs, with an obvious meaning, in scene 5 of this Act. The 4to, 1603, here reads, "it horrors me," &c.

⁷ — the SLEDDED POLACKS] *i. e.* The *sledged Polanders*; "Polacks" (spelt *Pollax*) was the name by which they were known in Shakespeare's time.

⁸ — and JUMP at this dead hour,] So every 4to: the folio explains the meaning of "jump" by substituting *just*. See also A. v. sc. 2. "Jump" was frequently used for *just*, as in Chapman's "May Day," 1611:—

"Your appointment was *jump* at three."

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast⁹ of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd¹,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle² hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute³,

⁹ — such daily CAST] Every 4to. prints "cast," *cost*: the folio, 1623, corrects the probable error.

¹ — as, by the same CO-MART,

And carriage of the article DESIGN'D,] The unusual word "co-mart" perhaps not having been understood, the folio, 1623, has *cov'nant* and *design*: the latter improvement was not made till the folio, 1632. The 4tos. have "co-mart."

² Of UNIMPROVED mettle] The 4to, 1603, reads, *inapproved*, *i. e.* unproved; which may have been the true reading, but all the other 4tos. and folios have "unimproved."

³ — LAWLESS resolute,] So every 4to, including that of 1603: the folio, 1623, probably by an error, gives it, "*landless* resolute," and *landless* is amended to "lawless" in the corr. fo. 1632.

For food and diet, to some enterprize
 That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 And terms compulsative⁴, those 'foresaid lands
 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but e'en so⁵:
 Well may it sort⁶, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
 That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun⁷; and the moist star,
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
 And even the like precursor of fierce events⁸

⁴ And terms COMPULSATIVE,] So the folio, 1623, which suits the measure better than "And terms *compulsatory*" of the 4tos.

⁵ I think, it be no other, but e'en so:] This and the seventeen following lines are not in the folio, nor is any trace of them to be found in the earliest 4to, that of 1603. They are, however, contained in all the subsequent 4to. editions.

⁶ Well may it SORT,] *i. e.* Agree or accord. See Vol. iv. pp. 141. 484.

⁷ As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 Disasters in the sun;] As these lines are not in the folio, 1623, we can look for no emendation in the corr. fo. 1632: they are probably irretrievably corrupt, and, as in other cases of like difficulty, we give the text precisely as it is found in the oldest authentic copy, the 4to, 1604. Malone and others have gone upon the supposition that a line has been lost, but there is no sufficient reason for thinking so; and we shrewdly suspect that the error lies merely in the word "Disasters," which was perhaps misprinted, because it was immediately below "As stars," and thus misled the eye of the old compositor. We do not imagine that Shakespeare used so affected and unpopular a word as *astres*, or *asters*: though it is found in both editions of Florio's Dictionary, in 1598 and 1611, it is not met with in Todd's Johnson, nor in Richardson; but it has been speculated upon, last by Mr. W. W. Williams, of Tiverton, who proposes to print the passage thus:—

"*Astres* with trains of fire and dews of blood
 Did overcast the sun," &c.

No change is at all satisfactory to us, and we therefore, as in our former impression, leave the old text unaltered.

⁸ — of FIERCE events] So some of the later 4tos: that of 1604 has "*feare* events," perhaps for "*fear'd* events."

As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion⁹!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it¹ with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'Tis here!

Hor.

'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn²,

⁹ Stay, illusion!] At these words there is a stage-direction in the edition of 1604, copied into the later 4tos, which seems to show the action used by the Ghost: the words are, "It spreads his arms." Lower down, just before the Ghost disappears again, the stage-direction in the 4tos. (likewise omitted in the folios) is, "The Cock crows:" this is added in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632.

¹ Shall I strike at it] The word *at* is found only in the folios—"strike at it."—It affords the regular number of syllables for the line.

² — trumpet to the morn,] The folio has *day* for "MORN;" but the cock is the trumpet to the "morn," and not so properly to the *day*: we have not only "day" just afterwards, but it seems used in such a manner as to show that

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day ; and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine ; and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad³ ;
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes⁴, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
 But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.
 Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State.

*Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
 VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants*⁵.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted

"morn" (found in all the 4tos. but that of 1603, which has *morning*) is the true lection. Drayton, as Malone observes, calls the cock "the morning's trumpeter."

³ — no spirit DARES STIR abroad ;] So all the 4tos, but the first of 1603, which has "dare walk : " the folio, *can walk*. Lower down, the folio has "the time," for "that time" of the 4tos ; but it seems right, still lower, in substituting "eastern" for *eastward*.

⁴ No fairy TAKES,] *Talks* in the folio. To "take" is to *blast*, *strike*, or *infect* ; and *talks* is amended to "takes" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁵ — and Attendants.] The corr. fo. 1632 adds, "The King takes his seat."

To bear our hearts in grief⁶, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
 Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye⁷,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along : for all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
 Thus much the business is⁸ : we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His farther gait herein, in that the levies,
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject : and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting⁹ to old Norway ;
 Giving to you no farther personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope

⁶ To BEAR our hearts in grief,] So all the old editions ; but the corr. fo. 1632 informs us that the true, and by no means unpalatable, reading is, "To bathe our hearts in grief." We make no change, because none is positively required.

⁷ With ONE auspicious, and ONE dropping eye,] This is the line in the folios : in the 4to, 1604, it is "With *an* auspicious and *a* dropping eye."

⁸ Thus much the business is :] All the preceding part of this speech is not found in the 4to, 1603.

⁹ For BEARERS of this greeting] The folio, 1623, less correctly, "For bearing," &c. The later folios, as usual, copy the first.

Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave?—What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave¹,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind². [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off³,

¹ — wrung from me my slow leave,] This and the two following lines are in the 4to, 1604, and in every subsequent edition in that form, but not in the folios: the 4to, 1603, reads,

“He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forc'd grant,
And, I beseech you, grant your highness' leave.”

² A little more than kin, and less than kind.] This expression seems to have been proverbial. In Rowley's “Search for Money,” 1609, we meet with the following:—“I would he were not so near to us in kindred, then, sure, he would be nearer in kindness.”—Sign. B.

³ — cast thy NIGHTED colour off,] The 4to, 1603, has no corresponding passage, and all the other 4tos. have “nighted,” which the folio, 1623, injuriously alters to *nightly*. It is *night-like* in the corr. fo. 1632.

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids⁴
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother⁵,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow⁶: but to persevere
In obstinate condolment is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

⁴ — thy VAILED lids] To "vail" is to *lower*. See Vol. ii. p. 525, &c.

⁵ — good mother,] In the 4to, 1603, the whole of this speech is addressed to the King:—"My lord, 'tis not the sable suit I wear," &c. The 4to, 1604, lower down, reads, "*chapes* of grief," subsequently altered to "*shapes* of grief," excepting in the folio, 1623, which has "shows." In the next line, the 4to, 1604, having the letter *n*, in "denote," turned, led some of the printers of the later 4tos. to suppose that the word *devout*, then spelt *deuoute*, was intended.

⁶ To do OBSEQUIOUS sorrow:] *i. e.* Sorrow as at *obsequies* of the dead. See Vol. iv. pp. 153. 231. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 2, "obsequious in your love" means *observant*; and in "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 4, "obsequious fondness" is *dutiful* fondness. At the end of the line the word "persever" was accented on the second syllable, and we here repeat the old form for that reason. See also "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," A. iii. sc. 2.

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father; for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And, with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg
 It is most retrograde to our desire;
 And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse⁷ the heaven shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King, Queen, POLONIUS,*
LAERTES, Lords, &c.

Ham. Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew⁸;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. Oh God! oh God!

⁷ And the king's ROUSE] *i. e.* Carouse: the word "rouse" was often used; and Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," Vol. ii. p. 228 (as Todd remarks), tells us that as late as the reign of Charles II. "the Danish rowse" was notorious in this country. This may be the same as the German *rausch*, drunkenness, and hence "rouse" and *carouse*. See "Othello," A. iii. sc. 1.

⁸ — RESOLVE itself into a dew;] "Resolve" is *dissolve*, as in "King John," A. v. sc. 4, Vol. iii. p. 200:

—————"as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire."

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! Oh fie⁹! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven¹
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,
 (Oh God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married.—Oh, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you²:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

⁹ Fie on't! Oh fie!] The folio, 1623, to the injury of the metre, and in opposition to the 4tos, reads, "Fie on't! Oh fie fie!"

¹ That he might not BETEEM the winds of heaven] To "beteem" here is to *allow* or *suffer*. It stands *beteen* in the three earliest folios, and *between* in the fourth, which Southern in his copy altered to *permit*, and Rowe printed *permitted* *not*. The 4tos. (excepting that of 1603, where the line is wanting) have "beteem."

² I am glad to see you:] The old corrector of the folio, 1632, omits "well" at the end of this sentence. It spoils the line, and is not mere surplusage, for how was Hamlet thus early to know whether Horatio were "well" or not?

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear³ your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart⁴.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven⁵,
Ere ever I had seen⁶ that day, Horatio!—

My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Oh! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

³ I would not HEAR] So the 4tos: the folio, "I would not have," but amended to "hear" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.] So the 4to, 1603, and the folio, 1623: the later 4tos. have the line,

"We'll teach you for to drink ere you depart."

⁵ — DEAREST foe in heaven,] "Dearest" means here *direst*. See Vol. ii. p. 714.

⁶ ERE ever I had seen] The 4to, 1603, and the folio, 1623 (the last with a slight transposition) have "Ere ever," the later 4tos, "Or ever," which is equivalent. Malone objects to the folio, that it substitutes a modern for an ancient form of expression, not being, of course, aware that "Ere ever" was warranted by the oldest known copy of this play. Besides, "ere ever" is perhaps as ancient an expression as "or ever."

⁷ SAW WHO?] "Who" is altered to *whom* in the corr. fo. 1632, and with strict grammatical propriety; but it may be doubted whether Shakespeare did not write it, as it has been printed: we therefore leave "who."

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night⁸,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point⁹, exactly cap-à-pié,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bechill'd
Almost to jelly¹ with the act of fear,

⁸ In the dead *vast* and middle of the night,] This is the line as it stands in the 4to, 1603; and if that edition had afforded us no other correction of a misprint in the other 4tos. and folios, its high value would, we think, have been established. Hitherto the reading has been, "In the dead *waist* and middle of the night;" the word *waist* having been printed *wast* or *waste* in all the old copies subsequent to that of 1603. Few corruptions could be more easy than for the compositor to substitute *w* for *v*. The word "vast" is here used in the same sense as in "The Tempest," A. i. sc. 2,

———— "urchins

Shall, for that *vast of night* that they may work,
All exercise on thee."

"Vast of night" means the *vacancy* or *void* of night; and in the line in our text, "the dead *vast* and middle of the night" is the silent vacancy of midnight. To take *wast* of the 4to, 1604, &c. in the sense of the *waist*, or middle of a person, is to impute mere tautology to Shakespeare, instead of the fine meaning derived from the supposition, that his reference is to the deserted emptiness and stillness of midnight. See also note 2 to "Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 14. We ought to add that in the corr. fo. 1632, *wast* is altered to "vast."

⁹ Armed at point,] So all the 4tos: the folio, 1623, reads "Arm'd at all points."

¹ ————— whilst they, BECHILL'D

Almost to jelly] The 4tos. have *distill'd*, the folios *bestil'd*; and as neither word can be pronounced satisfactory, we rejoice in obtaining from the corr. fo. 1632 what must have been the poet's language,—"bechill'd." "Jelly" becomes jelly only by being "bechill'd;" and when the Rev. Mr. Dyce and others argue that *distill'd* may mean melted, they forget that Horatio does not say that Marcellus and Bernardo were *melted* to "jelly," for jelly is no longer jelly when melted, but that they were "bechill'd to jelly:" it is jelly because it has been "bechill'd." Besides, Shakespeare himself never uses "distilled" (often as it occurs in his plays) as melted, but as extracted; and even in this very tragedy, and in this very Act, he speaks of a "leperous distilment" as procured by distillation from "cursed hebenon." Therefore, we feel morally certain that Shakespeare's word here was "bechill'd;" but there is hardly any extremity of obtuse perverseness to which some persons will not go, rather than adopt the most indisputable emendation from the source of so much improvement in the text of Shakespeare,—our corr. fo. 1632.

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord², 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs³, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

² — my HONOUR'D lord,] The folio, 1632, misprints "honour'd," required by the verse, *honourable*; but "honour'd" is restored by the old annotator.

³ Indeed, indeed, sirs,] All the 4tos, but the first, omit the second "indeed." Farther on, the same remark will apply to the repetition of "very like."

Ham. Very like,
 Very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizzled⁴? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night:
 Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will⁵.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still⁶;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
 I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
 [Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
 Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.

⁴ His beard was GRIZZLED?] So every 4to: the folios, *grisly*. Malone quotes the following line, very much in point, from Shakespeare's Sonnet, xii. :—

"And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white."

In the 4to, 1609, of the Sonnets, "all" is misprinted *or*.

⁵ I warrant it will.] The folio inserts *you* after "warrant," to the injury of the metre. "Warrant" is to be pronounced as one syllable, or in the time of one syllable; and it is printed *warn't* in every 4to. subsequent to that of 1603, which has the word at length.

⁶ Let it be TENABLE in your silence still;] The folios misprint "tenable," as it stands in the 4tos, *treble*: the 4to, 1603, spells the word *tenible*. *Treble* is amended to "tenable" in the corr. fo. 1632. In A. v. sc. 1 of this play, it will be seen that "treble" is misprinted in the folio, 1623, *terrible*, and so it was continued till the time of Rowe: he did not, however, as he ought to have done, correct *wooe* there to "woe:" see his edit. 1709, Vol. v. p. 2454.

SCENE III.

A Room in POLONIUS' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute⁷;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will⁸: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth⁹:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state¹;

⁷ The perfume and suppliance of a minute;] The folio strangely omits the words "perfume and," absolutely necessary to the line.

⁸ The virtue of his WILL:] So every 4to: the folios have *fear* for "will," which last is evidently the right word, and for which it is changed in the corr. fo. 1632. The compositor, perhaps, caught *fear* from the end of the line. "Besmirch," in the previous line, is a word which has frequently occurred before (Vol. ii. pp. 50. 59. 368; and Vol. iii. p. 612) with the same meaning, viz. *soiled* or *sullied*.

⁹ For he himself is subject to his birth:] This line is only in the folios.

¹ The SAFETY and health of THIS WHOLE state;] We follow the 4tos, 1604, &c.: the folio is very incorrectly printed in this part of the scene, and reads, "The sanctity and health of the weole state." "Safety" was often of old, as in this line, pronounced as a trisyllable. *Sanctity* is duly altered to "safety" in the corr. fo. 1632.

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he, in his particular act and place²,
 May give his saying deed; which is no farther,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 To his unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own reed³.

Laer. Oh! fear me not.
 I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

² — in his PARTICULAR ACT and PLACE,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio, 1623, reads, "*peculiar sect and force*;" *sect* is made "act," and *force* "place" in the corr. fo. 1632.

³ And RECKS not his own REED.] *i. e.* And cares not for his own *counsel* or *advice*. "Reed" was used of old both as a substantive and a verb.

And you are stay'd for.—There,—my blessing with you;

[*Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character⁴. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel⁵;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous choice in that⁶.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

⁴ Look thou CHARACTER.] *i. e.* Look thou write or imprint, as in characters. The folio has, "See thou character."

⁵ — with HOOPS of steel;] Malone would substitute *hooks* for "hoops," without any authority. The oldest 4to. has, "with a *hoop* of steel," and all the others, and the folios, "with *hoops* of steel." Two lines lower the 4tos. have *courage* for "comrade," and the folio *unhatch'd* for "new-hatch'd."

⁶ Are of a most select and generous CHOICE in that.] "Choice" was formerly not unfrequently spelt *choise*, and the use of the long *s* led to the misprinting of "choice," first *chiefe*, and afterwards *cheff*, which puzzled all commentators. The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes "choice," and the whole difficulty is removed, for Polonius says that the French are "of a most select and generous choice" in all matters relating to dress. The same blunder of printing *chiefe* for "choice" is committed, and undetected, in the comedy of "The Widow" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, iv. 350), where the line

"The word of words, the precious chief, i' faith,"

is mere nonsense, the meaning being that of a "precious *choice*" word. No wonder, therefore, that the Rev. Editor, in his "Remarks," p. 206, is so strongly in favour of *chief* (though entirely ungrammatical) in this passage in "Hamlet." In the edition of Sydney's "Astrophil and Stella," 1591, which was very hastily brought out, the error of *chiefest* for "choicest" is more than once apparent.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you⁷: go; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Exit* LAERTES.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought.

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus⁸, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven⁹.

⁷ The time INVITES you:] Every 4to. but the first, where the passage is wanting, has, "The time *invests* you:" the folio "invites." So in "All's Well that Ends Well," Vol. ii. p. 609, we would read, as here, "the time *invites* us" instead of "revives us," as it stands in the old copies.

⁸ RUNNING it thus,] *i. e.* Running it, as it were, out of wind. The folios read *Roaming* for "Running;" but it is "Wrong it thus" in the 4to, 1604, and hence some have supposed that the proper text was "*Wronging* it thus:" such was our opinion, until we found "Running it thus" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ With almost all the holy vows of heaven.] The folio reads poorly, and lamely, "With all the vows of heaven." Our text is that of the 4tos.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter¹,
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
 Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
 You must not take for fire. From this time²,
 Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence:
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
 Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him, that he is young;
 And with a larger tether may he walk,
 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
 Not of that die³ which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds⁴,
 The better to beguile. This is for all;—
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so squander any moments' leisure⁵,
 As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
 Look to't, I charge you; so now, come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ LENDS the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,] The folio has *Gives* for "Lends" of all the 4tos: the last is to be preferred, if on no other account, because the next line begins with "Giving." Coleridge did not doubt (*Lit. Rem.* vol. ii. p. 217) "that a spondee had dropped out in this line," but we have had many previous examples of eight-syllable lines, and the old copies are uniform in the text. We meet with no addition to the line in the corr. fo. 1632; and it might easily have been made, supposing it warranted by any authority.

² FROM this time,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. "Fire" is to be read as a dissyllable: the folio has, "*For this time, daughter,*" which is clearly wrong.

³ NOT OF THAT DIE] So every 4to. but that of 1603, which does not contain the passage. The folios, "*Not of the eye,*" probably a mere misprint, although *eye* is sometimes used, as in "*The Tempest,*" A. ii. sc. 1, to signify a slight shade of colour: the "die" has reference to the "investments," or *vestments*.

⁴ — and pious BAWDS,] Theobald, with great plausibility, with reference to "brokers" just above, read *bawds* for "bonds," and such is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632. We formerly preserved *bonds*.

⁵ HAVE you so SQUANDER any MOMENTS' leisure,] For "squander" the old copies have *slander*, and for "moments," *moment*: both emendations are from the corr. fo. 1632. Two lines below the old annotator inserts *so now* before "come your ways," and the defective measure shows that most likely something had been carelessly omitted. We therefore insert "so now," authorized by the old annotator.

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold ⁶.

Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within* ⁷.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't;
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west ⁸
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:

⁶ — it is very cold.] So all the 4tos, and no doubt rightly. The folio absurdly makes it a question, "is it very cold?" after Hamlet has himself complained that "the air bites shrewdly."

⁷ — and ordnance shot off, within.] The folios have no stage-direction here: in the 4to, 1604, it is, "and 2 pieces go off:" perhaps the theatre had only *two pieces* belonging to it. This is the more likely because Ben Jonson, in his "Exe-cration against Vulcan," speaking of the burning of the Globe Theatre in 1613, tells us that the calamity was occasioned by the discharge of "two poor chambers."

⁸ This heavy-headed revel, east and west] This and the twenty-one following lines are not in the folio, nor is there any trace of them in the 4to, 1603, but they are inserted in other 4to. editions. Possibly they never formed part of the acted play, as James I. was married to a Danish Princess, and the King of Denmark twice visited this country early in the reign of the successor of Elizabeth. The lines may have been struck out to avoid offence.

They clepe us drunkards⁹, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin)
 By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else¹, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of ill
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,
 To his own scandal².

*Enter Ghost*³.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [*Pause*⁴.

⁹ They CLEPE us drunkards,] *i. e.* "They call us drunkards;" from the A. S. *clypian*. See Vol. ii. p. 100, and this Vol. p. 419.

¹ THEIR virtues else,] In all the old copies it is "*His* virtues else"—corrected by Theobald.

² To his own scandal.] This sentence in the 4to, 1604, stands thus:—

———— "the dram of *eale*
 Doth all the noble substance *of a doubt*
 To his own scandal."

Some corruption is evident, but the text, as we have given it, affords a distinct and consistent meaning: it is easy to see how "ill" might be misprinted *eale*, and "often doubt" *of a doubt*, the scribe or compositor having taken the passage by his ear only: indeed a stronger proof of the kind could hardly be pointed out. To "dout" is of course to *do out*, to *destroy* or *extinguish*, and the word is still not unknown in some parts of the kingdom, particularly in the north: see Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," 1838.

³ Enter Ghost.] "Armed as before," says a MS. note in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ Pause.] This minute stage-direction, showing the particular manner of the old actor of the character of Hamlet, ought to be preserved, and is in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. It seems natural that the performer should "pause" to recover breath after this exclamation, and before he tremblingly proceeds with his question to the Ghost. We believe that the modern practice on our stage has been uniform in this respect,—possibly, from the oldest tradition.

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents⁵ wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd⁶,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons HAMLET*.⁷

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you⁸ to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it⁹.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

⁵ Be thy INTENTS] So the 4tos: the folio, 1623, reads "Be thy *events*;" but it is altered to "intents" in the corr. fo. 1632. The two words were not unfrequently confounded, and a remarkable proof of it has been preserved in Marlowe's "Tamberlaine, Part I." (edit. Dyce, i. 93), where the second Virgin wishes to move the hero to pity, or as she expresses it, to

"Convey *intents* of mercy to his heart."

"Intents" (i. e. *intentions*) is misprinted *events* in the old copies, and so it has been allowed to remain in the new impression.

⁶ — quietly IN-URN'D,] The 4tos, including that of 1603, have "quietly *interr'd*:" the folio as in our text. *Interr'd*, as the Rev. Mr. Dyce justly says, may be right: bodies were then buried, not burned.

⁷ The Ghost beckons] This stage-direction is in every old copy, though omitted in every modern one, until the date of our former impression.

⁸ It WAVES you] So every 4to: the folio, *wafts*: but Hamlet, just below, according to the same edition, says, "It *waves* me forth again."

⁹ — then, WILL I follow it.] So the 4to, 1603, and the folio: the other 4tos, "*I will*."

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again :—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff¹,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? think of it :
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath².

Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd : you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me³ :
I say, away !—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Or to the dreadful SUMMIT of the cliff,] It is "*sonnet* of the cliff" in the folios (*sommet* in the 4to, 1611), but amended to "summit of the cliff" in the corr. fo. 1632.

² And hears it roar beneath.] This and the three preceding lines are in the 4tos, 1604, &c. ; but the folios have no trace of them : such, as might be expected, is the case with the 4to, 1603, which however contains the disputed line with the expression, "sovereignty of reason."

³ — of him that LETS me :] *i. e.* That *hinders* or *prevents* me : see this Vol. p. 130. The word hardly requires a note.

SCENE V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to lasting fires⁴,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an-end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine⁵:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, oh list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

⁴ And for the day confin'd to LASTING fires,] "Lasting" is *fast* in the old copies, 4to. and folio, but amended (in consistency with Heath's proposal) to "lasting fires" in the corr. fo. 1632. Schlegel rendered it *zu fasten in der Glut*, but Prof. Mommsen altered it to *in ew'ge Feuerluth*.

⁵ — upon the FRETFUL porcupine:] *Fearful* in all 4tos, but that of 1603.

Ham. Oh God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itself⁶ in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts⁷,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself⁸ in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:

⁶ That roots itself] The 4to, 1603, and all the other 4tos, have "roots:" the folio, *rots*, perhaps rightly.

⁷ — WITH traitorous gifts,] The folio reads corruptly, as the sense and the 4tos. show, "*hath* traitorous gifts." *Hath* is made "with" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁸ Will sate itself] Even the errors of the 4to, 1603, are sometimes of importance. The 4to, 1604, and others, read, "Will *sort* itself," and the folio, 1623, "Will *sate* itself," while the 4to, 1603, has *fate* for "sate;" the error, as usual, having arisen from the printer mistaking a long *s* for an *f*.

Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon⁹,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset,
 And curd, like eager droppings¹ into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about²,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd³:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd⁴;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible⁵!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.

⁹ My custom always IN the afternoon,] So the folio, supported by the 4to, 1603. The later 4tos. read *of* for "in."

¹ — like EAGER droppings] We have had "eager" in the second line of this scene: here it means *sour*, as in the former instance it meant *sharp*. In the *Prompt. Parv.* we have "Egyr, or egre," translated *acer*. In the folio it is here spelt *aygre*, according to the Fr. etymology.

² — BARK'D about,] The 4to, 1603, comes again to our aid here: it has "bark'd," which is the reading of all the other 4tos, and no doubt the right word, though in the folio it is misprinted *bak'd*, for which some editors contend.

³ — at once DISPATCH'D:] *Depriv'd* is the word in the 4to, 1603; but in the other 4tos. and folios "dispatch'd." The corr. fo. 1632 substitutes *despoil'd*, which on some accounts may seem preferable; but as "dispatch'd" is so warranted, and, as far as intelligibility is concerned, so unobjectionable, we retain it.

⁴ Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;] "Unhousel'd" is without having received the sacrament: "disappointed" is *unappointed* or *unprepared*; and "unanel'd" is *unoiled*, without extreme unction. In the 4to, 1604, (the earliest that contains the word) it is spelt *unanueid*.

⁵ — most horrible!] Johnson recommended that this line should be transferred to Hamlet, and Garrick so repeated it; but that it was not so intended by the poet, is proved by every old copy, including the 4to, 1603. The old annotator on the fo. 1632, also, who was usually very attentive to such matters, made no change. We therefore make none.

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me⁶.

[Exit.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heaven! Oh earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—Oh fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up⁷!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
Oh, most pernicious and perfidious woman⁸!
Oh villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down⁹,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.— [Writing.
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!

⁶ Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.] This is the line in the folios: it differs from that in the 4tos. by having "Hamlet," instead of *adieu* repeated a third time. It is so far supported by the 4to, 1603, that we find "Hamlet" in the line there, in addition to "adieu, adieu, adieu!"

⁷ — bear me STIFFLY up!] The 4to, 1603, has not the passage: the other 4tos. read corruptly, "Bear me *swiftly* up," but the folio, 1623, "stiffly up."

⁸ Oh, most pernicious AND PERFIDIOUS woman!] "And perfidious," clearly required by the line, is only found in the corr. fo. 1632. The two words "pernicious" and "perfidious," looking like each other, perhaps the old printer, having composed the first, fancied he had composed both, and thus omitted a very striking and appropriate epithet.

⁹ My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,] The folio needlessly repeats "My tables," and just above it inserts "yes" twice, in both cases to the injury of the metre, as it stands in the 4tos.

Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him !

Mar. [*Within.*] So be it !

Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come ¹.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. Oh, wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No ;

You'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of man once think it ?—

But you'll be secret.

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark, But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right ; you are i' the right ; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part : You, as your business and desire shall point you, For every man hath business and desire, Such as it is ; and, for mine own poor part, Look you ², I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words ³, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ; yes, 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

¹ — come, bird, come.] An exclamation used by falconers. In the 4tos. it stands "boy, come and come :—" there also the short speeches are somewhat differently distributed, but we have followed the folio, where the arrangement seems preferable.

² Look you,] These words are only in the folio impressions.

³ — but wild and WHIRLING words,] The folio has *hurling* : we adopt "whirling" not merely because it is the reading of the 4tos, 1604, &c., but because it is found also in the 4to, 1603.

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham.

Nay, but swear't.

Hor.

In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword⁴.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny⁵?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then, we'll shift our ground.—
 Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword :
 Never to speak of this that you have heard,
 Swear by my sword⁶.

⁴ Upon my sword.] It is useless to accumulate instances of the ordinary practice of swearing on the cross of the hilt of the sword. Warburton quoted Bartholinus to show that with the Danes it was a religious ceremony, but Shakespeare attended only to the manners of his own country. In the opening of R. Greene's "Pinner of Wakefield," 1599, the Earl of Kendall swears upon his sword to relieve the poor; and Dekker in his play of "Fortunatus," 1600, makes one of the characters say, "He has sworn to me on the cross of his pure Toledo." It would be easy to adduce many other passages, but they would establish no more than has been already proved.

⁵ — art thou there, TRUE-PENNY?] "True-penny" was used by other authors besides Shakespeare; by Nash, for instance, in his "Almond for a Parrot." It is (as I learn from Mr. Pryme, Mr. Kennedy of Sheffield, and other authorities) a mining term, and signifies a particular indication in the soil of the direction in which ore is to be found. Hence Hamlet may with propriety address the Ghost under ground by that name.

⁶ Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.] In the 4tos, 1604, &c. "Swear by my sword" pre-

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy⁷. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we
would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they
might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do⁸,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.—
The time is out of joint; oh cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.—
Nay, come; let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

cedes the line "Never to speak," &c. In the 4to, 1603, and in the folio, the order is reversed, and the passage stands as in our text. In the later 4tos. also the Ghost afterwards says, "Swear *by his sword*," and not merely "Swear," as in the two previous instances. In the next line, the folio has *ground*, for "earth" of every anterior copy.

⁷ — in YOUR philosophy.] So every 4to, that of 1603 included: the folio, 1623, first introduced *our*.

⁸ — this not to do,] So the folio, and so the 4to, 1603: the other 4tos, "this do swear."

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in POLONIUS's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO ⁹.*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.*Rey.* I will, my lord.*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.*Pol.* Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus ¹,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him:"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.*Pol.* "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonour him.*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

⁹ Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.] The later 4tos. read, "Enter old Polonius with his man or two." The 4to, 1603, "Enter Corambis and Montano."

¹ As thus,] It is "And thus" in the folios, "As thus" in the 4tos, with which the corr. fo. 1632 is made to agree.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant².

You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,
Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass³, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman⁴."

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,

² And, I believe, it is a fetch of WARRANT.] So the folio. The 4to, 1604, reads, "a fetch of wit." Either may be right.

³ By the mass,] In the folio, 1623, this exclamation is omitted, here, perhaps, as a form of oath very objectionable subsequent to the Reformation. However, the same edition is often inconsistent in this respect.

⁴ As "friend or so," and "gentleman."] These words are only in the folio impressions. In the next line but one, the folio, 1623, inserts *with you* after "closes,"—not wanted, and not found in any of the older copies.

Videlicet, a brothel" or so forth.—

See you now ;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth ⁵ :

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out :

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you ; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit* ⁶.

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord ! I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of God ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

⁵ — this CARP of truth :] All the folios have "*cape* of truth," the 4tos. "*carp*," to which the word in the corr. fo. 1632 is amended.

⁶ *Rey.* Well, my lord. [*Exit.*] Mr. Singer, by the erroneous division of a line, here represents Polonius, and not Reynaldo, as making his *Exit*: the mistake detects itself in the next words.

⁷ Alas, my lord !] The 4tos, "Oh my lord, my lord," and in the next line but one, *closet* for "chamber:" the 4to, 1603, has not the passage, but begins "Oh, my dear father! such a change in nature."

He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so :
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their help,
 And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me : I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love ;
 Whose violent property fordoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What ! have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment^s
 I had not quoted him¹ : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee² ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
 This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*]

^s I am sorry that with better HEED and judgment] "Heed" is the word in the 4tos, which became *speed* in the folio, 1623 ; but the old word was introduced into the corr. fo. 1632 by the old annotator.

¹ I had not QUOTED him :] i. e. *Noted* or *observed* him. See Vol. iii. p. 184, Vol. iv. p. 508, and this Vol. p. 116.

² And meant to WRECK thee ;] This is one of the places where the old spelling of "wreck" *wrack*, (observed by some modern editors, as if we ought to return to the loose and uncertain orthography of our ancestors,) produces confusion. It is not quite clear whether Polonius means "wreck," in the sense cast away, or *rack* in the sense of tortured : we have taken it as the former, because it is the more probable. The folio, 1623, sometimes spells "rack" *wrack*, as in the passage in "King Lear," A. v. sc. 3, where Kent speaks of "the rack of this tough world." It is *wracke* also in the 4tos.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern :
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of³ : I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time ; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus⁴,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

³ I cannot DREAM of:] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio has *deem* for "dream." In the next line but one, the folio has "humour" for *haviour* of the 4tos. "Humour" appears preferable.

⁴ Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,] This line, absolutely necessary to the sense, and found in all the 4tos. subsequent to that of 1603, is omitted in the folio.

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey⁵;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen⁶.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some
Attendants.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king⁷:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do⁸) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. Oh! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast⁹.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

⁵ BUT we both obey;] "But," necessary to complete the preceding hemistich, is only in the 4tos. In the next line but one, the folio, to the injury of the metre, reads *services* for "service."

⁶ Ay, amen.] The folio omits "Ay," obviously required for the line.

⁷ — ONE to my gracious king:] The folio prints *one* for "and" of the 4tos, and probably rightly.

⁸ As it HATH us'd to do] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. properly: the folio, "As *I* have us'd to do."

⁹ — the FRUIT to that great feast.] The folios, by a printer's error and repetition, read "My news shall be the *news* to that great feast." The corr. fo. 1632, like the 4tos, has "fruit" substituted for *news*, in the second place.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude¹, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage².

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good
friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein farther shown, [*Delivering a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize,
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home. [*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam; to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

¹ — my dear Gertrude,] The folios, "my sweet queen, that."

² — our O'ERHASTY marriage.] The 4tos. have only "our *hasty* marriage."

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity³ is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad :
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true 'tis pity,
 And pity 'tis 'tis true : a foolish figure ;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him, then ; and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect ;
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defective comes by cause :
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 Perpend.
 I have a daughter ; have, while she is mine ;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
 —“To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
 Ophelia⁴,”—
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; “beautified” is a vile
 phrase ; but you shall hear.—Thus⁵ :

“In her excellent white bosom, these,” &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful.—

“Doubt thou the stars are fire, [*Reads.*
 Doubt, that the sun doth move ;
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt I love.

³ Therefore, SINCE brevity] The 4tos, 1604, &c. omit “since.”

⁴ — the most BEAUTIFIED Ophelia,] Nash uses the epithet “beautified” in the dedication of his “Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.” Mr. Singer, following Steevens, quotes it as published in 1594 : that, in fact, was the second edition of this celebrated work : it was originally printed in 1593, a second time in 1594, and a third time in 1613. The earliest impression contains the apologetic letter of Nash to Gabriel Harvey : as Gabriel Harvey rejected this overture in his “New Letter of Notable Contents” in the same year, 1593, Nash suppressed it, and in 1594 put forth an edition of his “Christ's Tears” without it.

⁵ Thus:] *These* in the folio ; but probably a misprint for “Thus” of the 4tos. The old printer may have caught *these* from the line below.

"Oh, dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most best! believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking⁶, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star"⁷;
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for⁸.

⁶ Or given my heart a winking,] The 4tos. have *working* for "winking" of the folio, which last seems the better reading, and requires no explanation.

⁷ — out of thy *STAR*;] All the old copies, 4to. and folio, anterior to the folio of 1632, read "out of thy *star*:" even the 4to, 1603, has it so; but the editor of the folio, 1632, altered it to "sphere." "Star" is probably to be taken as *destiny*. In the next line we follow the folio, 1623, preferring "precepts" to *prescripts*: lower down the folio reads "repulsed," and the 4tos. *repell'd*. The two first changes are in the 4to, 1637, but it generally follows the other 4tos.

⁸ And all we *WAIL* for.] So the folio (it is "*mourn* for" in the 4tos.), which we also adhere to in the two next speeches, which slightly vary from those in the

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, "Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together⁹,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras, then.
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm¹⁰, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently:—Oh! give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

*Enter HAMLET, reading*¹.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well²; you are a fishmonger.

4tos. In reference to "And all we wail for," it may be fit merely to add that the corr. fo. 1632 transposes it to "And *we all* wail for."

⁹ — he walks FOR hours together,] The old copies have "*four* hours together," but no doubt misprinted: it is not likely that Polonius would specify precisely how long Hamlet walked in the lobby, and the corr. fo. 1632 tells us to read "for hours together" as in our text.

¹⁰ But keep a farm,] The folio, 1623, reads "*And* keep a farm," &c. It is amended to "But keep a farm," &c. in the corr. fo. 1632.

¹ Enter Hamlet, reading.] This stage-direction comes too early in the old copies: Hamlet is seen approaching before he enters.

² EXCELLENT well;] The folio spoils the line, by repeating "excellent."

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand³.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion⁴,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive⁵:—friend, look to't.

Pol. [*Aside.*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fish-monger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read⁶, my lord.

³ — out of TEN thousand.] So every 4to. The folio, 1623, has "two thousand," but it is altered to "ten thousand" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ — being a GOOD kissing carrion,] Warburton's note, and Johnson's eulogy of it, seem to have led most subsequent editors from the old text in this place without sufficient consideration. The passage is not found in the 4to, 1603 (where, by the way, the scene is transposed), and in every other old impression, 4to. and folio, the words are, "being a good kissing carrion," and not "being a god, kissing carrion," as Warburton gave them. "Good" could hardly have been a misprint for *God*, as in the latter case it would most likely have been written with a capital letter. Coleridge considered the passage "purposely obscure," but understood the reference to be to Ophelia and Polonius—the former as bred out of the latter, "a dead dog," but nevertheless "a good kissing carrion." As Warburton remarked, in "Cymbeline" the sun is called "common-kissing Titan," but the whole sense which seems to have been intended by Hamlet is obtained without altering "good" to *God*: if the sun breeds maggots in a dead dog, which dead dog is a good kissing carrion, why may not Ophelia have been produced by such carrion as Polonius? Such is Coleridge's interpretation. (Lit. Rem. Vol. ii. p. 224.) The objection to this notion seems to be, that if Hamlet liken Polonius to carrion, he necessarily likens Ophelia to the offspring of carrion. In a case of such difficulty, it is at all events better to furnish the ancient word'ng, leaving the reader to form his own conjectures. The old annotator on the folio, 1632, evidently gave up the passage as inexplicable, and put his pen through the lines from "For if the sun," &c. down to "friend, look to't."

⁵ — but NOT as your daughter may conceive:] The negative is found in the folios, and although the passage is intelligible without it in the 4tos, it seems to render the sense more distinct. Lower down the repetition "far gone" is also from the folio.

⁶ — the matter that you READ,] So every 4to, and rightly: the folio has "the
L 1 2

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be ⁷ old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. [*Aside.*]—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you ⁸.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life ⁹.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir!

[*To* POLONIUS.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

matter that you *mean*." In the next line, the folio substitutes *slave* for "rogue" of all previous authorities. Southern corrected the first error in his folio, 1685.

⁷ — for you yourself, sir, SHOULD BE] For "should be" of the folio, the 4tos. have *shall grow*. There are other minute variations.

⁸ — take my leave of you.] For this passage, from "and suddenly contrive," the 4tos, 1604, &c. have only "I will leave him and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you." In the 4to, 1603, the interview between Hamlet and Ophelia has already taken place.

⁹ — except my life.] The folio has only "except my life, my life." These repetitions in the 4tos. struck Coleridge as "most admirable." (Lit. Rem. Vol. ii. p. 224.) Perhaps they sometimes originated merely with the actors.

On fortune's cap we are not the very button ¹.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? Oh! most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then, is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream ².

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of

¹ — the very button.] In the 4tos. previous to that of 1637, the reading is, "Happy in that we are not ever happy on Fortune's lap. We are not the very button." The folio, 1623, has afforded our text.

² — the shadow of a dream.] Johnson remarks that "Shakespeare has accidentally inverted the expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is *σκιάς ὄναρ*, the *dream of a shadow*." Shakespeare applies it only to "the ambitious."

my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended³. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

[*To* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you⁴. [*Aside.*—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secresy⁵ to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition⁶, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it

³ — I am most dreadfully attended.] Here ends an addition to the scene, only found in the folios. It began at "Let me question more in particular."

⁴ Nay, then I have an eye of you.] Steevens says, "an *eye of you* means, I have a glimpse of your meaning." It is, in fact, only one out of many instances in which, in the time of Shakespeare, the preposition "of" was used for *on*.

⁵ — AND your secresy,] The folio erroneously has *of* for "and."

⁶ — it goes so HEAVILY with my disposition,] The folio, 1623, misprints *heavenly* for "heavily" of the 4tos; and just below it entirely omits "firmament," though found in every older copy. The corr. fo. 1632 is made to read rightly in both places. Farther on, for "it appeareth nothing to me, but," the folio, 1623, reads, "it appears no other thing to me, than." We have in these instances adhered to the 4tos, and even that of 1637 introduced no changes.

appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so. [Ros. smiles.]

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment⁷ the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way⁸, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere⁹; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation¹.

⁷ — lenten entertainment] *i. e.* Such entertainment as players met with in *Lent*, when they were often not allowed to perform.

⁸ — we coted them on the way,] *i. e.* We overtook them, or strictly came *side by side* with them; from the Fr. *côté*. The 4to, 1603, has "We boarded them by the way." When Polonius is about to accost (which word has a similar meaning and etymology) Hamlet, he says, "I'll board him presently." To board is from the Fr. *border*, and the French use *bordée* for a broadside.

⁹ — whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;] The meaning of "tickled o' the sere" is not at all distinct; but, as Douce showed, the phrase "tickle of the seare" occurs in Lord Northampton's "Defensative against the Poyson of supposed Prophecies," first printed in 1583. "Sere" may be derived from *serum*. "Every one (says Douce) has felt that dry tickling in the throat and lungs which excites coughing: Hamlet's meaning may therefore be, that the Clown, by his merriment, shall convert even their coughing into laughter." The passage about the Clown is only in the folios, and in the 4to, 1603, where it stands, "The clown shall make them laugh that are tickled in the lungs."

¹ — by the means of the late innovation.] This passage probably refers to the limiting of public theatrical performances to the two theatres, the Globe on Bank-

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question², and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted³? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy⁴: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. Oh! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his load too⁵.

side, and the Fortune in Golden Lane, in 1600 and 1601. The players, by a "late innovation," were "inhibited," or forbidden, to act in or near "the city," and therefore "travelled," or *strolled* into the country. See "History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," Vol. i. p. 311, &c.

² — an EYRY of children, little EYASES, that cry out on the top of question,] Shakespeare here alludes to the encouragement at that time given to some "eyry" or *nest* of children, or "eyases" (young hawks), who spoke in a high tone of voice. There were several companies of young performers about this date engaged in acting, but chiefly the children of Paul's and the children of the Revels, who, it seems, were highly applauded, to the injury of the companies of adult performers. From an early date the choir-boys of St. Paul's, Westminster, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal, had been occasionally so employed, and performed at Court.

³ — escoted?] *Paid*, says Johnson. From the French *escot*, a *shot* or *reckoning*. We have not met with the word elsewhere.

⁴ — to TARRE them to controversy:] *i. e.* To *excite* them to controversy, as dogs to fight. See "King John," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. iii. p. 176, and "Troilus and Cressida," A. ii. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 506.

⁵ — Hercules, and his load too.] From Hamlet's speech, "How comes it? Do they grow rusty?" down to "Hercules, and his load too," is not in the 4to, 1604, nor in any subsequent edition in that form. In the 4to, 1603, there are sufficient traces of this part of the scene to enable us to be certain that it was acted when the play was originally produced: it was omitted, therefore, for some unexplained reason in 1604, and restored entire in 1623.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make mowes at him⁶ while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands: come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb⁷, lest my extent to the players⁸, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than your's. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw⁹.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

⁶ — that would make MOWES at him] So the folio, and not *mouths*, as in the 4tos, 1604, &c. Perhaps they were originally the same word; but the 4to, 1603, has "that would make mops and *moes*," which was the more usual expression, as applied to apes. Just afterwards the folio omits "fifty."

⁷ — let me COMPLY with you in this garb,] The verb "comply" seems used here, and in A. v. sc. 2, in the sense of compliment: strictly it means to *bend* or *yield*. Hamlet wishes it to appear, that he pays no more respect to the players than to the courtiers.

⁸ — lest my EXTENT to the players,] Is there not room to doubt here, whether the word "extent" has not been misprinted for *ostent*, a word Shakespeare not unfrequently uses, in the sense of external show? The context supports this emendation—"lest my *ostent* to the players, which, I tell you, *must show fairly outward*, should more appear like entertainment than your's." We have no authority for the change, but the word "extent" is not very intelligible here, though it may be reconciled to a meaning.

⁹ — I know a hawk from a HANDSAW.] It is very likely, as Sir T. Hanmer suggested, that "handsaw" is a corruption of *hernshaw*, i. e. a heron; but it is an old corruption, and the expression, "I know a hawk from a handsaw," was proverbial in the time of Shakespeare.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome¹,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour.

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral², scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty³, these are the only men.

Ham. Oh Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

“One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.”

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

“As by lot, God wot,”

And then, you know,

“It came to pass, as most like it was⁴,”—

¹ When Roscius was an actor in Rome,] The folio omits “was,” and there are some other variations here of little moment.

² — tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] These words are only in the folio, 1623 (and in the other folios printed after it), and in the 4to, 1603, which shows that they were part of the original representation.

³ For the law of WRIT, and the LIBERTY,] The meaning probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions, or at extemporal plays, where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *commedie al improvviso*. See “History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage,” Vol. iii. p. 393.

⁴ “It came to pass, as most like it was,] These are quotations from the first stanza of the ballad of “Jephthah, Judge of Israel,” in Percy’s “Reliques,” Vol. i. 193, edit. 1812. A ballad, called “The Song of Jephthah’s Daughter at her Death,” was licensed to Alexander Lacy in 1567-8; and another entitled “Jessa, Judge of Israel,” was entered on 14 Dec. 1624. (“Extracts from

The first row of the pious chanson⁵ will show you more ; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well : welcome, good friends.—Oh, old friend ! Why, thy face is valanced⁶ since I saw thee last : com'st thou to beard me in Denmark ?—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine⁷. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring⁸.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers⁹, fly at any thing we see : we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my good lord¹ ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general² : but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as

Stationers' Registers," published by the Shakespeare Society, i. 169.) It appears from Henslowe's Diary (pp. 220, 221, 222, and 223), that in May, 1602, Dekker and Chettle were paid for a tragedy they were writing on the story of Jephthah. The subject was therefore popularly known by means of ballads and the stage.

⁵ The first row of the pious chanson] The word in the folios is *pons* for "pious" of the 4tos, but *pons* is amended to "pious" in the corr. fo. 1632 : in the 4to, 1603, it is "the first verse of the godly ballet."

⁶ — thy face is VALANCED] So the 4to, 1603, and the other editions in that form : the folio, *valiant*. "Valanced" is, of course, *bearded*.

⁷ — by the altitude of a CHOPINE.] A "chopine," in Italian *cioppino*, was a cork or wooden-soled shoe, worn by the Italian ladies to add to their height. It is often mentioned in the writers of Shakespeare's age.

⁸ — cracked within the ring.] The allusion is to the voice of the boy (who usually performed female parts, and who is addressed by Hamlet as "your ladyship") which, by advance towards maturity and manhood, became cracked, or "cracked within the ring." The phrase "cracked within the ring," is frequently met with metaphorically applied, and it refers to gold coin, which, when so much injured as to be cracked within the ring upon the metal, was not current.

⁹ — like FRENCH falconers.] So the folio, and so, no doubt, rightly, as "French" is the word in the 4to, 1603, although in all the later 4tos. it is *friendly*.

¹ What speech, my good lord ?] Here we adopt "good" from the 4to, 1603, and it accords with all the other 4to. editions : the folio omits it.

² — 'twas caviare to the GENERAL:] The "general" here, as in "Measure for Measure," A. ii. sc. 4, is used for the people at large.

much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines³ to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation⁴, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine⁵. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido⁶; and thereabout of it, especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"
—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
"Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
"Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
"To their lord's murder⁷: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
"And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
"Old grandsire Priam seeks;,"—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* "Anon he finds him
"Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
"Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
"Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
"Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;

³ — there WAS NO SALT in the lines] "There *were* no *sallets*" in the old copies, but amended to "was no salt" in the corr. fo. 1632. Pope also read "salt," but perhaps wrongly, though *sallets*, or *sallads*, seems not easily understood. The allusion may have been particular, and temporary.

⁴ — that might INDICT the author of AFFECTATION,] *i. e.* Convict him of affectation, or *affection* as it stands in the 4to, 1604, &c. *Affection* was used by Shakespeare and other writers for "affectation." See Vol. ii. pp. 345 and 365.

⁵ — as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine.] These words are not in the folio: it afterwards reads, "One *chief* speech," &c., and omits "So proceed you," below.

⁶ — 'twas Æneas' TALE to Dido;] The 4tos, 1604, &c. have *talk*; but the 4to, 1603, and the folio, "tale."

⁷ To their LORD's murder:] So the 4tos: the folios "*vile murders*."

"But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 "The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 "Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 "Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
 "Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
 "Which was declining on the milky head
 "Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
 "So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
 "And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 "Did nothing.
 "But, as we often see, against some storm,
 "A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 "The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 "As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 "Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
 "Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
 "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
 "On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
 "With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 "Now falls on Priam.—
 "Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!—All you gods,
 "In general synod, take away her power;
 "Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
 "And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
 "As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, say on: he's for a jig⁸, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.—Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* "But who, oh! who had seen the mobled queen"⁹—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

⁸ — he's for a jig,] A jig was the technical name for a coarse comic species of entertainment, usually performed by the clown of the company after the play. See "History of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," iii. 378.

⁹ "But who, oh! who had seen the MOBLED queen"] Thus the line stands in the 4to, 1603, the oldest authority, as far as it is to be considered such: the 4to, 1604, has, "But who, a woe, had seen the mobled queen." The folio, 1623, misprints "mobled" *inobled*. "Mobled" means hastily or carelessly dressed. According to Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," to *mab* or *mob* in the north of England still means, "to dress in a slatternly manner." Hence, perhaps, what is called a *mob* cap.

"With bisson rheum¹; a clout upon that head,
 "Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
 "About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
 "A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
 "Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
 "'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
 "But if the gods themselves did see her then,
 "When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
 "In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
 "The instant burst of clamour that she made,
 "(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
 "Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 "And passion in the gods²."

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodkin³, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs. [*Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.*]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

¹ With BISSON rheum;] "Bisson" is *blind*. We have had the word employed twice in "Coriolanus," A. ii. sc. 1, and A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iv. pp. 631. 658.

² And PASSION in the gods.] We preserve the old reading here, because it is intelligible, but the corr. fo. 1632 has *passionate* for "passion in," with some plausibility. The expression in the preceding line, "to have made milch," means, of course, to have made weep, or shed tears.

³ God's BODKIN,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The word does not occur in the 4to, 1603, and the folio has "God's *bodykins*," omitting "much." In the next line we print, "who *should* 'scape whipping," because it so stands in the 4to, 1603, and in the folio, not *shall* as in the 4tos, 1604, &c.

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. Ay, so, good bye you.—Now I am alone.

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd⁴;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba⁵,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free⁶,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams⁷, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

⁴ — all his visage WANN'D;] Or became *wan*, a very Shakespearian expression in the 4tos, 1604, &c., and much superior to *warm'd*, which is the tame, and comparatively unmeaning reading of the folio. In the preceding line the 4tos. have "own" for *whole* of the folio.

⁵ — or he to HECUBA,] So the 4to, 1603, confirming the same reading in the folio: the later 4tos. have "or he to *her*."

⁶ — and APPAL the free,] The word is not in the 4to, 1603, but that of 1604 has *appale*, and the folio, 1623, *apale*. The 4to, 1611, and the subsequent editions in that form, read *appeale*. The "free" are, of course, the *innocent*.

⁷ Like John a-dreams,] "A nickname, I suppose (says Steevens), for any ignorant, silly fellow:" rather for a sleepy, apathetic fellow. The only mention yet met with of "John a-dreams," is in Armin's "Nest of Ninnies," 1608, reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1842, where the following passage occurs: "His name is John, indeed, says the cinnick; but neither John a-nods, nor John a-dreames, yet either, as you take it," p. 49.

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!
 'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter⁸, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Oh, vengeance⁹!
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd¹,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I have heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions²;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench³,

⁸ To make OPPRESSION bitter,] It is "To make *transgression* bitter" in the corr. fo. 1632, but "oppression" is no doubt the proper reading: Hamlet is alluding to his own lack of gall and to "oppression" being bitter to himself. The old annotator seems to have thought, that the hero was referring to *transgression* on the part of others, which he lacked gall to make bitter to them.

⁹ Oh, vengeance!] This exclamation is from the folio, which begins the next line "*Who? What an ass am I!*" which the corr. fo. 1632 amends to "Why, what an ass am I!"

¹ — of a dear FATHER murder'd,] Some modern editors, following the reading of the folio, have left out the material word "father" in this line; and it is certainly not found in the 4tos, 1604 or 1605. It is, however, in some copies of an undated 4to, which may be assigned to the year 1607, and in that of 1611, but not in the 4to. of 1637.

² They have proclaim'd their malefactions;] See a very curious and apposite instance of the kind in T. Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1841, p. 57. The same story is told in the old tragedy, "A Warning for Fair Women," 4to, 1599.

³ I'll TENT him to the quick: if he but BLENCH,] Both "tent" and "blench" are words that have occurred in previous plays. To "tent" is to *search* or *try*, and to "blench" to *start*, or *start away*. See Vol. iv. pp. 482. 510. 512.

I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be the devil⁴: and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and
 GUILDENSTERN.*

King. And can you, by no drift of conference⁵,
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands⁶,
 Most free in his reply.

⁴ May be THE DEVIL:] "May be a deale," in the 4to, 1604, but that of 1611 alters it to "devil." Possibly "devil" was then sometimes pronounced as it is still in Scotland. The folio has it, "May be the devil."

⁵ — no drift of CONFERENCE,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio substitutes *circumstance*, which, from what follows, was probably not the word.

⁶ — but, of our demands,] In the corr. fo. 1632 "of" is altered to *to*, but needlessly, because "of" has here the force of *on*. No doubt in the time of the old annotator it was recited "but *to* our demands."

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way⁷: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court⁸;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia⁹:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book; [*To OPHELIA.*]

⁷ — O'ER-RAUGHT on the way:] *i. e.* Over-reached, or over-took.

⁸ They are about the court;] So the folio: the 4tos. read merely "they are here," &c.

⁹ AFFRONT Ophelia:] *i. e.* Face, or confront Ophelia: this use of the word was not uncommon. In the preceding line, the folios have *there* for "here;" and in the following line, "lawful espials" is only in the folios. At the instance of the Rev. Mr. Dyce we have placed "Affront Ophelia" in a line by itself.

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness¹.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er²
The devil himself.

King. Oh! 'tis too true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

[*Aside.*

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and POLONIUS.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep:—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely³,
The pangs of despis'd love⁴, the law's delay,

¹ YOUR LONELINESS.] Thus the folio. The 4tos, 1604, &c. with evident corruption read *lowliness*. In "All's Well that Ends Well," A. i. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 548, we have seen "loneliness" misprinted *loveliness*—even an easier mistake.

² — we do SUGAR o'er] So the 4tos. All the folios read "*surge* o'er." In the next line, they omit "too," found in the 4tos.

³ — the PROUD man's contumely,] All the folios read "the *poor* man's contumely," but in the corr. fo. 1632, *poor* is struck out and "proud" written in the margin. It is "proud" also in the 4tos.

⁴ The pangs of DESPIS'D love,] Thus every 4to, but that of 1603, which has not the line, and that of 1611, which corruptly reads "The pangs of *office*," the printer having caught the word from the line below. The folios read, *dispriz'd*—a

The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin⁵? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all⁶;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment⁷
 With this regard their currents turn awry⁸,
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of your's,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
 And with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost⁹,

mere misprint for "despis'd," as is shown not only by the 4tos, but by an emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁵ With a bare BODKIN? Many passages from dramatists and other writers of the time might be produced, if necessary, to show that a "bodkin" was the old term for a small dagger.

⁶ — make cowards OF US ALL;] The words "of us all," which had certainly dropped out at the end of the line in the 4to, 1604, (they are in the 4to, 1603) are from the folio, 1623.

⁷ — of great PITH and moment] The 4tos, 1604, &c. read, "of great *pitch* and moment," which Ritson preferred.

⁸ — their currents turn AWRY,] So all the 4tos, excepting that of 1603, where the line is not found: the folios have *away* for "awry." The Rev. Mr. Dyce has produced several instances where "awry" has been printed *away*: surely, they were not wanted.

⁹ — THEIR perfume lost,] So the 4to, 1604, and every edition in the same form after it: the folios, "*then* perfume *left*:" with other minor variations which do not require particular notice.

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate¹ our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck², than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape; or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. Oh! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt

¹ — virtue cannot so INOCULATE] The word seems to have puzzled the compositor of the 4to, 1604, who prints it *euocutat*, which in the 4to, 1637, became *evacuate*. The folio, 1623, gives the true word.

² — offences at my BECK,] All the old editions have "beck," which we retain; but the corr. fo. 1632, alters "beck" to *back*, and one word may easily have been mistaken for the other.

not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face³, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword:
Th' expectancy⁴ and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature⁵ of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose

³ I have heard of your PAINTINGS too, well enough: God hath given you one FACE.] The folio misprints the passage thus:—"I have heard of your prattlings too, well enough: God has given you one pace," &c. That this is wrong is proved by the 4to, 1603, where we find, "I have heard of your paintings too: God hath given you one face." "Too" is not in the 4tos, 1604, &c., but in other respects they all concur. The emendations in the corr. fo. 1632, entirely support the text as represented in the 4tos.

⁴ Th' EXPECTANCY] The 4tos, 1604, &c., "Th' expectation," which ill suits the measure: the line is not in the 4to, 1603. In the preceding line the 4to, 1603, has "courtiers, scholars, soldiers," in the order in which we have placed them, corresponding with "eye, tongue, sword."

⁵ — form and FEATURE] Stature in the 4tos. There are some other trifling variations in this part of the scene.

Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
 I have, in quick determination,
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something settled matter in his heart;
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe,
 The origin and commencement of his grief
 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
 To show his griefs: let her be round with him⁶;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him; or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do', I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh!

⁶ — let her be ROUND with him;] *i. e.* Let her be *plain*, *unceremonious* with him. See "Twelfth Night," A. ii. sc. 3, Vol. ii. p. 668, &c.

⁷ — many of YOUR players do,] So the 4to, 1603, and the folio, 1623: later 4tos. *our*. Just afterwards the folio reads, "*had* spoke my lines" for "spoke my lines" of the 4tos, 1604, &c. The 4to, 1603, gives it "I had rather hear a town bull bellow,"—scarcely what Shakespeare wrote.

it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod^s: pray you avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man¹, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it². Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*]

^s — for o'er-doing TERMAGANT; it out-herods HEROD:—“Termagant,” the god of the Saracens, and “Herod,” were characters in our old Miracle-plays, whose business it was, by their ranting and roaring, to split the ears of the “groundlings,” (or those who stood on the ground in our old theatres) and to “tear a passion to tatters, to very rags.”

¹ — NOR MAN,] The folio absurdly reads, *or Norman*. Farmer suspected that we ought to read, “nor *Mussulman*,” a suggestion that receives some countenance from the 4to, 1603, where the passage runs, “the gait of Christian, Pagan, or *Turk*.” It is amended to “nor man” in the corr. fo. 1632, and we presume that there will now be an end to the question.

² — a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.] Here the 4to, 1603, adds

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

what may have been recited at the time the tragedy was first acted. It is curious because it seems levelled at William Kemp, who about this date quitted the company of players to which Shakespeare had always belonged. We quote the passage exactly as it is printed, and with various ignorant corruptions:—

“And then you have some agen, that keepes one sute
Of jeasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his jeasts downe
In their tables before they come to the play; as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
A quarters wages; and, my coate wants a cullison;
And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapace of jeasts,
When, God knows, the warme clowne cannot make a jest
Unlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare.”

There is no trace of all this in any other 4to, nor in the folios, and it is evident that it is mere prose, although chopped up into apparent verse. Perhaps, after Kemp rejoined the King's Players, (before 1605) the passage was omitted or subdued. Upon this point we may be allowed to quote the following from “Memoirs of the Lives of the Actors in Shakespeare's Plays,” (printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1846) p. 105: “We are to bear in mind that ‘Hamlet’ was probably not composed until the winter of 1601, or the spring of 1602, and it was about this date, according to the quotation from Henslowe's Diary, that Kemp went over from the Lord Chamberlain's to Lord Nottingham's Players, and of course did his best to promote the success of a competing association. It would, therefore, not be surprising if, besides laying down a general axiom as to the abuse introduced by the performers of the parts of clowns, Shakespeare had designed a particular allusion to Kemp.”

Where thrift may follow fawning³. Dost thou hear?
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
 Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled⁴,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
 There is a play to-night before the king;
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
 Which I have told thee, of my father's death:
 I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul⁵
 Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy⁶. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And, after, we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle;
 Get you a place.

³ Where thrift may follow FAWNING.] So all the 4tos. (excepting that of 1603, where no word of the kind is met with) but the folio, 1623, misprints it *faining*, which word is left in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ — are so well CO-MINGLED,] The 4tos, 1604, &c. read *co-meddled*, which means the same; but "co-mingled" of the folio seems preferable. Spenser, in his letter to Raleigh respecting his "Fairy Queen" in 1589, uses "intermeddled" for *intermingled*.

⁵ Even with the very comment of THY soul] It is "thy soul" in the 4tos. and "*my* soul" in the folios; but amended to "thy soul" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁶ As Vulcan's STITHY.] *i. e.* Vulcan's *forge*. It is *stithe* in the folio, which makes another misprint in the line, viz. *needful* for "heedful:" it is altered to "heedful" in the corr. fo. 1632. In "Troilus and Cressida," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 568, "stithied" occurs in the sense of *forged*.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar⁷: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet⁸, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord⁹.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker¹. What should a

⁷ I did enact JULIUS CÆSAR:] A Latin play on Cæsar's death, by Dr. Edes, was performed in Oxford, in 1582. See our Introduction to "Julius Cæsar."

⁸ — my DEAR Hamlet,] The folio, "my good Hamlet." In the 4to, 1603, the Queen only calls him Hamlet.

⁹ Ay, my lord.] This answer, and Hamlet's question producing it, are only in the folios.

¹ — your only jig-maker.] See also p. 525. Some of the "jigs" made by Tarlton are extant in manuscript, as well as the music to which they were sung by him: other jigs were by Kemp, Phillips, and Singer, Tarlton's successors. "Tarlton's Medley" was the name of a well-known tune.

man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables². Oh heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, Oh! for, Oh! the hobby-horse is forgot³."

Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and Queen⁴, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the king's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile; but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief⁵.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

² — I'll have a suit of SABLES.] A rich dress, faced with this expensive fur. Mr. W. W. Williams, of Tiverton, refers us to a statute of Brasenose College, Anno 13. Hen. VIII., where the fellows are forbidden to wear a fur *vulgariter dictum sabills*, as too expensive and sumptuous. Farmer tells us that Hamlet intends to speak equivocally, since "sable" was also used for mourning.

³ — the hobby-horse is forgot.] Alluding to the omission of the hobby-horse in May-games. See Vol. ii. p. 117, where this line, apparently from some old ballad of the time, is also quoted.

⁴ Enter a King and Queen, &c.] This is the stage-direction as it stands in the folio, 1623. It differs, but not at all materially, from the later 4tos.

⁵ — this is MICHING mallecho; it means mischief.] The 4tos. (with the exception of the first of 1603) read "*munching Mallico*:" "*miching*," *i. e. stealing*, is no doubt the right word from the folio, 1623; and by Minshew's Dictionary, 1617, it appears that *mallecho* is Spanish for a *malefaction*—any ill deed. In modern Spanish dictionaries the word is spelt *malhecho*.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity⁶.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd⁷, my fear is so.

⁶ In neither aught, or in extremity.] We print this and the two previous lines as in the folio: in the 4to, 1604, &c. (there is no trace of them in that of 1603) they run thus:—

"For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither aught, or in extremity."

As the whole of this play within a play is in rhyme, and as there is no corresponding line to that ending in "love," the probability is, that a portion of the old text has been lost, and that the editors of the folio, 1623, finding it impossible to restore it, omitted a line not absolutely necessary to the sense. Why the concluding couplet of the speech was also omitted in the folio, we cannot at all understand, but it has nothing after the words "my fear is so:" perhaps the two last lines were thought not very intelligible. We find nothing here in the corr. fo. 1632, to supply the deficiency of the earlier impressions.

⁷ And as my love is siz'd,] "As my love is fix'd" in the folio, 1632; but the true word was restored to its place by the old annotator upon that impression.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too ;
My operant powers their functions leave to do :
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd ; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. Oh, confound the rest !
Such love must needs be treason in my breast :
In second husband let me be accurst ;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood⁸.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures⁹ with themselves destroy :
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies ;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies :
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;

⁸ Wormwood, wormwood.] We follow the folio here: the earliest 4to. reads, "Oh! wormwood." The other 4tos, "That's wormwood;" and it is placed in the margin of the 4to, 1604, as if at first it had been accidentally omitted.

⁹ Their own ENACTURES] So the 4tos: the folio, *enactors*.

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are our's, their ends none of our own:
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food¹, nor heaven light!
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
 To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope²!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now³,—

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
 And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh! but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name⁴; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon:

¹ Nor earth to me give food,] This is the correct reading of the 4tos, 1604, &c.: the folios, "Nor earth to give me food," &c.

² AN ANCHOR'S cheer in prison be my scope!] This and the preceding line are in all the 4tos. but the first, and are not in the folio. "An Anchor's cheer" is an *Anchoret's* sustenance; but in the old copies it stands, "*And anchor's* cheer," &c.

³ If she should break it now,] This reading is, of course, intelligible, and we therefore make no change; but the corr. fo. 1632, puts it

"If she should break *her* vow."

⁴ This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's

'tis a knavish piece of work ; but what of that ? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not : let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord ⁵.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands ⁶.—Begin, murderer : leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come :—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge ⁷.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing ;

Confederate season ⁸, else no creature seeing ;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago : the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

name.] In the 4to, 1603, the scene of the play within a play is laid in *Guiana*, (the short-hand writer having, perhaps, misheard "Vienna") and the two principal characters are called *Duke* and *Duchess* in one place, and King and Queen in another : in the prefixes they are Duke and Duchess. The same confusion of rank prevails in the other 4to. editions, excepting that Gonzago and Baptista are styled in the prefixes King and Queen.

⁵ You are as good as a chorus, my lord.] So the 4tos, including that of 1603 : the folio reads, "You are a good chorus, my lord." The answer of Hamlet refers, of course, to the dialogue invented for puppets in puppet-shows, which was called *interpreting* between them.

⁶ So you must take your husbands.] *i. e.* For better, for worse. The 4tos, 1604, &c. and the folios, have *mistake* for "must take," which last is a reading suggested by Theobald. It is authorised by the 4to, 1603, where it stands, "So you *must* take your husband."

⁷ The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.] This perhaps was a quotation from some other play in Hamlet's memory.

⁸ Confederate season,] It is "*considerate* season" in all editions but the first 4to, 1603, and the first folio, 1623. The long *s* was in fault.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire⁹?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights¹⁰!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me¹) with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes², get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I³.

For thou dost know, oh Damon dear⁴!

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock⁵.

⁹ What! frightened with false fire?] This speech is only in the 4to, 1603, and in the folio.

¹⁰ *All.* Lights, lights, lights!] That is, there was a general call for lights. In the 4tos, 1604, &c., the speech is given to Polonius only.

¹ — (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me)] This phrase seems to have been equivalent of old to a total change, and it is found in several writers of the time. In the play “The Three Ladies of London,” printed in 1584 and 1592, a Merchant turns Turk in the East, in order to avoid the payment of his debt to a Jew: Mercadorus, the merchant, who speaks broken English, (an early specimen of the kind) says,

“Darefore mele go to get a some Turks apparell,

Dat me may cossen de Jew, and end de quarrell.”—Sign. E 3.

The expression of “turning Turk,” still in use, may have originated in some transaction of the kind, and *Questo non si fa Turco* is well understood in Italy to indicate confidence or assurance.

² — on my RAZED shoes,] The folio has *rac'd*, and the 4tos. *raz'd*: possibly all ought to read *rais'd*, as several writers show that shoes with thick cork soles were used to give actors additional height, and it is amended to “*rais'd* shoes” in the corr. fo. 1632. Burbage, being short, may have worn “*rais'd* shoes;” but still it seems unlikely that he would thus be made to advert to his own deficiency.

³ A whole one, I.] Alluding to the *shares*, or proportions, into which the receipts at a theatre were divided, and given to the performers, according to their several rates of interest, or rank in the company.

⁴ For thou dost know, oh Damon dear!] Probably a quotation from some ballad or play on the story of Damon and Pythias. Richard Edwards was the author of such a drama, first printed in 1571, (not in 1582, as Steevens tells us, when, in fact, the second impression came out) and included in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. i. p. 180, last edit.

⁵ A very, very—PEACOCK.] The word “peacock” presents a difficulty. It is printed in the old 4tos. *paiock* and *paiocke*; and *paiocke* also in the folio, 1623,

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. Oh good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come; some music! come; the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy⁶.—

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come; some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler⁷.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair⁸.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

which the folio, 1632, alters to *pajock*. Pope introduced *peacock*, and it seems to answer the sense better than any other word, the allusion being, to the fable of the crow which adorned itself with peacock's feathers. The king has usurped the throne and royal habiliments of his murdered brother, and is yet to be stripped of his borrowed plumes. It has, however, been suggested that *paiocke* is a misprint for the Italian word *baiocco*, which Florio renders, "a mite, or such like coin," and that Hamlet used it instead of *ass*, with which the line, as the rhyme shows, ought to have ended: the word *ass* put the Latin *as* into Hamlet's mind, and thinking of some equivalent for that small piece of money, *baiocco* occurred to him, so that, instead of calling his uncle by the coarse term of *ass*, he ended his quotation (for such it must have been) with *baiocco*, always of old misprinted *paiock* or *paiocke*. The speculation is, we apprehend, more ingenious than true; and "paddock," *i. e.* *toad*, has sometimes been taken for the poet's word.

⁶ — he likes it not, PERDY.] "Perdy" is a common, but rather antiquated corruption of *par Dieu*. See Vol. iii. p. 559. This couplet is probably a quotation, and it is so marked in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁷ No, my lord, with choler.] The folio inserts *rather* before "with choler." In Hamlet's next speech the folio reads "into *far* more choler."

⁸ — from MY affair.] It is altered to "the affair" in the corr. fo. 1632.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart⁹.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty¹⁰, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

*Enter the Players, with recorders*¹.

Oh! the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

⁹ — impart.] This word is wanting in the folio, but is found in the 4tos, 1604, &c. The 4to, 1603, has no such speech.

¹⁰ — you do, SURELY, but bar the door upon your own liberty,] The folio, 1623, has *freely* for "surely," (altered to "surely" in the corr. fo. 1632) omits "but," and reads *of* for "upon" of the 4tos. It might not be expedient to alter the last, were not the change warranted by older authorities.

¹ — with RECORDERS.] A "recorder" was probably a *flageolet*, but some have contended that it was a *flute*—a position Sir John Hawkins controverted in his "History of Music," Vol. iv. p. 479. One of the earliest notices of the "recorder" is in the romance of "The Squyr of Lowe Degre."

Guil. Oh, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb², give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music³. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak⁴. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

² — with your fingers and THUMB,] The 4to, 1604, reads "and the umber," a misprint corrected in the 4to, 1611, where it stands, "and *the* thumb."

³ — most ELOQUENT music.] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio substitutes *excellent*, and in the 4to, 1603, it is "*delicate* music." It is hard to say which epithet ought finally to be adopted.

⁴ — you make it SPEAK.] The word "speak" was no doubt accidentally omitted in the folio, 1623, but it is inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632; it is in the 4tos, 1604, &c., but the passage is not in that of 1603. The folio substitutes *Why* for the impatient exclamation "'Sblood!"

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out⁵
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business, as the day⁶
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
Oh, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent⁷,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Same.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow

⁵ — hell itself BREATHES out] So the folio, 1623. The 4tos, 1604, &c. read "breaks out."

⁶ And do such BITTER business, as the day] In the 4tos. the epithet "bitter" is applied to "day," not to "business." The Rev. Mr. Dyce ("Few Notes," p. 141) would read *better* for "bitter," and, like the 4tos, would apply the epithet, not to "business," but to "day," quoting as his authority Milton's "Hail, holy light!" His perversion of Shakespeare's text seems to us about upon a par with his conversion of Milton's address to the sun; for nothing less applicable could easily have been pointed out. Surely "bitter business," in Hamlet's state of mind, requires no forced explanation.

⁷ — she be SHENT,] *i. e.* *Rebuked, reprov'd.* See Vol. ii. p. 709, and Vol. iv. p. 705. Warburton explains the expression "To give them seals," to put them in execution, as the completion of a deed.

Out of his lunacies⁸.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those very many bodies safe⁹,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal¹ depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

⁸ Hazard so DANGEROUS, as doth hourly grow

Out of his LUNACIES.] So the folio, 1623: the 4tos, 1604, &c., have *near us* for "dangerous," and *brows* for "lunacies;" but perhaps we ought to read *lunes*, for "lunacies," which best suits the verse, and is a favourite word with Shakespeare: "near us" may be right, as the king was about to send Hamlet to a distant kingdom. This part of the scene is wanting in the 4to, 1603.

⁹ To keep those VERY many bodies safe,] "Very" is from the corr. fo. 1632, setting right a manifest misprint in the line as it stands in all the folios,

"To keep those *many* many bodies safe."

¹ That spirit, upon whose WEAL] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio, "That spirit upon whose *spirit*," &c.—another careless repetition.

And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:
My fault is past. But, oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked purse itself
Buys out the law²; but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,

² And oft 'tis seen, the wicked PURSE itself

Buys out the law;] For "purse" of the corr. fo. 1632, the old copies read *prize*; there cannot be a doubt on the propriety of the emendation of an error, which perhaps arose from the use of short-hand in transcribing the words, "purse" and *prize* being spelt with the same letters.

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

All may be well.

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't:—and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son³, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary⁴, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May⁵,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.—

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent⁶.
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*]

³ I, his SOLE son,] This is the reading of the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio, 1623, has "*foule son*,"—a blunder, of course, from the long *s* having been mistaken, and from the misspelling of "*sole*" *soule*.

⁴ Why, this is HIRE and SALARY,] The 4tos, 1604, &c., read "Why, this is *base* and *silly*:" the folios as in our text.

⁵ — as FLUSH as May,] The folio poorly has it, "as *fresh* as May."

⁶ — a more horrid HENT.] We have previously had "*hent*" used as a verb. See "*Measure for Measure*," A. iv. sc. 6, and "*The Winter's Tale*," A. iv. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 68: there it meant to *seize* or to *take*: substantively it is therefore the *seizure* of an opportunity.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Same.

Enter Queen and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him ;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here⁷.
 Pray you, be round with him⁸.

Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother⁹!

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
 Fear me not.—Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ! what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come ; you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go ; you question with a wicked tongue¹.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet !

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
 And,—would it were not so !—you are my mother.

⁷ I'll sCONCE me even here.] This is the reading of the corr. fo. 1632, and there is no doubt that it is right. It has also been suggested by Mr. Hunter, we are sure, without any knowledge on his part that the emendation had been made in the corr. fo. 1632: the proposal of Mr. Hunter was, most likely, of an earlier date than that of the publication of our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations." Mr. Singer adopts the change, referring only to Mr. Hunter as his authority, but he supports it by the very citation we made (p. 440) from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iii. sc. 3,— "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras."

⁸ — be ROUND with him.] *i. e.* Be *plain* with him. See this Vol. p. 231.

⁹ *Ham.* [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother !] In the folios only.

¹ — with a WICKED tongue.] So the 4tos, 1604, &c., and rightly: in the folio, 1623, the compositor repeated *idle*, catching it from the previous line. The passage is wanting in the 4to, 1603, where the scene is much mangled. In the corr. fo. 1632, *idle* is erased with a pen, and "wicked" placed in the margin.

Queen. Nay then, I'll set those to you² that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:
You go not, till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. How now! a rat³? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat,
dead. [*HAMLET makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] Oh! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. Oh me! what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king? [*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell. [*To POLONIUS.*]
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me⁴?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

² — I'll SET those to you] "I'll send those to you," in the corr. fo. 1632, but "set those to you" is very intelligible, and perhaps right.

³ How now! a rat?] In Shirley's "Traitor," 1635, (A. iii. sc. 1: Gifford's edition, Vol. ii. p. 129,) Depazzi says of a secreted listener, "Sirrah, sirrah, sirrah! I smell a rat behind the hangings."

⁴ In noise so rude against me?] See an able pamphlet (which we believe we are warranted in imputing to Mr. C. Soames) entitled "Hamlet: an Attempt to ascertain whether the Queen were accessory before the fact in the murder of her first Husband," 1856, 8vo. The point has been contested with some warmth among the commentators, but we entirely concur in the views of the writer of this tract, as to the innocence of the Queen. He avails himself, with excellent judgment, of the new evidence derived from the 4to, 1603, not formerly in the hands of the editors of Shakespeare.

And sets a blister there⁵; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: Oh! such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction⁶ plucks
 The very soul; and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act⁷.

Queen.

Ah me! what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index⁸?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband: look you now, what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother⁹. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor¹? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

⁵ And SETS a blister there;] The folio, "And makes," &c. The difference is not material. In the previous speech of Hamlet the folio reads *bettlers*, for "better" of the 4tos, perhaps rightly.

⁶ — from the body of CONTRACTION] "Contraction," for *marriage contract*.

⁷ Is thought-sick at the act.] We have adopted our text from the folio, 1623, in this passage, because it seems more intelligible: the 4to, 1604, (followed by the later editions in the same form) gives it thus:—

"Heavens face does glow
 O'er this solidity and compound mass,
 With heated visage," &c.

⁸ — and thunders in the INDEX?] *i. e.* In the *commencement*, where the indexes of books were formerly placed: see Vol. iv. p. 270. In the 4tos, 1604, &c., this line is wrongly assigned to Hamlet.

⁹ — his wholesome BROTHER.] So the 4tos: the folio, 1623, *breath*, which, almost of course, is followed in the three later folios; but the old annotator on the fo. 1632, converts *breath* into "brother:" in this speech the readings of the earlier copies are generally to be preferred.

¹ And BATTEN on this moor?] To "batten" is to *feed* or *fatten*, probably from the Saxon *batan*, to bait.

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would stoop from this to this²? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference³. What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind⁴?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope⁵.

Oh shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine⁶ in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will⁷.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed⁸;
 Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
 Over the nasty sty;—

² Would stoop from this to this?] The received text has always been the tame word *step* for "stoop:" "stoop" is from the corr. fo. 1632, with evident fitness, in reference to the disadvantageous comparison Hamlet is drawing.

³ To serve in such a difference.] This passage, from "Sense, sure, you have," is only in the 4tos, 1604, &c.

⁴ — at HOODMAN-BLIND?] This should seem to have been the old name of *blind-man's buff*, or *bough*! It is often mentioned, and an explanation of it, if wanted, may be found in Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," and elsewhere.

⁵ Could not so mope.] This passage, from "Eyes without feeling," also is wanting in the folios. To "mope" is to be *stupid*, or *stupidified*.

⁶ If thou canst MUTINE] To "mutine" was formerly used for to *mutiny*, not merely in verse, but in prose. In "King John," A. iii. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 146, we have seen Shakespeare employ "mutines" for *mutineers*: so also in A. v. sc. 2, of this play.

⁷ And reason PANDERS will.] So the folio; excepting that it misprints "And" As: the 4tos, 1604, &c., have *pardons* for "panders."

⁸ — an ENSEAMED bed;] The word "enseamed" was not uncommon, from "seam," *grease*: see Vol. iv. p. 522. The 4to. without date has "*incestuous* bed," and it was followed by the 4tos, 1611 and 1637.

Queen. Oh, speak to me no more !
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears :
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain ;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord :—a vice of kings ⁹ !
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket !

Queen. No more !

Enter Ghost ¹.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would you, gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion ², lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command ?
Oh, say !

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look ! amazement on thy mother sits :
Oh ! step between her and her fighting soul ;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas ! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

⁹ — a VICE of kings !] The vice was the fool, clown, or jester of the older drama, and was frequently dressed in party-coloured clothes : hence Hamlet, just afterwards, calls the usurper “ a king of shreds and patches.”

¹ Enter Ghost.] “Enter the Ghost in his night-gown,” is the stage-direction in the 4to, 1603, affording proof that, at that date and in this scene, the spirit was not apparelled as when it had before appeared on the platform. This is important, because it completely explains Hamlet's after exclamation, “My father, in his habit as he lived.” See the Introduction. In the other 4tos. and in the folios it is only “Enter Ghost,” but in the corr. fo. 1632, *unarmed* is added in MS. If, therefore, the Ghost did not wear a “night-gown,” he was *unarmed* in the time of the old annotator.

² That, laps'd in TIME and passion,] The corr. fo. 1632, has *fume* in its margin for “time” in the text. We do not adopt *fume*, because, though it may have been the word used by some actor, when the old annotator saw the play, we doubt if it were the word of the poet, who probably used the expression “laps'd in time” to indicate Hamlet's indecision, which had allowed the proper period for revenge to escape.

And with th' incorporal air³ do hold discourse?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements⁴,
 Starts up, and stands on end. Oh gentle son!
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
 His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
 Lest with this piteous action you convert
 My stern effects: then, what I have to do
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
 My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
 Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy⁵!

³ And with th' incorporal air] The folio, 1623, misprints it, "And with *their* corporal air." Our reading is that of the 4to, 1604; and we find the passage set right in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁴ — like life in excrements,] In the "Winter's Tale," Vol. iii. p. 93, a beard is called an "excrement." Compare also "Macbeth," A. v. sc. 5, where the hero speaks of his "fell of hair"—"as life were in't." When once a point of the sort is established, especially on Shakespeare's own evidence, it seems to us enough, without wandering after quotations from other authors: the Rev. Mr. Dyce seems to be of opinion that citations, which happen to have the word "excrement" in them, cannot be too often multiplied. In "Few Notes," 129, &c., he has nearly three pages of small extracts to establish what nobody denied. With all respect, this is a mere waste of time and paper: it illustrates the editor's reading, not the author's meaning.

⁵ Ecstasy!] This word, always used by Shakespeare to denote some strong mental impression or aberration, is not in any of the 4tos. The preceding speech of the Queen is thus given in the 4to, 1603, and the words are important in reference to the question of her guilt or innocence: we take them from the original, but they are slightly misquoted by Mr. Singer:—

"*Queene.* Alas, it is the weaknesse of thy braine,
 Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieve:
 But as I have a soule, I sweare by heaven,

My pulse, as your's, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
 That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word, which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction⁶ to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For in the fatness of these pursy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb⁷ and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Oh! throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits evil⁸, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence: the next more easy¹;
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And master the devil², or throw him out

I never knew of this most horrid murder.

But, Hamlet, this is onely fantasie;

And for my love forget these idle fits.

Ham. Idle, no mother; my pulse doth beate like yours," &c.

⁶ Lay not THAT flattering unction] The folio, 1623, imperfectly reads "a flattering unction." The whole scene is unusually ill printed there.

⁷ Yea, curb] *i. e.* Bend or truckle, from the Fr. *courber*.

⁸ Of habits EVIL,] We were formerly disposed to think that "Of habits devil" of the old copies might be preserved; but we now adopt Thirlby's emendation, although it is very possible that an opposition between "devil" and "angel" was intended. By reading "habits evil" the sense of the poet is considerably cleared, but still the passage is decidedly corrupt.

¹ — the next more easy;] These lines, down to "With wondrous potency," are not in the folio.

² And MASTER the devil,] "Master" is the reading of the undated 4to, of

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.]

I do repent : but heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind :
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady³.

Queen. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do :
Let the bloat king⁴ tempt you again to bed ;
Pinch wanton on your cheek ; call you his mouse ;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses⁵,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know ;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib⁶,
Such dear concernings hide ? who would do so ?
No, in despite of sense, and secresy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

the 4to, 1611, and of that of 1637, so that we need not resort to any conjectural emendation such as Malone introduced.

³ One word more, good lady.] These words are from the 4tos.

⁴ Let the BLOAT king] The folios read "Let the *blunt* king."

⁵ — a pair of reechy kisses,] "Reechy" is properly *smoky*. See Vol. ii. p. 49, and Vol. iv. p. 636 ; in the latter instance it seems to mean *dirty* from perspiration, and here it is rather used for *heated* or *sweltering*. It is an adjective formed from *reek*, smoke or vapour.

⁶ — a PADDOCK, from a bat, a GIB,] A "paddock" is a *toad* : in A. S. it is *pad*, and we have already had it in "Macbeth," this Vol. p. 385. A "gib" is a *cat*, and we generally meet with them in combination, as in "Henry IV. Part I." A. i. sc. 2, Vol. iii. p. 327, "I am as melancholy as a *gib-cat*."

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen.

Alack!

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer⁷

Hoist with his own petar, and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon. Oh! 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet⁸.—

This man shall set me packing:

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS*⁹.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN*¹.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

⁷ — to have the *ENGINEER*] We should now say *engineer*, but the older word was "engineer;" as in "Pierce's Superrogation," 1593, Gabriel Harvey calls Nash "the dreadful engineer of phrases." Heywood has *mutiner* for "mutineer," though Shakespeare has it both ways; and the word *engineer* does not seem to have come into general use until after the Restoration: in his Poem "to the King," Sir J. Denham has *engineer* as the rhyme to *severe*.

⁸ When in one line two crafts directly meet.] This and the eight preceding lines are only in the 4tos.

⁹ — Hamlet *DRAGGING* in Polonius.] The folio has "*tugging in*," and the 4to, 1603, "*Exit* Hamlet with the dead body."

¹ Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.] In the folio, 1623, it is only "Enter King," the Queen not even being mentioned.

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while².—

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. Oh, Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* ROS. and GUIL.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;

² Bestow this place on us a little while.] Omitted in the folio, because it does not there appear that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern came on the stage.

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
 And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander³,—
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 As level as the cannon to his blank,
 Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
 And hit the woundless air.—Oh, come away!
 My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. ——— Safely stowed.—[*Ros. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft⁴!—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? Oh! here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
 Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should
 be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his
 rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best
 service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts⁵, in

³ — so, haply, slander,] These words are of Theobald's introducing, in order to make the sense complete: no part of the passage down to "And hit the woundless air," is to be found in the folio, and it was perhaps omitted, because, without some addition like that of Theobald, it was unintelligible.

⁴ But soft!] These words are from the 4tos. It is to be remarked, that in the 4to, 1603, this scene is wanting, excepting that what Hamlet says about a sponge is introduced in an earlier interview between Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

⁵ — like an APE doth nuts,] So the folio; and that it is the true reading (and not *apple*, as in the 4tos, 1604, &c.) we have the evidence of the 4to, 1603, which has "he doth keep you as an ape doth nuts." Farmer and Ritson conjectured that we ought to read, "like an ape an apple."

the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord !

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him.—Hide fox, and all after ⁶.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ! Yet must not we put the strong law on him : He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ; And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence ⁷. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause : diseases, desperate grown, By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now ! what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

⁶ Hide fox, and all after.] This is supposed to refer to the boyish game of *All hid*, and Sir T. Hanmer expressly tells us, that it was sometimes called "Hide fox, and all after." Dekker mentions the game of *All hid*; but none of the 4tos. take notice of words only found in the folios, which give Hamlet an opportunity of making his exit with speed.

⁷ But NEVER the offence.] So the 4tos, but the folios have *nearer* for "never." In the corr. fo. 1632, *nearer* is converted into "never."

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him⁸. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm⁹.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed¹, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent

⁸ — a certain convocation of POLITIC worms are e'en at him.] "Politic" is in all the 4tos, but not in the folios: and instead of "politic" the old corrector reads *palated*: perhaps he so misheard the word "politic;" but although *palated* has considerable fitness, with reference to the daintiness of the diet of the worms, we do not feel authorized to substitute it for "politic."

⁹ — and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.] This speech and the preceding interjections are not in the folio.

¹ Hamlet, this deed,] The folio inserts *of thine* after "deed," unnecessarily to the sense, and injuriously to the metre. Lower down, "With fiery quickness" is only in the folio.

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them².—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring³ to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun⁴. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king:

² — that sees THEM.] The folio has *him* for "them" of the 4tos.

³ By letters CONJURING] All the 4tos. have *congruing*. The same word occurs in the 4tos. of "Henry V." (see Vol. iii. p. 552), which the folio there alters to *congreeing*. The text of the folio seems also here preferable, although the 4tos. may be right.

⁴ — were ne'er begun.] So the folio, and so the rhyme requires: the 4tos, "*will ne'er begin.*" "Haps" is *hopes* in the corr. fo. 1632.

Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance⁵ of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on⁶. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*⁷

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

⁵ CLAIMS the conveyance] "*Craves* the conveyance" in the 4tos.

⁶ Go softly on.] These words are probably addressed by Fortinbras to his troops, and in the 4to, 1603, we have, "Go, march away," instead of them. The folio, 1623, prints "softly" *safely*.

⁷ Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.] The folio omits all the rest of this scene, and there is no trace of it in the 4to, 1603.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability, and godlike reason,
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward^s,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—Oh! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.]

^s And ever three parts coward,] Schlegel, in his work, *Ueber dramatische Kunst und Litteratur*, iii. p. 149, quotes this passage as a sort of key to Hamlet's character; and the omission of such an important soliloquy, in connexion with what immediately precedes it, would convince us, even if we had no other reason for thinking so, that the abbreviation of this tragedy for the stage, as we find it in the folio, 1623, was the work of the players, and not of the poet.

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter Queen, HORATIO, and a Gentleman*⁹.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it¹,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with², for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit HORATIO.*]
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt³.

⁹ Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.] The folio omits the "Gentleman," and gives to Horatio all the 4tos. assign to him, as well as what Horatio says to the Queen—no doubt to avoid the employment of another actor. We have restored the ancient, more convenient, and, as it seems to us, more natural distribution of the dialogue.

¹ — they AIM at it,] The folio has "aim" for *yawn* of the 4tos. Three lines lower, the folio substitutes *would* for "might."

² *Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with,] This advice seems to come properly from Horatio, as it is given in the 4tos, and the Queen's reply ought to commence at the order, "Let her come in." In the 4tos. these latter words are, however, erroneously made the end of what Horatio says.

³ It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.] It deserves notice that this and the three preceding lines are marked by inverted commas in all the 4tos, not for the purpose of showing that the passage was a quotation, but to enforce it as an axiom. Such was not an unusual practice, and nothing could be much easier than to accumulate passages in point, as indeed the Rev. Mr. Dyce has abundantly done in his "Remarks," pp. 207, 208, 209.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA ⁴.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know* [Singing.
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Singing.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf⁵,
At his heels a stone.

Oh, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded with sweet flowers⁶;*
Which bewept to the grave did go⁷
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ild you⁸! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

⁴ — with Ophelia.] The stage-direction in the 4to, 1603, is curiously minute: "Enter Ophelia, playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing." She therefore accompanied, or was supposed to accompany, herself in her fragments of ballads.

⁵ At his head a GRASS-GREEN turf,] It is just worth noting, that in the corr. fo. 1632, "grass-green" is transposed and made "green grass turf."

⁶ Larded with sweet flowers;] So the 4to, 1603, and the folio; the other 4tos. interpolate *all* after "larded."

⁷ Which bewept to the GRAVE did go] The 4to, 1603, and the folio have "grave," the other 4tos. *ground*; but all authorities read "did *not* go," which Pope considered an error, and it probably was so.

⁸ Well, God'ild you!] *i. e.* God yield or reward you. See Vol. iii. pp. 400 and 428, and this Vol. p. 399.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this :

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day⁹,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine :
Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes¹,
And dupp'd the chamber door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia !

Oph. Indeed, la ! without an oath, I'll make an end on't :

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame !
Young men will do't, if they come to't ;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed :*

He answers².

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus ?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient ; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him³ i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach ! Good night, ladies ; good night, sweet ladies : good night, good night.

[*Exit.*

King. Follow her close ; give her good watch, I pray you.

[*Exit* HORATIO.

Oh ! this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs

⁹ To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,] Mr. Singer informs us that the old copies read,

"To-morrow 'tis Saint Valentine's day."

This is a slight mistake which, for the mere sake of accuracy, it may be worth while to set right : no old copy, that we have had an opportunity of seeing, so reads, but precisely as in our text.

¹ — and don'd his clothes,] To "don" is to *do on* or put on, and to "dup" in the next line is to *do up* : possibly we ought to read, "And *op'd* the chamber door."

² He answers.] These words are in the 4tos, 1604, &c. ; not in the folios.

³ — they would lay him] The folio, "they *should* lay him."

All from her father's death. And now, behold ⁴,
 Oh Gertrude, Gertrude!
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 But in battalions. First, her father slain;
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger to inter him ⁵: poor Ophelia,
 Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 Feeds on his wonder ⁶, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
 In ear and ear. Oh, my dear Gertrude! this,
 Like to a murdering piece, in many places
 Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack! what noise is this ⁷?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend!
 Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
 What is the matter?
Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord ⁸;

⁴ And now, behold,] These words are from the 4tos, 1604, &c.

⁵ In HUGGER-MUGGER to inter him:] The meaning is, "We have done but imprudently or unwisely to inter him secretly:" the expression "in hugger-mugger" is of frequent occurrence in writers of the time.

⁶ FEEDS on his wonder,] So the 4tos: the folio, "Keeps on his wonder," the compositor having caught *Keeps* from a subsequent part of the line.

⁷ Alack! what noise is this?] Only in the folios. "Attend," just afterwards, is only in the 4tos, 1604, &c.

⁸ The rabble call him, LORD;] We make no change here, but the corr. fo. 1632 would warrant us in changing "lord" to *king*: perhaps the meaning of the rabble was the same, but afterwards they are represented as exclaiming "Laertes shall be king." Perhaps it ought to be *king* in both places.

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh! this is counter⁹, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will. [They retire outside the door.

Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—Oh thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow¹
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!

⁹ Oh! this is counter,] To hunt "counter" is to hunt contrary to the proper course. See Vol. iii. p. 437, &c.

¹ — the chaste UNSMIRCHED brow] This seems the only place where Shakespeare uses "unsmirched" meaning *unsullied*. In "Henry V." Vol. iii. p. 581, we have the "smirched complexion" of war, and in the same play, p. 612, we meet with "besmirched" for *dirtied*. "Smirched" is in frequent use.

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge²,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican³,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear⁴,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in⁵.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA*⁶.

Oh heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—

² — is't writ in your revenge,] The folio, 1623, has *if* for "is't" of the 4tos; and both 4tos. and folios have *scoop-stake* for "sweepstake:" *swoopstake* may have been the old word.

³ — life-rendering PELICAN,] This is the reading of every 4to: the folio absurdly misprints it *politician*.

⁴ — to your judgment 'PEAR,] So the 4tos: the folio reads *pierce*, which can hardly be what the poet wrote.

⁵ Let her come in.] These words are given to Laertes in the 4tos; but in the folio they properly stand as uttered by the Danes, who are unseen by the audience.

⁶ Re-enter Ophelia.] "Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers," say modern editors; but not so the old copies, where we read merely "Enter Ophelia," excepting in the 4to, 1603, which has, "Enter Ophelia, as before." In fact, it is only her "re-entrance," as she has already been on the stage in this scene.

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. Oh rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
Oh heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves⁷.

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny*⁸:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*
Oh, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that
stole his master's daughter⁹.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you,
love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue
for you; and here's some for me: we may call it, herb of
grace o' Sundays¹:—you may wear your rue with a difference.
—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they
withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good
end,—

⁷ After the thing it loves.] This hemistich and the two preceding lines are only in the folios, and they are struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632, probably because they were not understood: above, the 4tos. read, "a poor man's life," but they are evidently wrong.

⁸ Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:] This burden or "wheel," (*i. e. rota*) as Ophelia afterwards calls it, is not uncommon in old songs of the time, but it is not in any of the 4to. impressions.

⁹ It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.] No such ballad is known: "The Lord of Lorn" is a ballad regarding a false steward, but there is no "master's daughter." In the 4to, 1603, Ophelia says, "'Tis o' the king's daughter, and the false steward."

¹ — we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:] Rue was constantly called "herb of grace." Shakespeare so terms it in "Richard II." Vol. iii. p. 280:—

"I'll set a bank of *rue*, sour herb of grace."

And in "All's Well that Ends Well," Vol. ii. p. 610, it is spoken of as "herb of grace" only. R. Greene in his "Quip for an upstart Courtier," 1592, tells us that "rue was called herb-grace," but it is useless to multiply such authorities.

His means of death, his obscure funeral⁴,
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
 No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
 That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
 And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
 I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir⁵: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like

⁴ — his obscure FUNERAL,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio has *burial*, and either may be the true text. In the last line of this speech, the 4tos. seem right in reading, "That I must *call't* in question:" the folio has "That I must *call* in question."

⁵ SAILORS, sir:] For "Sailors," the 4tos, 1604, &c., have "Sea-faring men;" but on their entrance they are termed "Sailors," and the prefixes accord with this designation.

thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them⁶. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell;

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else⁷,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. Oh! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,

⁶ — I am to do a GOOD turn for them.] "Good" is from the folio, and there are other minute variations: thus "and" is in one place omitted in the folio, and "*thine ear*" is there printed "*your ear*." In the 4tos. the letter ends, "Farewell; So that thou knowest thine."

⁷ So CRIMINAL and so capital in nature,

As by your safety, GREATNESS, wisdom, all things else,] The folio prints "criminal" *crimeful*, and omits "greatness." The first is hardly necessary for the measure, and the last is certainly too much for it.

(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
 She's so conjunctive⁸ to my life and soul,
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 I could not but by her. The other motive,
 Why to a public count I might not go,
 Is the great love the general gender bear him;
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind⁹,
 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
 A sister driven into desperate terms;
 Whose worth¹, if praises may go back again,
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
 I loved your father, and we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,——
 How now! what news²?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
 This to your majesty: this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
 They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them

⁸ She's so CONJUNCTIVE] The 4tos, 1604, &c., have it *conclive*, which is clearly nonsense: "conjunctive" here means *united*.

⁹ — for so LOUD A WIND,] So the folio, and rightly. Some 4tos. read *loued armed*, and others *loued armes*. The 4tos, 1604, &c., are however right in giving, in the next line but one, "aim'd" instead of *arm'd*, as it is misprinted in the folio. This error has not been unfrequent.

¹ Whose worth,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c. The folio misprints it *Who was*, and the corr. fo. 1632, puts the passage as follows:—

"Who was, if praises may go back again,
 Sole challenger on mount of all the age
 For her perfections."

² How now! what news?] Only in the folios, as well as part of the answer, "Letters, my lord, from Hamlet."

Of him that brought them³.

King.
Leave us.

Laertes, you shall hear them.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] “High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange⁴ return.
HAMLET.”

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. ’Tis Hamlet’s character. “Naked,”—
And, in a postscript here, he says, “alone:”
Can you advise me?

Laer. I’m lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
“Thus diddest thou.”

King. If it be so, Laertes,
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o’er-rule me to a peace⁵.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return’d,—
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul’d;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.

³ Of him that brought them.] This hemistich, which completes the sentence, though not absolutely necessary to it, is not found in the folios.

⁴ — and more strange] These words are only in the folios.

⁵ ————— Ay, my lord;

So you will not o’er-rule me to a peace.] Thus the 4tos, completing the unfinished line of the king’s speech: the folios have only, “If so you’ll not o’er-rule me to a peace.” In the next line but one the folio reads “As *checking at his voyage:*” our text is from the 4tos.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
 Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
 Did not together pluck such envy from him,
 As did that one; and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege⁶.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears,
 Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness⁷.—Two months since,
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
 I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
 And they can well on horseback⁸; but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't: he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd⁹ my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord¹.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
 And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
 And gave you such a masterly report,
 For art and exercise in your defence,
 And for your rapier most especially,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
 If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation²,

⁶ Of the unworthiest SIEGE.] "Siege" is here used, as in "Othello," A. i. sc. 2, &c., for *seat*; and *seat* denotes *place* or *rank*.

⁷ Importing health and graveness.] These words, and all the previous lines between them and "And call it accident," are only in the 4tos. The folio takes up the dialogue again at "Two months since," which it misprints "Two months hence."

⁸ And they CAN well on horseback;] The folio has *ran* for "can." It was a mere printer's error; people do not *run* on horseback.

⁹ — so far he TOPP'D] So the 4tos: the folio, more tamely, *pass'd*.

¹ Upon my life, LAMORD.] The folios print the name *Lamound*.

² — the SCRIMERS of their nation,] *Escrimeur* is Fr. for a fencer; and hence

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord³?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love⁴
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy⁵,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh⁶,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer.
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

"scrimer," which is not used by any other poet. This passage, from "the scrimers of their nation" down to "If you oppos'd them," is not in the folios.

³ What out of this, my lord?] The folio reads "*Why* out of this," but in the corr. fo. 1632, it stands "What out of this," as in the 4tos.

⁴ There lives within the very flame of love] This and the nine following lines are excluded from the folio; perhaps, because not acted.

⁵ For goodness, growing to a PLURISY,] In our former impression "plurisy" was unluckily misspelt *pleurisy*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, with two marks of admiration after his own note, ("Remarks," p. 217) detects the mistake: "plurisy" is, of course, from *plus*, *pluris*, and means *superabundance*, as Gifford long ago pointed out in Massinger's "Unnatural Combat," Vol. i. p. 197.

⁶ — like a spendthrift's sigh,] So the 4tos, 1604, 1611, and the undated 4to, though Malone states that the 4to, 1611, has "spendthrift sigh:" perhaps he meant the 4to, 1637, where it is so printed.

Will you do this? keep close within your chamber.
 Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
 And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 A sword unbated⁷, and in a pass of practice
 Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
 And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it⁸,
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
 That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
 Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
 May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd: therefore, this project
 Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings⁹;—
 I ha't:
 When in your motion you are hot and dry,
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end)

⁷ A sword UNBATED,] *i. e.* Not blunted: in "Love's Labour's Lost," A. i. sc. 1, we meet with the word "bate" for *rebate* or *blunt*:—

"That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge."
 In "Richard III." A. v. sc. 4, Vol. iv. p. 352, we have seen "rebate" misprinted *abate*, as pointed out by the corr. fo. 1632.

⁸ — THAT but DIP a knife in it,] So the 4tos, 1604, &c.: the folio has, "*I but dipt* a knife in it," but the older and more authentic words are restored to their place in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁹ — on your CUNNINGS;] So all the 4tos, and no doubt rightly: the folio, 1623, prints it *commings*, but it is amended to "cunnings" in the corr. fo. 1632: few words have been more misrepresented than "cunning" and *coming*: see Vol. iii. p. 623. Farther on, the folio substitutes "prepar'd" for *preferr'd* of the 4tos, which last is probably the true word.

And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck¹,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen.

How, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! Oh, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook²,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers; nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time, she chanted snatches of old lauds³,
As one incapable of her own distress⁴,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

¹ — your venom'd stuck,] So all the copies, excepting the 4to, 1637, which has *tuck*, a word sometimes used for a sword; but "stuck" is warranted by its etymology, *stoccata*, a term in the art of fencing: "venom'd stuck" is equivalent to "venom'd thrust." The words, "But stay! what noise?" in the next line are only in the 4tos, which omit "How, sweet queen!"

² — grows ASCAUNT the brook,] So every 4to. but that of 1603, which merely says, "Sitting upon a willow by a brook." The folio has *aslant* a brook, and the meaning is nearly the same. In the next line but one, the folio has *come* for "make" of the 4tos.

³ — snatches of old LAUDS,] *i. e.* Old songs of praise. The folio substitutes *tunes*, and gives "their drink," "*her* drink," and "her melodious lay," "*her* melodious *buy*."

⁴ As one INCAPABLE of her own distress,] Meaning, of course, *unconscious* of her own distress.

And therefore I forbid my tears ; but yet
 It is our trick ; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,
 The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord !
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly drowns it ⁵.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
 How much I had to do to calm his rage !
 Now fear I, this will give it start again ;
 Therefore, let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church Yard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks ⁶ her own salvation ?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is ; and therefore make her grave straight : the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo* ⁷ ; it cannot be else. For here lies the point : if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches ; it is, to act, to do, and to perform : argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water ; good : here

⁵ But that this folly DROWNS it.] So every 4to. after that of 1603, which has not the line : the folio "*doubts* it," meaning *douts* it, or does it out. Shakespeare's word may have been *douts*, but "*drowns*" seems preferable.

⁶ — that wilfully seeks] So the folio : the 4tos, "*when she* wilfully seeks." In the next line the 4to. omits "and."

⁷ — *se offendendo* ;] The 4tos. have only *so offended*, the compositor not understanding the humour : in the same way, instead of "argal" he printed *or all*. The folio, however, by mistake has "it is *an* act," for "it is to act:" the last is made the reading in the corr. fo. 1632.

stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian⁸. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms⁹? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame¹⁰ outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the

⁸ — than their *EVEN* Christian.] “Even Christian,” as Thirlby remarked, means *fellow* Christian. The expression occurs in Chaucer, Gower, and our elder writers; but no other instance of its use in Shakespeare's time has been pointed out. Country people often preserve our most ancient language and expressions: they yet speak of “even Christians.” “Their” might be *your*.

⁹ — could he dig without arms?] This allusion to Scripture, and the question producing it, are not in the 4tos.

¹⁰ — for that frame] The 4tos. omit “frame.” A small book was printed in 1511, by Wynkyn de Worde, called “Demaundes Joyous,” which is filled with questions of this sort, although the interrogatory put by the 1 Clown is not one of them. Some are highly humorous, and some not a little indelicate: of the former we may quote the following as a specimen. “Demaunde. What almes is worst bestowed that men gyve? A. That is to a blynde man; for as he hathe ony thyng gyven hym, he wolde, with good wyll, see hym hanged by the necke that gave it hym.” Only a single copy of this book seems to be known.

church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to yon¹; fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love²,

Methought it was very sweet,

To contract, Oh! the time, for, Ah! my behove³,

Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

¹ Go, get thee to yon;] So the corr. fo. 1632, and it is as much as to say, "Go, get thee to yon alehouse; fetch me a jug of liquor." We must suppose the alehouse understood, and pointed to by the 1 *Clown*. It is misprinted in the folio, 1623, "Go, get thee to *Yaughan*," and in our first edition we suggested that *Yaughan* might be a misunderstood stage-direction for the 1 *Clown* to *yawn*, and possibly it was so; but we accept the emendation which presents itself in the corr. fo. 1632. "To *Yaughan*" was not comprehended in the 4tos, for there the text only is, "Go, get thee in."

² In youth, when I did love, did love,] Dr. Rimbault was good enough to point out to us the original words, and music to this song in MS. Sloane, No. 4900, (of the time of Edward VI., or Mary) where nobody would have dreamed of looking for it, as the rest of the volume is of an entirely different character. The words there given with the music (neither of them has the author's name) are these:

"I lothe that I did love

In youth that I thoughte swete,

As tyme requyred for my behoofe,

Me thincke thei are not meete."

The other verses, sung by the 1 *Clown*, are taken from the same poem, by Lord Vaux, but, like the above, they are much corrupted. The whole will be found in "Percy's Reliques," i. 190, edit. 1812. Another MS. copy, without the music, (MS. Harl. No. 1703) states that it was made by Lord Vaux "in the time of noble queen Mary." Mr. Singer truly says, that the whole poem is to be found in Tottel's Miscellany, the date of which he takes from Steevens, not knowing, perhaps, that although reprinted in 1575, the work had appeared originally as early as 1557—*apud Richardum Tottel*.

³ To contract, Oh! the time, for, Ah! my behove,] The *Oh* and the *Ah* in this line are, of course, only the interjections of the *Clown*, in the double exertion of singing and digging.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.* [Throws up a scull.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches⁴, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them⁵? mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
Oh! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.* [Sings.

[Throws up another scull.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave⁶

⁴ — which this ass now O'ER-REACHES;] The folio has *o'er-offices*. It is not easy to account for such variations.

⁵ — but to play at loggats with them?] Loggats was an ancient English game, older than the time of Henry VIII., being forbidden in a statute of that reign. It seems originally to have been played with logs or loggets, which were thrown at a stake stuck in the ground, and hence its name.

⁶ — this RUDE knave] So the folio, where this scene is, on the whole, better given than in the 4tos, which have "*mad knave*."

now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too⁷, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—

*Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Sings.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not your's: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of

⁷ — and double ones too,] The 4tos. have only "and doubles:" in the preceding line they omit "his;" and below, have *scarcely* for "hardly," and *sirrah* for "sir." There is, perhaps, no sentence in Shakespeare, which displays more of his early education in the office of a country solicitor, than this: all the legal terms, too, are fitly applied.

the courtier⁸, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here⁹, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now; this scull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

⁸ — the heel of the courtier,] So the 4tos, including that of 1603: the folio has it "so near the *heels* of our courtier:" in the Clown's reply, the 4tos. omit "all." The sense of "picked," in the previous part of the sentence, is explained by Minshew in 1617, as "trimmed, or dressed sprucely."

⁹ — I have been *SEXTON* here,] The folio, with manifest and very obtuse corruption, reads, "I have been *sixteen* here:" the 4tos, 1604, &c., "sexton." The 4to, 1603, has no part of the 1 Clown's answer, nor of some preceding questions and replies, though this scene is not there given so imperfectly as some other parts of the tragedy.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[*Taking the scull.*]

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see¹⁰.—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is¹! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning²? quite chapfallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[*Putting down the scull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust³; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar⁴, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

¹⁰ Let me see.] Only in the folio; and, above, it characteristically repeats "this same scull, sir."

¹ — how abhorred IN my imagination IT is!] Here the 4tos. are to be preferred: the folio reads, "how abhorred my imagination is."

² — to mock your own GRINNING?] The folio, *jeering*; but the scull did not jeer, though it "grinned." In the next line, the 4tos. have "my lady's *table*," excepting the 4to, 1603, which supports the folio.

³ — RETURN'D into dust;] So the corr. fo. 1632: folio, 1623, *returneth*.

⁴ IMPERIAL Cæsar,] So the folio: the 4tos, *imperious*; the words were often used indifferently. See this Vol. p. 15.

Oh! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw⁵!
But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES
and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers! Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate⁶.

Couch we a while, and mark. [Retiring with HORATIO.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest*⁷. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Shards⁸, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants⁹,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*¹, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

⁵ — t' expel the WINTER'S flaw!] "The *water's* flaw," in the 4tos, 1604, &c.: the 4to, 1603, has not the couplet. A *flaw* is a gust of wind: see Vol. iv. pp. 55. 708. In the next line, the 4tos. read *awhile* for "aside."

⁶ FORDO its own life: 'twas of some estate.] To "fordo" is to *destroy*, to *undo*.

⁷ 1 *Priest.*] The "Priest," of the folio, is called in the 4to, 1604, *Doctor*; but in that of 1603, "Priest."

⁸ Shards,] *i. e.* (says Ritson) Broken pots or tiles, called *pot-sherds*, *tile-sherds*. The 4tos. omit "shards." In "Antony and Cleopatra," A. iii. sc. 2, Shakespeare uses "shards" for the outer wings of a beetle, perhaps from their hardness so called: in "Macbeth," A. iii. sc. 2, he speaks of the "shard-borne beetle," and in "Cymbeline," A. iii. sc. 3, he has "sharded beetle."

⁹ Yet here she is allow'd her virgin CRANTS,] We preserve the word in every old 4to. anterior to that of 1637, (which, like the folio, has *rites*) excepting that of 1603, where the line is not found. "Crants" are *garlands*, from the German *kranz*. Warburton substituted *chants*.

¹ To sing A *requiem*,] "To sing *sage requiem*," in the folio only, which the corr. fo. 1632, alters to "*sad requiem*," which may be the true word.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia?

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell. [*Scattering flowers.*]
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. Oh! treble woe²
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaping into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wondering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaping into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand³.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

² Oh! treble woe] The folio, 1623, introduces a strange corruption here: it reads, "Oh! terrible woer;" and it is followed by the three later folios, but in the corr. fo. 1632, the words are made those of the 4tos, "Oh! treble woe."

³ Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.] The folio has *wiseness* for "wisdom," and "Away thy hand."

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds! show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esill⁴? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness⁵:
And thus a while the fit will work on him.

Queen. Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd⁶,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

⁴ Woul't drink up ESILL? We print this word "Esill," as it stands in the 4to, 1604, &c. There is no doubt that *eyesel* is the old word for vinegar, although there is considerable doubt whether that be meant here. Some of the commentators suppose Hamlet to challenge Laertes to drink up the river Yssell, or Eisell, and Sir T. Hanmer went so far as to change it to *Nile*, which, after all, might be right, considering what follows; only in that case we must read, "or eat a crocodile." The 4to, 1603, affords us no aid, for it reads, "Wilt drink up vessels?" In the folio it is, "Woo't drinke up *Esile*," and it omits "woul't fast" in the preceding line. The corr. fo. 1632, makes no change in *Esill* or *Esile*, but inserts "woul't storm" for "woul't fast" of the 4tos.

⁵ This is mere madness:] This whole speech in the folio, 1623, is, by some gross blunder, given to the King. In the corr. fo. 1632, the two first lines of it are properly continued to him, and the three last, naturally enough, assigned to the Queen. We have adopted this judicious arrangement.

⁶ When that her golden couplets are DISCLOS'D,] To *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch*; and, as Malone remarks, the word *disclose* has already occurred in that sense in this play, Act iii. sc. 1, p. 534.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—

[*Exit* HORATIO.]

[*To* LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see⁷;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other.—
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes⁸. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know⁹,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us¹⁰,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor.

That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

⁷ An hour of quiet THEREBY shall we see;] So all the 4tos, after that of 1604, (that of 1603 has no corresponding line) which has *thirty*,—no doubt a misprint for “thereby,” and not for *shortly*, as it stands in the folios.

⁸ Worse than the MUTINES in the BILBOES.] Here again we have “mutines” for *mutineers*, as in “King John,” Vol. iii. p. 146. The bilboes seem to have been so called from the place where they were made, Bilboa, and they consisted of an iron bar with rings for confining the hands or legs of offenders. It is said that the punishment was made known to this country by the Armada.

⁹ — let us KNOW,] “Let us *own*,” in the corr. fo. 1632; but “let us know” is nearly as intelligible.

¹⁰ When our DEEP plots do PALL; and that should TEACH us,] The folio has “*dear* plots” for *deep* plots of the 4tos: “pall” is the reading of the 4to, 1604, and of the folio: other 4tos. have *fall*; and very possibly the true word was *fail*, as it stands in the corr. fo. 1632. We adopt “teach” from the folio, 1623, instead of “learn” from the older copies.

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal¹
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 Oh royal knavery! an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,—
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities²,
 And many such like as's of great charge³,—
 That on the view and know of these contents,

¹ My fears forgetting manners, to UNSEAL] The word "unseal" of the folio, 1623, is *unfold* in the 4tos, 1604, &c. In our former edition we preferred *unfold*, but we think we were wrong.

² And stand a COMMA 'tween their amities,] "The *comma* (says Johnson) is the note of *connection* and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction."

³ And many such like AS's of great charge,] The 4tos. unintelligibly read "as, sir, of great charge," which the folio altered to *assis*; Hamlet refers to the word *as*, which begins three previous lines. In the next line, the folio uses "know" for *knowledge*, which in the 4tos. is *knowing*.

Without debatement farther, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant⁴.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment⁵:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life⁶,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm⁷? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In farther evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself,

⁴ — was heaven ORDINANT.] *Ordinate* is the word in the folio.

⁵ Why, man, they did make love to this employment:] This is a line not in any of the 4tos. In the next line the folio reads *debate* for "defeat," which last seems the right word. Above it has *sement* for "sequent;" and both errors are remedied in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁶ — for my proper life,] The corr. fo. 1632, without any apparent necessity, transposes the line, thus, "His angle for my proper life thrown out." Two lines lower it reads *his own* (meaning *his own* stratagem) for "this arm."

⁷ To quit him with this arm?] *i. e.* To *quite* or *requite* him. From this line until the entrance of Osrick is only in the folio impressions.

For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours⁸:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor.

Peace! who comes here?

*Enter young OSRICK*⁹.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say¹, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship; 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court², Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very

⁸ — I'll COURT his favours:] Rowe reads "court," for *count* of the 4tos. and folios, and most likely he was right, though in our former edition we were too unwilling to abandon the old copies here.

⁹ Enter young Osrick.] So the folio, 1623. "Enter a courtier," in the 4tos, 1604, &c. "Enter a braggart gentleman," in the 4to, 1603.

¹ — as I say,] The folio, only, reads "as I saw." In the next speech it absurdly has *friendship* for "lordship."

² Sir, here is newly come to court,] From these words, inclusive, down to Hamlet's question, "What's his weapon?" is only in the 4tos, 1604, &c., with the exception of the words "you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,"—to which the folio, 1623, adds "at his weapon." There is no trace of this part of the play in the 4to, 1603.

soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him³, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorily would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sale. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed⁴.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger⁵.

³ — to speak *FEELINGLY* of him,] So all the 4tos. but that of 1604, which has *sellingly*; and *sellingly* may very possibly be right, in connexion not only with "inventorily," but with "sale," as we venture to print it, not *sail* as always hitherto given: the reference is to the value, and speedy "sale" of the qualifications of Laertes. Lower down "really" may have been put for *rarely*.

⁴ — in his *MEED* he's unfellowed.] *i. e.* In his *merit*, or excellence. See "meed" used in a similar sense in Vol. iv. pp. 136. 194, and this Vol. p. 220.

⁵ Rapier and *DAGGER*.] The weapons of the time. See a passage in R. Greene's "James the Fourth," (Edit. Dyce, ii. 128) where the learned editor has been sorely puzzled by the repetition of "rapier and dagger" in the speeches of Slipper and the Cutler, from not understanding that what the first asked for was "*a reaper*"

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed⁶, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done⁷.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it⁸?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

and *digger*," and that what the last wished to sell was "a rapier and dagger." The dialogue was, doubtless, made up from short-hand notes taken in the theatre, and the transcriber blundered, because in short-hand the same letters spell *reaper* and *digger* and "rapier and dagger." In another passage, higher on the same page, the Rev. Mr. Dyce has printed "lakus skins" instead of "*jackass* skins," and "clark" instead of *calf*; not seeing that the Clown was referring to the different kinds of leather of which slippers might be made. Such oversights, even by careful editors, ought to make us charitable.

⁶ — against the which he has IMPONED,] The folio has "imponed" for *im-pauned* of the 4tos: but by what follows, "imponed" seems an imitation of Osrick's affected pronunciation.

⁷ — ere you had done.] Horatio (whose interruption is not in the folio) refers to the explanatory comment upon the body of a work, sometimes inserted in the margin of the page.

⁸ Why is this IMPONED, as you call it?] The 4tos. omit "imponed;" and other trifling variations hardly require notice: the folio has "French *but*" for "French bet" of the 4tos.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Your's, your's.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn¹.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it². Thus has he (and many more of the same breed³; that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions⁴; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord*⁵.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

¹ — no tongues else for's TURN.] The folio carelessly repeats *tongue* instead of "turn," as it stands in the 4tos.

² He did COMPLY with his dug, before he sucked it.] Horatio, by the simile of the lapwing, calls Osrick a *forward* fellow, and Hamlet follows it up by saying that he was so forward and conceited, that he *complimented* with his dug before he sucked it. Various authorities might be produced to show that to "comply" was to *compliment*: see also this play, p. 521.

³ — and MANY more of the same BREED,] The folio reads, "and *mine* more of the same *beavy*:" *bevy* might be right, but *mine* must be wrong. It may be recollected that "more" is, just as unquestionably, misprinted *mine* in "Macbeth," A. i. sc. 4, this Vol. p. 395.

⁴ — the most FANNED and winnowed opinions;] "*Fond* and winnowed opinions" in the old copies, but Tollet proposed "fanned," and we feel convinced that such is the proper text. The 4to, 1604, reads, "the most *prophane* and *trennowed* opinions," which became *trennowned* in the 4to, 1611, and what could have been understood by it, it is hard to say.

⁵ Enter a Lord.] From the entrance of this lord, to his exit, the text is only to be found in the 4tos. It is, however, to be traced in the 4to, 1603.

Hor. You will lose this wager⁶, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving⁷, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be⁸.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*Giving HAMLET the hand of LAERTES.*]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

⁶ You will lose THIS WAGER,] The words "this wager" are from the folio.

⁷ — such a kind of GAIN-GIVING,] *i. e.* *Mis-giving, against-giving.* The 4tos. have *gam-giving* and *game-giving*, but none of them have "gain-giving" of the folio. It is singular that this word, "gain-giving," should not have led the Rev. Mr. Dyce to understand that in "The Pilgrim," A. v. sc. 3 (Beaumont and Fletcher, viii. 79), the word "gainful" should be taken as *against-full* or *opposite*, where Juletta tells the Keeper,

"You will find him gainful, but be sure you curb him," she means you will find him resist you, but be sure you control him. There can be no doubt about it.

⁸ Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.] We have preferred here the reading of the 4to, 1604, which Warburton adopted: the folio has, "Since no man ha's aught of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?" omitting "Let be."

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience⁹,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother¹.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

⁹ Sir, in this audience,] This hemistich is not in any of the 4tos: it seems little wanted in the folio, but we dare not omit it.

¹ And hurt my BROTHER.] The folio, 1623, misprints "brother" *mother*, but it is made "brother" in the corr. fo. 1632. In the next speech of Laertes the folio, 1623, reads *ungorg'd* for "ungor'd."

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire :
 The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
 And in the cup an union shall he throw²;
 Richer than that which four successive kings
 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups ;
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
 "Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come, begin ;—
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well :—again.

King. Stay ; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine ;
 Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound ; and cannon shot off within.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first ; set it by awhile³.

Come.—Another hit ; what say you ? [*They play.*]

Laer. A touch ; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath⁴.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows⁵ :

² And in the cup an UNION shall he throw,] So the folio, rightly, an "union" being the most valuable kind of pearl. The 4to, 1604, has *unice*, the undated 4to. *Onix*, and so it continued to be printed in the 4to, 1637.

³ — set it by awhile.] The folio omits "it" (inserted in the corr. fol. 1632), and the 4tos. afterwards leave out "A touch ; a touch."

⁴ He's fat, and scant of breath.] On the authority of "Wright's *Historia Histriionica*," 1699, it has been supposed that Joseph Taylor was the original Hamlet. This is a mistake: Wright says only that "Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well;" but he had had the advantage of seeing Burbage in the part until 1619. We know, on the authority of the MS. epitaph upon Burbage, that he was celebrated for his Hamlet, and Shakespeare's words are there employed, with reference to the obesity of the actor :—

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
 Shall cry revenge for his dear father's death."

These lines must have been written very soon after the decease of the subject of them, and they are decisive upon the point that Burbage was the performer who first acted the part of Hamlet. See the Introduction, and "The Lives of the Actors in Shakespeare's Plays" (printed by the Shakesp. Soc. in 1846), pp. 21. 52.

⁵ Here, Hamlet, TAKE MY napkin, rub thy brows:] So the 4tos: the folio,

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup! it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me⁶.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*]

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrick⁷;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, — Oh my dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. Oh villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd!

Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good:

In thee there is not half an hour of life⁸;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

defectively, "Here's a napkin: rub thy brows," which in the corr. fo. 1632, is made to run thus: "Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, *my son.*"

⁶ I am AFEARD, you make a WANTON of me.] The 4tos, "I am sure," &c. "Wanton" here means a feeble effeminate person.

⁷ Why, as a woodcock to mine OWN springe, Osrick;] The folio omits "own," but it is placed in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632.

⁸ — half an hour of life;] So the folio: the 4tos, "half an hour's life," treating "hour" as a dissyllable.

Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. Oh! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me!

[*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) Oh! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright⁹
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have't.—
Oh God!—Horatio¹, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.— [March afar off, and shot within².

⁹ — and my CAUSE aright] The folio, "and my causes right."

¹ Oh God!—Horatio,] The folio, "Oh good Horatio!" In the next line, for "shall live behind me," of the folio, the 4tos. have "shall I leave behind me."

² — and SHOT within.] The folio, which only has this part of the stage-direction, reads, "and shout within;" but the "warlike volley," afterwards mentioned, would show that shout was a misprint for "shot."

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. Oh! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit³:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence⁴. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest⁵!—
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—Oh proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:

³ — quite o'ER-CROWS my spirit:] Malone states that only the 4to, 1637, reads *o'er-grows* for "o'er-crows;" but the fact is, that that reading (whether it be, or be not an improvement upon the word in the 4to, 1604, and in the folio, 1623) is found in the undated 4to, and in that of 1611.

⁴ — The rest is silence.] The folio has "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" after "silence."

⁵ And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!] The remainder of the tragedy is struck through with a pen in the corr. fo. 1632, and the word *Finis* subjoined, to show that it was there at an end. The concluding lines also are thus converted into a couplet:—

"Now cracks a noble heart: good night, be blest,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Another "tag" is added afterwards, of a very poor and inanimate character, most unlike the language of Shakespeare, which, it seems, the performer of the part of Horatio was also to deliver when the piece was abbreviated: it is as follows:—

"While I remain behind to tell a tale,
That shall hereafter turn the hearers pale."

Although the conclusion is hastened in this way, the old annotator has continued his corrections to the end of the tragedy, as it has come down to us; but from what source he derived his information we know not: perhaps he had at one time witnessed the performance in its entirety, and had remedied defects from the recitation of the actors.

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you :
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question ⁶,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view ;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about : so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ⁷,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads : all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune :
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak ⁸,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more ⁹ :
But let this scene be presently perform'd ¹⁰,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

⁶ But since, so JUMP upon this bloody question,] *i. e.* So *exactly* : the same word occurs, and in precisely the same sense, in A. i. sc. 1, of this play, p. 475. See also "Othello," A. ii. sc. 3.

⁷ — and FORC'D cause,] So the folio : the 4tos, "and *for no* cause." "Put on" means here *produced*, or *occasioned* : below it rather means *incited*, *instigated*.

⁸ — ALSO cause to speak,] "*Always* cause to speak," in the folio ; and in the preceding line, for "Which now to claim" of the 4tos, the reading is, "Which are to claim."

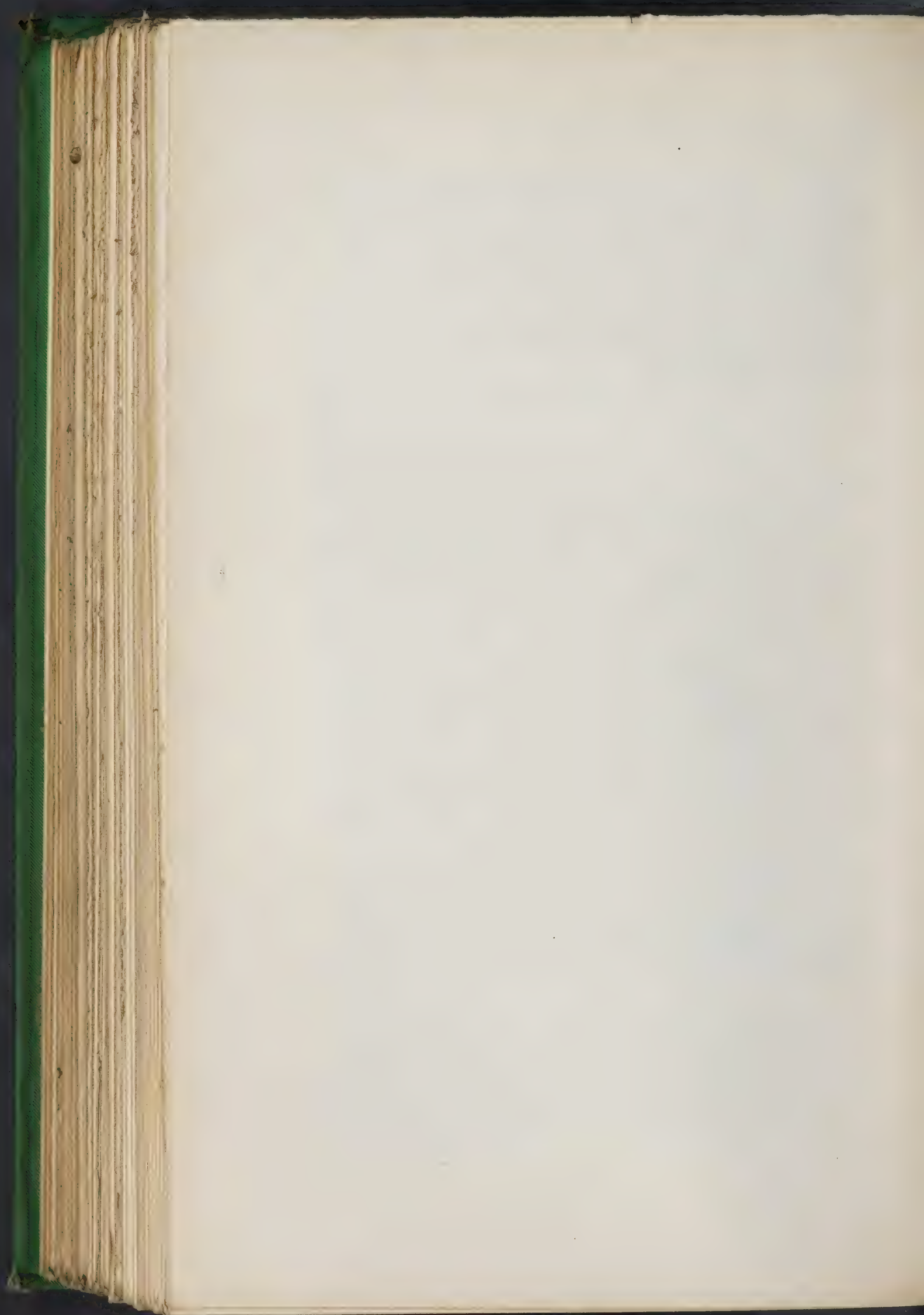
⁹ And from his mouth whose voice will DRAW ON more :] *i. e.* Will draw on more voices ; referring to the declaration of Hamlet, "He has my dying voice."

¹⁰ But let this SCENE be presently perform'd,] It is "let this *same*" in the old copies, 4to. and folio, but the alteration in the corr. fo. 1632 is so much superior, in reference to the words "perform'd" and "stage" which occur just afterwards, that we make the change, not only without reluctance, but with thankfulness for the improvement upon the usual tame and unfigurative line. *Same* for "scene" was the easiest possible misprint of carelessly written manuscript.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, marching; after which, a peal of*
*ordnance is shot off*¹.]

¹ In reference to the character of Hamlet, and to the design of Shakespeare in writing the tragedy of which Hamlet is the hero, we cannot refrain from quoting a characteristic passage or two from one of the recently published Lectures of Coleridge, delivered as long since as the year 1812.

“The first question we should ask ourselves is—what did Shakespeare mean when he drew the character of Hamlet? He never wrote any thing without design, and what was his design when he sat down to compose this tragedy? My belief is, that he always regarded his story, before he began to write, much in the same light that a painter regards his canvas before he begins to paint—as a mere vehicle for his thoughts—as a ground upon which to work. What, then, was the point to which Shakespeare directed himself in Hamlet? He intended to pourtray a person, in whose view the external world, and all its incidents and objects, were comparatively dim, and of no interest in themselves, and which began to interest only, when they were reflected in the mirror of his mind. Hamlet beheld external things in the same way that a man of vivid imagination, who shuts his eyes, sees what has previously made an impression on his organs. The poet places him in the most stimulating circumstances that a human being can be placed in. He is the heir apparent of a throne; his father dies suspiciously; his mother excludes her son from the throne by marrying his uncle. This is not enough; but the Ghost of the murdered father is introduced to assure the son that he was put to death by his own brother. What is the effect upon the son? instant action and pursuit of revenge? No: endless reasoning and hesitating—constant urging and solicitation of the mind to act, and as constant an escape from action; ceaseless reproaches of himself for sloth and negligence, while the whole energy of his resolution evaporates in these reproaches. This, too, not from cowardice, for he is drawn one of the bravest of his time—not from want of forethought, or from slowness of apprehension, for Hamlet sees through the very souls of all who surround him, but merely from that aversion to action, which prevails among those who have a world in themselves.” Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, 8vo, 1856, p. 141.



KING LEAR.

R F 2

M. William Shak-speare: His True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Maicstie at Whitehall vpon S. Stephans night in Christmas Hollidayes. By his Maiesties seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe on the Bancke-side.—London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull neere St. Austins Gate. 1608. 4to. 41 leaves.

M. William Shake-speare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Seruants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side.—Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1608. 4to. 44 leaves.

The title-page of a third impression in 1608 corresponds with that last above given.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of King Lear" occupies twenty-seven pages, in the division of "Tragedies;" viz. from p. 283 to p. 309, inclusive. The last page but one, by an error, is numbered 38, instead of 308. In the first, as well as in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685, the Acts and Scenes are marked.

INTRODUCTION.

THE most remarkable circumstance connected with the early publication of "King Lear" is, that the same stationer published three quarto impressions of it in 1608, that stationer being a person who had not put forth any of the authentic (as far as they can deserve to be so considered) editions of Shakespeare's plays. After it had been thus thrice printed (for they were not merely re-issues with fresh title-pages) in the same year, the tragedy did not again make its appearance until it was included in the folio of 1623. Why it was never republished in quarto, in the interval, must be matter of speculation; but such was not an unusual occurrence with the works of our great dramatist: his "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," and "Troilus and Cressida" were each twice printed, the two first in 1600, and the last in 1609, and they were not again seen in type until they were inserted in the folio of 1623: there was also no second quarto edition of "Much Ado about Nothing," nor of "Love's Labour's Lost." The extreme popularity of "King Lear" seems proved by the mere fact, that the public demand for it, in the first year of its publication, could not be satisfied without three distinct impressions.

It will be seen, by the exact copies of the title-pages which we have inserted on the opposite leaf, that although Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of the three quarto editions, he only put his address on the title-page of one of them. It is perhaps impossible now to ascertain on what account the difference was made; but it is to be observed that "Printed by J. Roberts," without any address, is found at the bottom of the title-pages of some of the copies of "The Merchant of Venice" and of "Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1600. A more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the name of William Shakespeare is made so obvious at the top of them, the type being larger than that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which the tragedy commences, "M. William Shake-speare, his history of King Lear." This peculiarity has never attracted sufficient attention, and it belongs not only to no other of Shakespeare's plays, but to no other production of any kind of that period which we recollect. It was clearly intended to enable purchasers to make sure that they were buying the drama which "M. William Shakespeare" had written upon the popular story of King Lear.

One cause of it is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that there was another contemporary drama upon the same subject, and with very nearly the same names to the principal characters, which was not by Shakespeare, but which the publisher probably had endeavoured to pass off as his work. An edition of this play was printed in 1605, under the following title:—"The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath bene divers and sundry times lately acted." It was printed, by Simon Stafford, for John Wright; and we agree with Malone in thinking, that this impression was put forth in consequence of the popularity of Shakespeare's "King Lear," which was then in a course of successful performance at the Globe theatre. That this edition of "The True Chronicle History of King Leir" was a re-impression we have little doubt, because it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication as early as 14th May, 1594: it was entered again on 8th May, 1605, anterior to the appearance of the impression with that date.

We may presume that in 1605 no bookseller was able to obtain from the King's players a copy of Shakespeare's "King Lear;" for there are few points in our early stage-history more clear, than that the different companies took every precaution in order to prevent the publication of plays belonging to them. However, in the autumn of 1607, Nathaniel Butter had in some way possessed himself of a manuscript of "King Lear," and on the 26th November he procured the following unusually minute memorandum to be made in the Stationers' Registers:—

"26 Nov. 1607.

Na. Butter and Jo. Busby] Entered for their Copie, under t' hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. Willm Shakespeare his Historye of Kinge Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side."

This entry establishes that Shakespeare's "King Lear" had been played at Court on the 26th December, 1606, and not on the 26th December, 1607, as we might infer from the title-pages of the three editions of 1608.

The memorandum we have just inserted would lead us to believe that John Busby was the printer of "King Lear," although his name does not otherwise at all appear in connexion with it. The differences between the quartos are seldom more than verbal, but they are sometimes important: after a very patient comparison, we may state, that the two quartos without the publisher's address are more accurate than that with his address; and we presume

that the latter was first issued. It would seem that the folio of 1623 was composed from a copy, which had been much, and not very judiciously, abridged for the purposes of the theatre; and, although it contains some additions, not in any of the quartos, there are, perhaps, few quartos of any of Shakespeare's plays more valuable for the quantity of matter they contain, of which there is no trace in the folio.

We may decide with certainty that Shakespeare's "King Lear" was not written until after the appearance of Harsnet's "Discovery of Popish Impostors" in 1603, because from it, as Steevens established, are taken the names of various fiends, &c. mentioned by Edgar.

As we find a "King Leir" entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, we can have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the old play, printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, in 1605, when Shakespeare's "King Lear" was (as we have supposed) experiencing a run of popularity at the Globe, was considerably anterior in point of date. There is little doubt that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, and probably adopted from it, at least, that part of the conduct of his story which relates to the faithful Kent. There are other general, but few particular resemblances: for both the chief materials were evidently derived from Holinshed, but Shakespeare varied from all authorities in his catastrophe: he seems to have thought, that to abandon the course of the ordinary narrative would heighten and improve the effect of his drama, and give a novelty to its termination.

The story of Lear and his daughters is briefly told by Spenser in B. ii. c. 10, of his "Fairie Queene," and thence it has been thought that Shakespeare obtained the name of Cordelia, till then usually called Cordella. That portion of the plot which relates to the Earl of Gloster, he may have procured from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590, 4to. B. ii. c. 10. A ballad on King Lear was also published (see Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 249. Edit. 1812), but no copy with a date has come down to us.

The earliest notice we recollect of "King Lear" (probably the older play from the spelling of the name) is in a book, printed by Boscard at St. Omer's in 1614, called "The Life and Death of Edmund Gerringes," where the writer is speaking of those who admire affected words, telling them—

"If any such there be, post to King Leire:
He hath applause; seeke not contentment here."

In the margin opposite the name are inserted the words "A booke so called;" and no doubt a play-book was intended.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

LEAR, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

EDGAR, Son to Gloster.

EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.

CURAN, a Courtier.

OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,	}	Daughters to Lear.
REGAN,		
CORDELIA,		

Knights of Lear's train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

¹ A list of the characters in this tragedy was first inserted by Rowe.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety¹.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could ; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper².

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for ; yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund ?

¹ — can make choice of either's MOIETY.] “Moiety,” here, as elsewhere, is not used by Shakespeare in its strict sense of *half*, but as a share : see Vol. iii. p. 372. The folio reads *kingdom* for “kingdoms,” and *qualities* for “equalities ;” but our text is that of the 4tos.

² — SO PROPER.] *i. e.* So handsome—such as it ought to be.

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.
—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege³. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent⁴
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths⁵, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now.
The two great princes, France and Burgundy⁶,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state⁷)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend

³ I shall, my LIEGE.] "Liege" in the 4tos; *lord* in the folio. "Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided," is from the folio: the 4tos. read, "The map there: know we have divided."

⁴ — and 'tis our FAST intent] The 4tos. have "*first* intent;" and in the next line, "of our *state*," for "from our age."

⁵ CONFERRING them on younger STRENGTHS,] So the folio: the 4tos, "*Confirming* them on younger *years*." What follows these words, down to "May be prevented now," is only in the folio.

⁶ The two great princes, France and Burgundy,] So the 4tos, and we prefer leaving "May be prevented now" as a hemistich to running it all, as in the folio, 1623, into one inharmonious line of fourteen syllables.

⁷ — cares of state] The two lines, forming this parenthesis, are wanting in the 4tos.

Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words⁸ can wield the
matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak⁹? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers¹⁰ and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak¹.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious sphere of sense possesses²,

⁸ Sir, I love you more than words] In the corr. fo. 1632, "Sir" is struck out: it is injurious to the metre; but as it is found in all the 4tos. and folios we leave it. The 4tos. have "Sir, I *do* love you," but *do* is not in the folios, where, however, "words" is accidentally misprinted *word*.

⁹ What shall Cordelia SPEAK?] "What shall Cordelia *do*," in the 4tos.

¹⁰ ——— and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers] These words are not in the 4tos, which, for "shadowy forests," read "*shady* forests."

¹ Speak.] This word, clearly necessary to the measure, probably dropped out in the folio at the end of the line. It is in all the 4tos.

² Which the most precious SPHERE of sense POSSESSES,] In the folio, 1623, this line stands as follows:—

"Which the most precious *square* of sense *professes*,"

and we are indebted for our text to the corr. fo. 1632, where perhaps "possesses" was derived by the old annotator from one of the 4tos, or from correct recitation; but "sphere" for *square* is in no previous copy. Mr. Singer tells us that he had corrected *square* to "sphere" before he heard of it in our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," and we, not dealing in literary discourtesy, entirely believe him. We only wonder that, when, as in this case, he finds his own conjecture authoritatively confirmed, he "professes" so little faith in the accuracy of other changes in our corr. fo. 1632. He also amends "precious" to *spacious*, for which he has no warrant, and he might have seen that the epithet "most pre-

And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue³.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, and least⁴; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing⁵.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How? how, Cordelia⁶? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry

cious" applies properly to "sense" and not to "sphere." We, of course, adopt only the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632.

³ More RICHER than my tongue.] For "richer" of the 4tos, the folio, 1623, has *ponderous*. In the corr. fo. 1632, the word is *plenteous*.

⁴ Although our last, and least;] In this line, and to the end of the speech, we follow the folio: the 4tos. read thus:—

"Although the last, not least in our dear love,
What can you say to win a third, more opulent
Than your sisters?"

In the corr. fo. 1632, we are told to read "Although our last, *not* least," &c., but we make no change.

⁵ Nothing.] Not in the 4tos; which give the next line, "*How!* nothing can come of nothing. Speak again." Lower down the folio has, "*no* more nor less," a letter having dropped out.

⁶ How? how, Cordelia?] The 4tos, "Go to, go to;" and in the next line, "Lest *it* may," &c.

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
 To love my father all⁷.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart ?

Cor.

Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so : thy truth, then, be thy dower ;
 For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night⁸,
 By all the operation of the orbs
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
 Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me,
 Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd
 As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent !

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight !—

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her !—Call France.—Who stirs ?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest the third :
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of an hundred knights
 By you to be sustained, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain

⁷ To love my father all.] This necessary hemistich of the 4tos. is not to be found in the folio, 1623, but it is added in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632. In the next line the folio, 1623, reads, " But goes thy heart with this ?"

⁸ The MYSTERIES of Hecate, and the NIGHT.] The folio, 1623, has *miseries* for " mysteries," (corrected in the folio, 1632) which the 4tos. read, *mistresse*, and *might* for " night."

The name, and all th' additions to a king;
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be your's: which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.]

Kent. Royal Lear,
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
 As my great patron⁹ thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom¹;
 And in thy best consideration check
 This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
 To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
 Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
 The true blank of thine eye².

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. Oh, vassal! recreant³!

[Laying his hand upon his sword.]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

⁹ As my great patron] The corr. fo. 1632, has "*And as my patron*," leaving out "*great*," but the change seems inexpedient. Lear interrupts Kent before he has finished his sentence.

¹ When majesty *STOOPS* to folly. *REVERSE* thy *DOOM* ;] The folio, "*falls* to folly," and "*reserve thy state*" for "*reverse thy doom*." There can be no doubt that "*reverse thy doom*" of the 4tos. is the true text.

² The true *BLANK* of thine eye.] The *blank* means here the *white* mark at which the arrow is shot.

³ Oh, vassal! *RECREANT*!] The interjection is from the folio; and "*recreant*" is from the 4tos. instead of *miscreant* of the folio.

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power⁴,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee⁵ for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the seventh day following⁶,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away!—By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence⁷, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, Oh princes! bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

⁴ — our SENTENCE and our power,] The folio, to the injury of sense and metre, reads *sentences*; but it is probably right in the preceding line, where it substitutes "strain'd" for *strained* of the 4tos.

⁵ Five days we do allot thee] In the 4tos. it is *Four* days, and afterwards, consistently, "on the *fifth*." In the next line, "diseases" (which in the folio is misprinted *disasters*) is to be taken in the etymological sense of *inconveniences*.

⁶ — if on the SEVENTH day following,] So the corr. fo. 1632, and it is evidently right, since Kent was to turn his "hated back" on the kingdom on the sixth day, and to embark on the seventh. The old copies read *tenth*, but they all vary as to the numbers of days, which are consistently given by the old annotator: the whole forms a week.

⁷ FREEDOM lives hence,] In the 4tos. *Friendship*, and in the next line *protection* for "dear shelter."

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse⁸, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To FRANCE.*]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your blest object⁹,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence

⁸ DOWER'D with our curse,] This is the better reading of the folio: the 4tos. have "Cover'd with our curse." Two lines above "owes" means, as in many former instances, *owns*.

⁹ That she, that even but now was your BLEST object,] The letter *l* (as the corr. fo. 1632, makes it appear) having dropped out in "blest" it became *best*, the word in the old editions: that "blest" here is indubitably right we see below, where Cordelia is called "most best, most dearest" in the 4tos, and "the best and dearest" in the folios. She was the "blest object" of her father's praise.

Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend¹,
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness²,
No unchaste action³, or dishonour'd stoop,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou⁴
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand

¹ — since what I WELL intend,] So the 4tos. The folio, erroneously, "*will* intend." In the next line it is probably right in changing *may know* of the 4tos. to "make known."

² It is no vicious blot, NOR OTHER foulness,] Here Mr. Singer has, apparently, been guilty of one of those unfair adoptions of the amended text of the corr. fo. 1632, which we have before too often had reason to mention: the alteration, which is an important one, viz. "nor other" for *murther*, must surely have crept into his edition entirely without his knowledge, and therefore entirely without his acknowledgment. The reading of this line in every old copy has hitherto been,

"It is no vicious blot, *murther* or foulness."

As we said in our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations," p. 451, Cordelia could never have contemplated that *murder* would be laid to her charge as the ground of Lear's displeasure, yet in all impressions of this tragedy, from the 4to, 1608, to our own day, the language of Shakespeare has been thus grossly misrepresented. Our text (and Mr. Singer's, who has appropriated the emendation of the corr. fo. 1632 without one syllable of remark) must inevitably in future be that of every reprint of "King Lear;" and it only supposes that the old compositor misread "nor other" *murther* or. In the next line *step*, of the 4tos. and folios, on the same authority, is converted into "stoop," the identical misprint having been before made and corrected in "Hamlet," A. iii. sc. 4, this Vol. p. 556.

³ No UNCHASTE action,] The 4tos, "*unclean* action," and two lines lower *rich* for "richer."

⁴ Better thou] Before these words the 4tos. insert the expressions of impatience, "Go to, go to." They were, probably, the actor's progeny.

Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:
Since that respects of fortune⁵ are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that are most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of our's, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find⁶.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again:—therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and *Attendants*.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father', with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call

⁵ — respects of fortune] *i. e.* Considerations of fortune, using "respects" in the same sense as a few lines earlier: the folio has "respect and fortunes," but it is made "respects of fortune" in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁶ — a better WHERE to find.] *i. e.* A better *place*: "where" is used substantively, as in *any where, every where, &c.*

⁷ YE jewels of our father,] Cordelia here addresses her sisters; but as in other places (see "Coriolanus," A. i. sc. 6, Vol. iv. p. 620) "Ye" was misprinted *The*, in consequence of the mistake of the contraction. We owe "Ye" to the corr. fo. 1632.

Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father^s :
 To your professed bosoms I commit him ;
 But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg.

Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
 At fortune's alms : you have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want⁹ that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides ;
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides¹.
 Well may you prosper !

France.

Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most
 nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence
 to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you ; next month with
 us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is ; the observa-
 tion we have made of it hath not been little : he always
 loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath
 now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but
 slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ;
 then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the im-
 perfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the
 unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with
 them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him,
 as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between
 France and him. Pray you, let us hit together² : if our

^s LOVE well our father :] The 4tos, "*Use* well our father."

⁹ And well are worth the WANT] The folio rightly reads "want" for the care-
 less repetition of *worth* in the 4tos.

¹ — at last SHAME THEM derides.] So the 4tos, (excepting that "cover," by
 a very common error, is misprinted *covers*,) correctly ; and the folio, corruptly,
 "at last *with* shame derides." The text is altered to that of the 4tos. in the
 corr. fo. 1632 ; and it is idle to attempt, with M. Mason, to amend what, in truth,
 needs no emendation.

² — let us HIT together :] A very intelligible expression for "Let us *agree* toge-

father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess³; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations⁴ to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base⁵?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate⁶!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base

ther:" *i. e.* strike at the same time. The folio misprints "hit" *sit*. Goneril afterwards follows up the figure, "let us *hit* together," by adding "and i' the heat,"—while the iron is hot.

³ Thou, nature, art my goddess;] This speech in the folio is printed as verse, and in the 4tos. as prose: such is the case with many others in the course of the drama, but we have not always specified them.

⁴ The curiosity of nations] *i. e.* The scrupulousness of nations. In the second speech of this play "curiosity" has been used much in the same sense.

⁵ — with baseness? bastardy? base, base?] The 4tos. only have "base bastardy?" for these words of the folio.

⁶ Fine word,—legitimate!] This exclamation is only in the folio.

Shall top the legitimate⁷. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards! [*Reading the letter.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power⁸!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad⁹!—Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none. [*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it
into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need
to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not
need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my
brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I
have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking¹.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The con-
tents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this
but as an essay, or taste of my virtue².

Glo. [*Reads.*] "This policy and reverence³ of age makes
the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes
from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find

⁷ Shall TOP THE legitimate.] The 4tos. have, "Shall *tooth*' legitimate," and the folio, "Shall *to' th*' legitimate." "Shall *top* the legitimate" is the ingenious emendation of Edwards, which in fact only substitutes the letter *p* for *o*, as the text stands in the 4tos.

⁸ — SUBSCRIB'D his power!] *i. e.* Surrendered his power: the folio alone has *prescrib'd*. "Exhibition" in the next line is *maintenance*, and it is still used in that sense at our Universities: we have it also in "Othello," A. i. sc. 3.

⁹ Upon the GAD!] *i. e.* Upon the *spur*, upon the sudden, in haste. We need not, as usual with commentators, travel beyond Shakespeare, when he fully illustrates himself: in "Titus Andronicus," A. iv. sc. 1, this Vol. p. 56, he represents the hero as wishing to engrave on brass with "a gad of steel," *i. e.* a *point* of steel.

¹ — not fit for your O'ERLOOKING.] So the folio, though the reading of the 4tos. might be justified, "not fit for your *liking*."

² — but as an ESSAY, OR TASTE of my virtue] As a *trial* or *assay*; and perhaps for "taste" we might with some propriety read *test*.

³ This policy and reverence] The 4tos. omit "and reverence."

an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father⁴ should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. Oh villain! villain!—His very opinion in the letter.—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed⁵ against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence⁶ of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where

⁴ — and fathers DECLINED, THE father] The 4tos. read, "and fathers declining, his father," &c.: the folio, 1623, as our text.

⁵ — where, if you violently proceed] "Where" was of old constantly employed in the sense of *whereas*. We have already had various instances of it.

⁶ — and to no other pretence] The 4tos, "to no farther pretence:" "pretence" is *design* or *intention*: see this Vol. p. 413.

you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure⁷.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution⁸.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine⁹ comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. [*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour¹⁰) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of

⁷ Nor is not, sure.] This speech and Gloster's reply, as far as "Heaven and earth!" are only in the 4tos.

⁸ I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] We should hardly have thought a note here necessary, if Warburton, Johnson, Mason, and Steevens, had not disputed regarding the meaning, which seems only to be, "I would be content to sacrifice my estate, if I could but arrive at a thorough conviction as to his design."

⁹ This villain of mine] From these words inclusive, down to "disquietly to our graves," is only in the folio.

¹⁰ — (often the SURFEIT of our own behaviour)] Is there not room to suspect that the poet may have written *forfeit*—i. e. the penalty of our own misconduct?

stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and¹ pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—Oh! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness² between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts³, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

¹ Edgar—and] These two words are not in the folio: the 4tos. read, "out he comes," for "pat he comes;" and farther on they have *mine* for "my cue;" "them of Bedlam" for "Tom o' Bedlam;" and they omit "Fa, sol, la, mi," besides some smaller variations.

² — as of unnaturalness] These words, and what follows them, down to "Come, come," in Edmund's next speech, are only in the 4tos.

³ — dissipation of cohorts,] So the old copies; but Johnson very reasonably suggested that "cohorts" was a misprint for *courts*. No such change is, however, suggested in the corr. fo. 1632.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear⁴. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best⁵; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.— [Exit EDGAR.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,

⁴ That's my fear.] What follows these words, down to, and including, Edgar's speech, "Armed, brother?" is not in the 4tos.

⁵ Brother, I advise you to the best;] Here the 4tos. add, "go armed;" but as our text is from the folio, which before has given, "If you do stir abroad, go armed," this repetition of the injunction is needless.

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it⁶, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man⁷,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak⁸.—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse⁹, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

⁶ If he DISTASTE it,] The 4tos, "If he dislike it." In the previous line the 4tos, needlessly, and injuriously as regards the verse, insert *servants* after "fellows;" but the whole scene is there printed as prose.

⁷ Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,] This and the four lines succeeding it are not in the folio.

⁸ I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.] These words are only in the 4tos.

⁹ That can my speech DIFFUSE,] So all the old editions. To "diffuse" meant, in the time of Shakespeare, to *disorder* or *confuse*: "diffus'd attire" is an expression in "Henry V." (Vol. iii. p. 633) for disordered dress. A "diffused song," in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 4, is an *irregular* song. Kent wishes to disguise his speech; and the Rev. Mr. Dyce has a whole page on the point, including various quotations, which seem to prove that he never considers a point sufficiently established.

(So may it come¹!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*]—How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither.

¹ (So may it come!) This parenthesis, meaning, "so may it happen," is not in the 4tos, where the speech, like many others, is printed as prose. It is clearly verse, though one line is irregular in its structure.

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clod-pole back.
[*Exit Knight.*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. [*Re-entering.*] He says, my lord, your daughter is not well².

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter OSWALD.

Oh! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

² He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.] In the 4tos, this answer is given to Kent, and the next to a servant. In the folio they seem properly, and consistently assigned to one of Lear's knights, who had followed Oswald out, and immediately returned.

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise; away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes OSWALD out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his cap.*]

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady brach⁴ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

³ Why, my boy?] In the folio, this question is put into Lear's mouth: in the 4tos, it is given to Kent, in the words "Why, fool?"

⁴ — when the lady BRACH] The 4tos. unintelligibly read, "when lady o' the brach." The meaning may be "when lady, the brach, may stand," &c. We have seen a brach named "Lady" in "Henry IV. Part I." Vol. iii. p. 377. A "brach" was strictly a female hound, but Nash in his "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, sign. T, uses "brach" for a bitch-fox.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle.—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest;
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool⁵.

Fool. Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.]

Lear. A bitter fool.

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee⁶

To give away thy land,
 Come place him here by me;
 Do thou for him stand:
 The sweet and bitter fool
 Will presently appear;
 The one in motley here,
 The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads

⁵ This is nothing, fool.] The fool's speech seems addressed to Lear, "Mark it, nuncle;" and it is natural that Lear should make this observation upon it: he does so in the 4tos, but the folio attributes "This is nothing, fool," to Kent.

⁶ That lord, that counsell'd thee] From this line down to "Give me an egg, nuncle," is only in the 4to. impressions. It was, perhaps, politically objectionable, and was therefore omitted in the folio.

too': they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*⁸; [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep ¹, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

7 — and LOADS too :] Modern editors, without the slightest authority, read, “and *ladies*, too,” when the old copies have not a word about ladies : all the fool means to say is, that if he had a monopoly of folly, great men would have part of it, and a large part, too—“and *loads* too”—printed *lodes* in the 4tos.

⁸ Fools had ne'er less GRACE in a year;] So the folio: the 4tos, "less *wit* in a year." The next line but one seems also corrupt in the oldest editions, "*They* know not how their wits *do* wear." Our text is that of the folio. Unless the subsequent emendation of this line in the corr. fo. 1632,

"And well may fear their wits to wear,"

were purely arbitrary, it seems probable that it is misrepresented in all the old copies. However, the printed lection, on the score of intelligibility, requires no change, and, consistently with our ordinary practice in such cases, we leave the line as it has hitherto stood.

¹ Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.] So, in "The Rape of Lucrece," a play by Thomas Heywood :—

“ When Tarquin first in court began,
And was approved king,
Some men *for sudden joy gan weep,*
And I for sorrow sing.”

Steevens "could not ascertain" in what year this play was first published: the date of the earliest edition is 1608. Heywood multiplied the songs in various subsequent impressions, and the popularity of the piece must have been great.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown².

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure³. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue: so your face [*To GONERIL.*] bids me, though you say nothing.—Mum, mum:

*He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.—* [Singing.]

That's a shelled peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank, and not-to-be-endured, riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity

² METHINKS, you are too much of late i' the frown.] The folio prints this and the preceding line as prose, and makes them so by omitting "Methinks." The copy used for the folio, 1623, was very defective in this respect.

³ — now thou art an O without a figure.] The Fool (observes Malone) means to say, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle,"—is become a mere cypher.

Will call discreet proceeding⁴.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, [Singing⁵.
That it had its head bit off by its young.*

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom⁶,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?
—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear:
does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.
—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it
that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow⁷? I would learn
that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright,
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold⁸,

⁴ WILL call discreet PROCEEDING.] The 4tos, "*Must call discreet proceedings.*"
The whole speech, and others that follow it, are there printed as prose.

⁵ Singing.] This and the preceding couplet are, no doubt, parts of some
satirical ballad; and not only are they so distinguished by the old annotator on the
fo. 1632, but he also inserted *singing* in the margin.

⁶ I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,] The folio omits "Come,
sir," of the 4tos, before this speech, and makes that verse which most modern
editors have printed as prose.

⁷ Lear's shadow?] These words are given to the Fool in the folio, and it leaves
out what follows down to the question, "Your name, fair gentlewoman?" In
other respects it corrupts Lear's speech.

⁸ — so DEBAUCH'D and bold,] "*Debosh'd* and bold" in the old copies, but
we see no more reason for preserving here the old spelling, than in any other case
where it varies from modern orthography: if *debosh'd* were not the same word
as "debauch'd," the case would be different. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, it is true, spells
it *debosh'd*, but he also uses *deboist*, and other antiquated uncouthnesses such as
swound for "swoon," *vilde* for "vile." We profess (with some rare and neces-
sary exceptions) to use the ordinary orthography of educated society.

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace⁹. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents¹,—Oh, sir! [*To ALB.*]
are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name².—Oh, most small fault!
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. Oh Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*]

⁹ Than a GRAC'D palace.] The 4tos. have *great* for "grac'd."

¹ Woe, that too late repents,] So the folio, but the conclusion of the line "Oh sir! are you come," is from the 4tos: they however read as a question, "Is it your will, that we prepare our horses?" There the interruption of Albany "Pray, sir, be patient," is wanting; and in Lear's next speech, for "thou liest," of the folio, one 4to. has, "thou *list* my train."

² The WORSHIPS of their name.] The corr. fo. 1632, puts "worships" in the singular: the change is only just worth notice.

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you³.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away! away!⁴ [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause⁵;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death! [*To GONERIL.*] I am
asham'd,
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!

³ Of what hath mov'd you.] This hemistich (which is completed by Lear's words, "It may be so, my lord,") is only in the folio; and we have regulated the lines as they are there found. In the 4tos, the speech is printed as prose, and is otherwise corrupt: thus for "thwart, disnatur'd," they have "*thourt disuetur'd.*" "Disnatur'd," as Steevens observes, was used by Daniel, one of the purest writers of that day, but we do not find it in any of his contemporaries. In the next line but one, the 4tos. read "*accent tears,*" for "*cadent tears.*"

⁴ Away! away!] The 4tos. repeat "Go, go, my people," with which words Lear had concluded the former speech; and they say nothing of the *exit* and re-entrance of Lear.

⁵ — to know THE CAUSE;] So the 4tos: the folio "to know *more of it.*"

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha!—
 Let it be so:—I have another daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever⁶.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and *Attendants*.]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool*.]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool
 with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows a'ter.

[*Exit*.]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel⁷.—A hundred
 knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
 At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken⁸: I know his heart.
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

⁶ I have cast off for ever.] The 4tos, after these words, add, "Thou shalt, I warrant thee."

⁷ This man hath had good counsel.] This and the two next speeches, down to "When I have show'd the unfitness," are only in the folio impressions.

⁸ Not fear still to be taken:] *i. e.* Taken by "the harms I fear."

When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now, Oswald⁹!

Re-enter OSWALD.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [*Exit Osw.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of your's,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon¹,
You are much more attask'd² for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

⁹ — how now, Oswald!] In the 4tos. Oswald, the Steward, does not enter until he has been again called by Goneril, "What, Oswald, ho!"

¹ Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,] The pronoun "it" is from the corr. fo. 1632: it is not absolutely required by the sense, but it is necessary to the measure, and we may readily suppose that it had escaped in the press.

² You are much more ATTACK'D] So one of the 4tos: in the others the word is *alapt*, which seems unintelligible. "Attack'd" may mean taken to task, and the folio, somewhat consistently with this interpretation, has *at task*; but may we not speculate that after all the poet's word was *attack'd*?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell³.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell⁴ why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face.

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. Oh, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?

³ — yet I CAN TELL what I can tell.] So the folio: the 4tos, "Yet I *con* what I can tell," *i. e.* "I *know* what I can tell," which may be the right reading.

⁴ Thou canst tell] The corr. fo. 1632, puts this as a question, "Canst thou tell," &c. The change is immaterial.

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments⁵.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word⁶.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.
[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work⁷!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—Oh sir! fly this place;

⁵ — but ear-BUSSING arguments.] A play, probably, upon *bussing* and *buzzing*: the folio has it "ear-kissing."

⁶ Not a word.] This and the preceding speech are in the 4to. with the publisher's address, and in the folio, but not in the other 4tos.

⁷ Which I must ACT.—Briefness, and fortune, WORK!] The 4tos. give this line, "Which must *ask* briefness and fortune *help*."

Intelligence is given where you are hid :
 You have now the good advantage of the night.—
 Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?
 He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
 And Regan with him : have you nothing said
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?
 Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me ;
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :
 Draw : seem to defend yourself.—Now 'quit you well ;
 Yield :—come before my father.—Light, ho ! here !—
 Fly, brother.—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen drunkards
 Do more than this in sport^s.—Father ! father !
 Stop ! stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and *Servants with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
 Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
 To stand auspicious mistress.—

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after.—[*Exit Servants.*] By no
 means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship ;
 But that I told him, the revenging gods
 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend⁹ ;
 Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
 The child was bound to the father ;—sir, in fine,
 Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

^s Do more than this in sport.] Many passages might be produced from writers of the time to show, that young men out of gallantry sometimes stabbed their arms, in order to be able to drink the healths of their mistresses in blood.

⁹ — did all THEIR THUNDERS bend ;] So the 4tos : the folio "all the thunder bend." Lower down the folio alone reads, "latch'd mine arm," for "lanc'd mine arm."

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
 With his prepared sword he charges home
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
 But whether he saw¹ my best alarum'd spirits,
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
 Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
 And found, dispatch'd².—The noble duke my master,
 My worthy arch³ and patron, comes to night :
 By his authority I will proclaim it,
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
 Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
 He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him pight to do it⁴, with curst speech
 I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,
 "Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
 Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should deny,
 (As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
 My very character⁵) I'd turn it all
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,
 If they not thought the profits of my death
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs⁶

¹ But WHETHER he saw] So the corr. fo. 1632, for "But *when* he saw : " "Or whether gasted " &c. in the next line but one shows that it is probably right. "Gasted" of course means dismayed ; Stow uses "gasted" or *ghasted*, and Beaumont and Fletcher (as cited by Richardson) *gastered*.

² And found, DISPATCH'D.] *i. e.* And found, he shall be dispatched : this is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, and the context, where Gloster adds that "the murderous coward" shall be brought "to the stake," entirely supports it.

³ My worthy ARCH] *i. e.* Chief, now used, as Steevens states, only in composition, as *arch-duke*, *arch-angel*, *arch-fiend*, &c.

⁴ And found him PIGHT to do it,] *i. e.* *Pitched*, in the sense of *fixed*, *determined*.

⁵ My very character] *i. e.* My own *hand-writing*. In the next line, for "practice" of the folios, the 4tos. have *pretence* : the accent seems to show that *pretence* was not the word, unless we read "damned" *damn'd*.

⁶ — and potential SPURS] "Spurs," the reading of the 4tos, for *spirits* of the folio, is here evidently to be preferred. The same remark will apply to the next line, where the folio poorly reads "*Oh, strange and fasten'd villain*," which, besides, does not suit the measure.

To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Tucket within.*]

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news⁷.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. Oh, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your heir, your Edgar⁸?

Glo. Oh, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, yes, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues⁹.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

⁷ — I have heard STRANGE NEWS.] *Strangeness* in the folio, 1623, but in the corr. fo. 1632, it is altered to "strange news," as in the 4tos.

⁸ He whom my father nam'd? YOUR HEIR, your Edgar?] The words "your heir" are obtained from the margin of the corr. fo. 1632: the line is imperfect without them. So, five lines lower, it makes Edmund's answer "Yes, madam, YES, he was of that consort," thus curing another defect. In both cases the words had, most likely, dropped out in the press. "Consort" is, of course, *company* or *society*.

⁹ To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.] The 4tos. give this line as follows:—"To have *these*—and waste of this his revenues,"—neither sense nor measure. Our line is from the folio.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice¹; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is².

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be our's:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you.

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize³,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam.
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

¹ He did BEWRAY his practice;] The 4tos. here afford a comment on the folio, by reading *betray* for "bewray."

² Ay, my good lord, HE IS.] The two last words of this line having escaped in the press, like some others in the course of the scene, we find them supplied by the corr. fo. 1632. The measure is regular in this part of the play, and so it was, most likely, intended to be here.

³ — of some POIZE,] So two copies of the 4tos: the other, for "poize" reads *prize*, which is also the word in the folio, but it is amended to "poize" in the corr. fo. 1632. In the preceding line the 4tos. have *threatening* for "threading;" and lower down, one 4to. and the folio read "from our home," and the other 4tos. "from our hand." In the last line but one of the speech the folio has *businesses*, in the plural, while "craves" is in the singular, showing, perhaps, that "business" is right.

SCENE II.

Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend : art of this house⁴ ?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold⁵, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats ; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king ? Draw, you rogue ; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines : I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you : [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away ! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal : you come with letters against the

⁴ Good DAWNING to thee, friend : art of THIS house ?] The 4tos. have *even* for "dawning," and *the* for "this." It was still dusk.

⁵ If I had thee in FINSBURY pinfold,] It is "*Lipsbury* pinfold" in the old copies ; but, no doubt, misheard or misprinted for Finsbury, where at that date there must have been a pinfold, well known to Shakespeare's audiences. "Finsbury" is from the corr. fo. 1632.

king, and take Vanity, the puppet's part⁶, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, *and* *Servants.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter? Part⁷.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee⁸: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain⁹ into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. —Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

⁶ — and take Vanity, the puppet's part,] The allusion is probably to the character of Vanity, in some of the early Moralities or Moral-plays.

⁷ What's the matter? Part.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce contends that "Part," wanting in the 4tos, is only a stage-direction; but if so, it would have been equally required there. Edmund tells them to separate, and Kent turns to him.

⁸ — nature disclaims IN thee:] We should now say "nature disclaims thee;" but the text was the phraseology of the time, as may be proved by various instances: one from Ben Jonson's "Volpone," A. iii. sc. 5, will be sufficient:

"And, then, his father's oft disclaiming in him."

⁹ — this UNBOLTED villain] *i. e.* This *unsifted* or *coarse* villain.

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse t' unloose¹; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire², snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
And knowing nought, like dogs, but following³.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot⁴.

Corn. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence⁵?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see

¹ Which are too INTRINSE t' unloose;] The word is *intrench* in the 4tos, a decided corruption. Shakespeare here uses "intrinse" in the same sense as "intrinsic" in "Antony and Cleopatra," A. v. sc. 2, where the heroine calls upon the asp to untie the "knot intrinsic of life." In the preceding line, the 4tos. omit "holy."

² Bring oil to FIRE,] The 4tos. have *stir* for "fire" of the folio; but in the next line the folio is clearly wrong in having *revenge* for "renege" of the 4tos: to "renege" is to *deny*, and it occurs in a similar way in "Antony and Cleopatra," A. i. sc. 1; but it is not by any means of common occurrence in other writers. Steevens found it in Stanyhurst's translation of the "Æneid," 1584, but there it rather means to *refuse*, a sense in which *deny* was of old not unfrequently employed.

³ AND knowing nought, like dogs, but following.] "And" is from the corr. fo. 1632: it is necessary to the metre: the 4tos. have *daies* for "dogs." Lower down, for "Smile you my speeches" the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, is "Smile at my speeches," which may be right.

⁴ — Camelot.] In Somersetshire, where the romances say king Arthur kept his western court. It is mentioned in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song iii.

⁵ What's his OFFENCE?] The folio, in opposition to the 4tos, has "What is his *fault*?" Other changes are less important.

Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front⁶,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact⁷, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart⁸,

⁶ ON FLICKERING Phœbus' front,] So the 4tos; the folio "flicking," but "flickering" is the true word, and to it *flicking* is amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

⁷ When he, COMPACT,] "Compact" here seems to mean, in *concert* with, having entered into a "compact." The word in the 4tos. is *conjunct*, which will admit of a similar explanation.

⁸ You stubborn ANCIENT knave, you REVEREND braggart,] The 4tos. read, "miscreant knave," and one of them, for "reverend," has *unreverend*. In the next speech, the 4tos. have *stopping* for "stocking."

We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks are brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much⁹, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs¹.—

[*KENT is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt REGAN, CORNWALL, EDMUND, OSWALD,
and Attendants.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

⁹ His fault is much,] These words and the following lines, down to "Are punish'd with," are not in the folio; and, having omitted them, it was thought necessary to extend the words, "the king must take it ill," into an entire line, thus,—*"The king, his master needs must take it ill."* The 4tos. have *temnedst* for "contemnedst," which Steevens substituted.

¹ For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.] This line is also wanting in the folio, which gives, "Come, my lord, away" to Cornwall.

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies².—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.—
Fortune, good night; smile; once more turn thy wheel³!

[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought

² Losses their remedies.] This and the preceding line and a half have occasioned some discussion as to the true wording; but we are to recollect that Kent, having a letter from Cordelia in his hand, is endeavouring to make out its contents by the imperfect light; he is unable to see distinctly, and hence, perhaps, part of the obscurity of the passage. He can only make out some words, and those not decisively, but sufficiently to enable the audience to judge of the general tenor of what he is trying to read.

³ Fortune, good night; smile; once more turn thy wheel!] We adopt here the arrangement, but not the punctuation recommended by the Rev. Mr. Dyce: ("Remarks," p. 226) Kent does not mean to ask Fortune to smile once more; but to smile, and when smiling, to turn her wheel once more.

To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
 Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars⁴, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms⁵,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood⁶! poor Tom!
 That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.]

⁴ Of Bedlam beggars,] In his "Curiosities of Literature," p. 286, edit. 1838, Mr. D'Israeli thus speaks of "Bedlam beggars:"—

"The fullest account that I have obtained of these singular persons is drawn from a manuscript note, transcribed from some of Aubrey's papers, which I have not seen printed. 'Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Tom o' Bedlams* did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i. e.* they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off: they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdrick, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them.' The civil wars, probably, cleared the country of all sorts of vagabonds; but, among the royalists or parliamentarians, we did not know that in their rank and file they had so many *Tom o' Bedlams*."

Thomas Dekker, in his "Bell-man of London," printed in the same year as the play before us, and often afterwards, thus appositely speaks of an Abraham-man:—"He calls himselfe by the name of poore Tom, and comming neere any body cries out *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-men some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines; some will dance, others will doe nothing but laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that, spying but a small companie in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter," &c.

⁵ — from low FARMS,] Thus the folio; the 4tos. "from low service." "*Pelting villages*," in the next line, are *petty* villages. See "*Troilus and Cressida*," A. iv. sc. 5, Vol. iv. p. 569.

⁶ Poor Turlygood!] In the folio it is printed *Turlygod*, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce urges ("Remarks," p. 227) that "the spelling of the old editions should be preserved:" this is exactly what we have done, and it seems strange that Mr. Dyce should not know that it is Turlygood in the 4tos, which are fifteen years older than the folio. Warburton, without any authority, would read *Turlupin*; but we know nothing of any Turlupins (at least by that name) in England.

SCENE IV.

Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garters⁷. Horses are
tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by
the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at
legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks⁸.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have⁹.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

⁷ — he wears CRUEL garters.] *i. e.* Garters made of worsted, or *crewel*, a perpetual source of similar jokes by our old dramatists: it is useless to repeat any of them, the fact only being of importance.

⁸ — wooden nether-stocks.] "Nether-stocks" were stockings, and were distinguished from "upper-stocks" or "over-stocks," as breeches were sometimes called. The pun is here even more obvious than in the case of "cruel garters."

⁹ Yes, they have.] This answer, and Lear's previous assertion, "No, no; they would not," are only in the 4tos; but they omit Kent's asseveration, "By Juno, I swear, ay."

Lear. They durst not do't;
 They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse than murder,
 To do upon respect such violent outrage.
 Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
 Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
 My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
 Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
 From Goneril, his mistress, salutations;
 Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
 Which presently they read: on whose contents,
 They summon'd up their meiny¹, straight took horse;
 Commanded me to follow, and attend
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
 And meeting here the other messenger,
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
 (Being the very fellow which of late
 Display'd so saucily against your highness)
 Having more man than wit about me, drew:
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
 The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet², if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
 Do make their children blind;
 But fathers, that bear bags,
 Shall see their children kind.

¹ They summon'd up their MEINY,] *i. e.* Their retinue or followers. The word is sometimes used for a household, and sometimes in the sense of the multitude. See "Coriolanus," A. iii. sc. 1, Vol. iv. p. 655.

² Winter's not gone yet,] *i. e.* "The troubles of Lear (says Johnson) are not ended." No part of the speech is in the 4tos: it is printed as mere prose in the folios, but it is evident from the corr. fo. 1632, that the whole, from "Fathers, that wear rags," down to "As thou canst tell in a year," ought to be in rhyming verse, as we have given it. The word "dear," in the last line but one, is in the folio, 1632, only; and the old annotator merely made the change of placing it, for the sake of the jingle, after "daughters" instead of before it. Of course "For thy daughters dear" is to be understood as on account of thy daughters, but Mr. Singer arbitrarily alters "for," the language of Shakespeare's time, to *from*, the language of our own. "It follows" is also from the corr. fo. 1632.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—
But, for all this it follows
Thou shalt have as many dolours
For thy daughters dear,
As thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up toward my heart³!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir; here, within.

Lear. Follow me not:
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question,
thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee
there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses
are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose
among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy
hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy
neck with following it; but the great one, that goes up the
hill⁴, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee
better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but
knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:

³ Oh, how this mother swells up toward my heart!] Shakespeare seems to have derived this allusion to the *hysterica passio* from Harsnet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures," 1603; and, as Percy remarks, Lear attributes the swelling grief and indignation in his bosom to this disorder, then not considered peculiar to women. Harsnet repeatedly calls it the disease of the "mother" and *hysterica passio*. Our poet took the names of various supposed fiends, &c., in this drama, from the same pamphlet.

⁴ — that goes UP THE HILL,] So the 4tos: the folio poorly reads "that goes upward," to the injury of the antithesis. Four lines lower, "and seeks" is from the folio.

The fool turns knave that runs away,
The knave no fool, perdy ⁵.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man ⁶?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service ⁷:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

⁵ The fool turns knave that runs away,
The knave no fool, perdy.] In the old editions the very contrary of what
the poet must have intended is expressed,

“The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy.”

The reasoning in the earlier part of the rhyme is, that when it begins to rain wise men fly to shelter, but fools stay; and it ought to be followed up by the statement that if the fool runs away he turns knave, and that the knave, being no fool, will not be so silly as to remain in the wet. “Perdy” is *par Dieu*, and we have had various instances of its use already, last in “Hamlet,” A. iii. sc. 2, this Vol. p. 546.

⁶ Dost thou understand me, man?] This speech by Lear, and the preceding one by Gloster, are only in the folio.

⁷ — commands HER service:] The folio “commands, tends, service.” The next line is not in the 4tos.

And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only.—Give me my servant forth!—
Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney⁸ did to the eels,
when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the
coxcombs⁹ with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:"
'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered
his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adulteress.—Oh! are you free? [*To KENT.*
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: Oh Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—Oh Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,

⁸ — the COCKNEY] "Cockney" would here seem to mean *cook*, as in the ballad of the "Tournament of Tottenham," in Percy's "Reliques," ii. p. 25, edit. 1812:

"At that fest were thei servyd in a rich aray,
Euery fyve and fyve had a *cokenay*."

See the note upon the word "cockney" in "Twelfth Night," A. iv. sc. 1, Vol. ii. p. 704. A "cocknay" seems also to have been a species of dish.

⁹ — she RAPP'D 'em o' the coxcombs] So the 4tos; but Shakespeare's word may have been "*knapp'd* them," which we find in the folios.

You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty ¹⁰.

Lear. Say, how is that ¹?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. Oh, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house ²:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [Kneeling.]
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan. [Rising ³.]
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—

¹⁰ Than she to SCANT her duty.] So the folio: the 4tos. have, "Than she to slack her duty." Either word may be right, though Hanmer and Johnson thought both wrong, and would read "*scan* her duty." The plain meaning is, "You less know how to value Regan's desert, than she knows how to be wanting in duty." It seems strange how any doubt should ever have existed.

¹ Say, how is that?] This question and the answer to it are only in the folio.

² Do you but mark how this becomes the HOUSE:] The old annotator on the fo. 1632 tells us to read,

"Do you but mark how this becomes the *mouth*."

i. e. the *mouth* of Lear. We feel reluctant to adopt the emendation, inasmuch as, according to Warburton's explanation of the meaning of "house," viz. "the order of families, duties of relation," the sense is pretty clear; but still it is extremely probable that the copyist, or the compositor, misheard the word, and that Lear intends to call attention to the manner in which such terms of abject submission to a child misbecome a father's *mouth*.

³ Rising.] Both "Kneeling," just above, and "Rising," here, are inserted in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632, so that there can be no dispute as to what was the ancient practice of the stage in this respect, although it has been doubted by some modern editors. These are what Regan means by "unsightly tricks."

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn.

Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride⁴!

Reg.

Oh the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hearted nature⁵ shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes⁶,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg.

Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*]

Corn.

What trumpet's that?

Enter OSWALD.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

⁴ To fall and BLAST HER PRIDE!] So every 4to: the folio merely, "to fall and blister," which can hardly be right, inasmuch as fogs, though they fall, do not blister. Besides, the verse requires the words in the 4tos.

⁵ Thy tender-HEARTED nature] In our first edition we suggested, that *tender-hested* of the 4tos. and *tender-hefted* of the folios, were mere misprints for "tender-hearted:" such is precisely the emendation made in the corr. fo. 1632, and such is the change deliberately adopted by Mr. Singer; who, however, does not say one word regarding our proposal in 1843, nor the alteration in the corr. fo. 1632 announced in 1853. This therefore is an instance (unintentional we would fain say) of a double misappropriation: Mr. Singer authoritatively declares for "*tender-hearted*," as if it were his own unaided discovery.

⁶ — to scant my SIZES,] To contract my allowances or proportions of diet. It is derived by lexicographers from the old Fr. *assise*.

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant?⁷—Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? Oh heavens!

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To GONERIL.*
Oh Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. Oh sides! you are too tough:
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl
Necessity's sharp pinch⁸.—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

⁷ Who stock'd my servant?]
The 4tos. give this speech to Goneril, who is not yet upon the stage, and print "stock'd" *struck*.

⁸ To be a comrade with the wolf, and howl

Necessity's sharp pinch.] This is a fortunate recovery of what must have been the real language of the poet: the usual method of printing the passage has been this:—

"To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!"

treating the last three words as a reflection by Lear. The corr. fo. 1632 shows at once that the old printer, omitting the aspirate, composed *owl* for "howl," and thus grossly misrepresented Shakespeare. The allusion, of course, is to the

To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
 Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter⁹
 To this detested groom. [Looking at OSWALD.

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
 I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh¹,
 Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
 Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
 I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?
 Is it not well? What should you need of more?
 Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,

“howl” of the wolf under the “sharp pinch” of hunger. The error is only of a single letter, but most important. We may farther note that the translation of Schlegel and Tieck is made by Prof. Mommsen to run in exact conformity with this indisputable emendation:—

“Schliess Kameradschaft mit dem Wolf, und heule
 Den scharfen Schmerz der Noth!”

There is a remarkable instance of the wrong insertion of the aspirate in Beaumont and Fletcher's “Custom of the Country,” (Dyce's edit. iv. p. 410) where the old printer composed “me high” for *my eye*, the blunder having been repeated in every impression from 1647 to 1857.

⁹ — and SUMPTER] “Sumpter” is a horse, or mule, to carry necessities on a journey. “Sumpter” (from the Lat. *sumo*) was not unfrequently used, as Nares informs us, for the pannier, or basket containing the load.

¹ — a disease THAT'S IN my flesh,] The 4tos. read, “a disease that lies within my flesh.”

Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack
you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:

[To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. Oh! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!²
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man³,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:

² You heavens, give me THAT patience, patience I need!] Instead of "that patience" the corr. fo. 1632 has "*but* patience." We may doubt whether the line did not originally run,

"You heavens, give me but patience that I need,"
omitting the repetition of "patience."

³ — a poor old MAN,] All the 4tos. read, "a poor old fellow."

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
 Against their father, fool me not so much
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.
 Oh! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
 Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
 What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
 No, I'll not weep:—
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep.—Oh, fool! I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
 And must needs taste his folly⁴.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
 But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
 Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse⁵; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds⁶
 Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
 There's scarce a bush.

⁴ And must needs taste his folly.] The meaning is, "'Tis his own fault or misconduct that hath put him from rest, and he must take the consequence of his folly." "Blame" is the nominative case to "hath put;" and in the next line the corr. fo. 1632 instructs us to read "*He* must needs taste his folly," but the change is not forced upon us by any very apparent necessity.

⁵ He calls to horse;] This part of the reply by Gloster, and the question by Cornwall, "Whither is he going?" are not in the 4tos.

⁶ — and the BLEAK winds] The folio poorly substitutes *high* for "bleak."

Reg. Oh, sir! to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well.—Come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting⁷.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white hair⁸,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

⁷ Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.] "Severally" says the folio, and "at several doors" say the 4tos: in the interval between 1608 and 1623 "doors" may have been discontinued. The 4tos. open the scene with "What's here," &c.

⁸ — tears his white hair,] These words, and the lines that follow to the end of the speech, are wanting in the folio.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare, upon the warrant of my note⁹,
 Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
 Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
 With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
 Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
 Which are to France the spies and spectators¹
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings² of the dukes,
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you:
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
 And from some knowledge and assurance offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.
 For confirmation that I am much more

⁹ — the warrant of my NOTE,] This is the reading of the folio: "my note" is my knowledge, and affords an evident meaning, which can scarcely be said of *art*, the word in the 4tos.

¹ Which are to France the spies and SPECTATORS] "Spectators" is the word substituted in the corr. fo. 1632 for *speculations* of the old copies. *Speculations* cannot well on any account be right, while "spectators" completes both meaning and metre: of course the emphasis in "spectators" must not here be placed on the second syllable. Five lines lower we are told, on the same authority, to read *flourishings* for "furnishings," but we forbear, principally on account of a quotation from the Epistle before R. Greene's "Groats-worth of Witte," supplied by Steevens, where "a furnish" is to be understood as a *sample*:—"For to lend the world a furnish of witte, she layes her owne to pawne." We quote from the edit. 1617, whereas Mr. Singer misquotes both Greene and Steevens. The tract was first printed in 1592, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce (Greene's Works, I. cvii.) enumerating the various reprints, omits three which he had not seen.

² Either in SNUFFS and PACKINGS] "Snuffs" (says Steevens) are dislikes, and "packings" underhand contrivances.

Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,
 And she will tell you who that fellow is³
 That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*]—Fie on this storm!
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
 That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,
 Holloa the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts and hurricanoes spout,
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat⁴ the thick rotundity o' the world!
 Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,
 That make ingrateful man!

Fool. Oh nuncle, court holy-water⁵ in a dry house is better
 than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask
 thy daughter's blessing: here's a night pities neither wise
 men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
 You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,

³ — who THAT fellow is] So the folio: the 4tos. "*your* fellow." In the preceding line the folio and two of the 4tos. have "*fear*," and the other 4to. *doubt*.

⁴ STRIKE flat] The 4tos, "*Smite* flat,"—perhaps, preferably.

⁵ — court holy-water] Cotgrave translates *Eau benite de la cour*, "*court holie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering speeches."

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That will with two pernicious daughters join⁶
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
 Before the head has any,
 The head and he shall louse;—
 So beggars marry many.
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make,
 Shall of a corn cry woe',
 And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
 I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? things that love night,
 Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark⁸,
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind, and rain, I never
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
 Th' affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pudder⁹ o'er our heads,

⁶ That WILL with two pernicious daughters JOIN] The 4tos. read *have* and *join'd*; the folio as our text.

⁷ Shall of a corn cry woe,] The 4tos. read corruptly "Shall *have* a corn cry woe." Lower down for "are you here?" they have "*sit* you here;" besides one or two other immaterial variations.

⁸ GALLOW the very wanderers of the dark,] To "gallow," or *gally*, is a provincial word for to *terrify*, common to several parts of England, and not merely employed in the West, as stated by Warburton and Steevens.

⁹ — this dreadful PUDDER] The folio has *pudder*, one 4to. (with the publisher's address) *powther*, and the others *thundering*.

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue¹
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents², and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!—
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone³ whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee⁴.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—* [Sings.
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day⁵.

¹ Thou PERJURE, and thou SIMULAR of virtue] A "simular" is a *simulator*: possibly we ought to spell it *simuler*, but the word *man*, by which it is followed in the 4tos, is needless and injurious. "Thou perjure," in the beginning of the line, is the emendation in the corr. fo. 1632, and is undoubtedly right. When in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 332, the 4to. and folio read "he comes like a perjure," they are correct; and in the old play of "King John," which preceded that of Shakespeare, we meet with this line:—

"But now black-spotted perjure as he is," &c.

² Rive your CONCEALING continents,] So the folio, no doubt well authorized: the 4tos. *concealed centers*.

³ (More HARD than is the stone] The folio "More harder than the stone." In the next line the 4tos. have *me* for "you."

⁴ That's SORRY yet for thee.] The 4tos, "That sorrowes yet for thee."

⁵ For the rain it raineth every day.] This fragment has the same burden as the song by the Clown at the end of "Twelfth Night," and possibly it was part of the

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors :
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues,
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion :
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time ⁶.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack ! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a

same ballad. The folio inserts *and*, in the middle of the first line, (as in the scrap in "Hamlet," Vol. v. p. 588,) and has *though*, instead of "for," in the last.

⁶ — for I live before his time.] This speech, and the prophecy of the fool, are contained in no 4to. impression. It is to be observed, that the two lines,

"Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion,"

are in Chaucer, and quoted by Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," 1589.

letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken ;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed⁷ : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know ; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses ; no less than all : The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter : The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm⁸ Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ; But where the greater malady is fix'd, The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ; But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea⁹,

⁷ — a power already FOOTED :] "Already landed" in the 4tos. The word occurs again in the same sense, in Scene 7 of this act, and there it is "footed" in all the old copies.

⁸ — that this CONTENTIOUS storm] The 4to. without the publisher's address has *crulentious*, and that with the publisher's address, *tempestuous*. "Contentious" of the folio is probably the true word.

⁹ — the ROARING sea,] So one of the 4tos. (that with the publisher's address) and the folio : the other 4tos, "raging sea."

Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home.—
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure¹:—
 In such a night as this!—Oh Regan, Goneril!—
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
 Oh! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
 This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
 In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
 Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep².—
 [The Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm³,
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? Oh! I have ta'en
 Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
 And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half⁴, fathom and half! Poor Tom!
 [The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me!
 help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the
 straw?

Come forth.

¹ To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:] Omitted in the 4tos, which just above read, "I will punish *sure*," for "I will punish home."

² I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.] This and the preceding line are only in the folio, 1623, and, of course, in the other folios.

³ — this pitiless STORM,] The 4tos. have, "this pitiless *night*."

⁴ Fathom and half,] This speech is not in the 4tos: it can hardly be supposed to refer to casting the lead at sea.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me.—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind⁵.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul
fiend hath led through fire and through flame⁶, through ford
and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives
under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by
his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own
shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits⁷! Tom's a-cold.—
Oh! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-
blasting, and taking⁸! Do poor Tom some charity, whom
the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now,—and
there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this
pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

⁵ — blows the cold wind.] The folio reads incorrectly, as appears on its own authority, p. 679, "blow the winds," and subsequently, "go to thy bed." The words, "Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee," are quoted from "The Spanish Tragedy" in "The Taming of the Shrew," Vol. ii. p. 443. Lear's next speech stands thus in the folio, "Didst thou give all to thy daughters?"

⁶ — and through flame,] These words are only in the folio, which, however, reads corruptly, *sword*, instead of "ford" of the 4tos. It is *swamp* in the corr. fo. 1632, perhaps from incorrect recitation.

⁷ Bless thy five wits!] The five senses were formerly called "the five wits," as many authorities establish, but none of them more clearly than the following passage from the interlude of "The Worlde and the Chylde," printed by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1522, and introduced into Vol. xii. p. 334, of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."

"*Age.* Of the v. wittes I wolde have knowynge.

"*Perseveraunce.* Forsoth, syr, herynge, seynge, and smellynge,
The remenaunte tastynge, and felynge:
These ben the v. wittes bodely."

Malone cites Shakespeare's Sonnet, No. 141, but there the poet especially distinguishes between "the five wits" and "the five senses."

⁸ — star-blasting, and TAKING!] We have had "taking" in the same sense before in this play, p. 665:

———"Strike her young bones,
You *taking* airs, with lameness."

"Taking," in both these instances, means nearly the same as *blasting*. The preceding interjections, to indicate shuddering with cold, are not in the 4tos.

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill⁹:—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents;
keep thy word justly¹; swear not; commit not with man's
sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's
a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled
my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mis-
tress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as
many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet
face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and
waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in
woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of
ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in
greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creak-
ing of shoes; nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart
to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of
plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.
—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; says

⁹ Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:] "Pillicock" is thus mentioned in Ritson's
"Gammér Gurton's Garland:"—

"Pillycock, Pillycock sat on a hill;
If he's not gone, he sits there still."

It is also introduced into the second edition of Mr. Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes,"
p. 159. He adds, that the meaning of "Pillicock" may be found in MS. Harl.
No. 913, fo. 54, of as early a date as the thirteenth century. Cotgrave gives
"Pillicock, my pretty knave," as the translation of *Turelureau*.

¹ — keep thy word JUSTLY,] The reading of the first folio is, "keep thy word's
justice," which the second folio altered to "keep thy word, justice." In the corr.
fo. 1632 the emendation is "keep thy word, do justice," but there is no sufficient
reason for varying from the representation of the poet's language in the 4tos,
which seems to have some reference to the Decalogue.

'suum, mun, ha no nonny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by². [Storm still continues.

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here³.—

[Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look! here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin⁴, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold⁵;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

² — *SESSA!* let him trot by.] The 4tos, with some other minute variations, read *cease* for "*cessa*," which is printed *sesey* in the folio. See also "*The Taming of the Shrew*," Vol. ii. p. 443. It may be doubted whether "*sessa*" is not a mere interjection; yet Steevens quotes the following from an old ballad recited to him, and Farmer refers to Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*," where Cokes exclaims, "God's my life! He shall be Dolphin my boy:"—

"Dolphin my boy, my boy,
Cease, let him trot by:
It seemeth not that such a foe
From me or you would fly."

These words are addressed by a king of France to his son. The ballad is not now known, but it must at one time have been in print.

³ Come; unbutton here.] This is the reading of the folio: the 4to. with the publisher's address has only, "Come on," and one 4to, without the publisher's address, "Come on, be true."

⁴ — he gives the web and the pin,] *i. e.* The *cataract* in the eye: see Vol. iii. p. 26. In Mr. Botfield's volume, printed for the Roxburghe Club, "*Manners and Household Expenses of England in the thirteenth and fifteenth Centuries*," p. 280, "*a webbe and a pynne*" is mentioned as a disorder in the eye, to be cured by a receipt there given.

⁵ SAINT WITHOLD footed thrice the wold;] In all the old copies, Saint Withold is printed *Swithold*; and for "*wold*," they read *old*. Tyrwhitt supposes St. Withold to be St. Vitalis; and it appears that Withold was the saint commonly invoked against the night-mare. The 4to. without the publisher's address thus strangely reads part of this quotation by Edgar, "*anelthu night Moore, and her nine fold:*" the 4to. with the address gives it rightly. No original, from which this scrap was probably taken, has yet been discovered.

*Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch⁶, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned⁷; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year⁸.*

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin⁹! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu¹.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

⁶ And, aroint thee, witch,] *i. e.* Begone, or *avaunt*, witch. See "Macbeth," this Vol. p. 389.

⁷ — and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;] So the folio. The 4tos. read, perhaps rightly, "and *stock-punished*, and imprisoned."

⁸ But mice, and rats, and such small DEER,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.] This distich (observes Percy) is part of a description given, in the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis, of the hardships suffered by the hero, when confined for seven years in a dungeon:—

"Rattes and myce and such smal dere
Was his meate that seven yere." Sig. F. iij.

⁹ Peace, Smulkin!] So spelt in the folio, and *Snulbug* in the 4tos.

¹ Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.] These names of fiends (as Steevens remarks), Shakespeare derived (with some slight variations) from Bishop Harsnet's "Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures," 1603.—There we meet with Fliberdigibet, Smolkin, Modu, Maho, &c. It seems probable that

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu,"

was a quotation from some popular poem or ballad; and, as Reed pointed out, a drinking catch is sung in Sir J. Suckling's "Goblins," A. iii. sc. 1 (Dodsley's "Old Plays," Vol. x. p. 122, last edit.), ending thus:

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Mahu, Mahu, is his name."

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer : go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—
What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent !
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad : I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
But lately, very late : I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !

[*Storm continues.*]

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. Oh ! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there ; into the hovel : keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him :

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words :
Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came*²,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit³, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*To him.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

² *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*] No doubt a fragment of a romantic ballad. Some of the commentators have supposed that a line has been lost, but the old annotator on the folio, 1632, gives us no reason to think so, since he makes no change, nor addition.

³ — but a PROVOKING merit,] Cornwall, (says Malone,) means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death."

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, *Fool*, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent⁴, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him⁵.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon them⁶:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back⁷.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer⁸; [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she foxes!—

⁴ — Pray, innocent,] Fools were of old usually called *innocents*, when they were not professed jesters, but mere idiots; and hence the not unfrequent misapplication of the word “innocent,” when professed jesters were spoken to or of. Edgar was here addressing himself to Lear's court fool, not, strictly speaking, an *innocent*, but dressed like one.

⁵ — his son a gentleman before him.] This speech, which seems to have been a proverbial saying, is only in the folio.

⁶ Come HISSING in upon them:] Mr. Singer is quite right in altering *whizzing* to “hissing:” it is *hizzing* in the folio, 1623, but Mr. Singer does not seem to have been aware that it is actually “hissing” in one of the 4tos.

⁷ The foul fiend bites my back.] From hence to Lear's speech, p. 686, ending, “False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?” is in all the 4to. impressions, but was excluded from the folio.

⁸ — most learned JUSTICER;] The old copies read—*justice*. The correction was made by Theobald.

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*⁹ :—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.*

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring: croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To EDGAR.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To KENT.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked¹ the poor king her father.

⁹ Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:] This, and what follows from the Fool, are certainly parts of an old song, which was imitated by W. Birch, in his "Dialogue between Elizabeth and England," (printed by W. Pickering without date,) which thus commences;

"Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,
Sweet Bessy, come over to me;
And I shall thee take,
And my dear lady make
Before all that ever I see."

It is in the same measure as the addition by the Fool; and in W. Wager's interlude "The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art," part of the same song is thus sung by Moros, who may be called the hero:—

"Come over the boorne, Besse,
My little pretie Besse,
Come over the boorne, Besse, to me."

See also, "Old ballads, from early printed copies," published by the Percy Society in 1840, p. 41. The 4tos. misprint "bourn," *broom*.

¹ — SHE kicked] "She" is omitted in one of the 4tos, (that with the publisher's address) but it is found in the others.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What stone her heart is made on².—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. Oh pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you
curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym³;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see⁴!—Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry⁵.

² What STONE her heart is made on.] Surely we must read "What *stone* her heart is made on," although no such emendation is found in the corr. fo. 1632. So Lear on the next page asks "Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?" Nevertheless, it is *store* in all editions, ancient and modern.

³ — BRACH, OR LYM;] For "brach," see this play, p. 637. "Lym" is printed *Him* and *Hym* in all the old copies, folio and 4to; but according to Minsheu, (as referred to by Malone,) a *lym* or *lyme*, is a *blood-hound*; Chaucer has it *lymer*: "tike" is misprinted *tight* in the folio.

⁴ Do, de, de, de. See, see!] In the 4tos. *loudla*, *doodla*, omitting *sese* as it stands in the folio; which may either be a repetition of *sese*, or "*sessa*," which we have before had on p. 680, or, more probably, an exclamation by Edgar, directing attention to the supposed flight of the dogs. Mr. Singer informs us that it is here spelt *sessey* in the old editions: this is a mistake; it is not to be found in the 4tos, and in the folio it is *sese*, misprinted, as we may suppose, for "see see."

⁵ Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.] Malone furnishes the following note:—A *horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him. When, therefore, Edgar says, *his horn is dry*, or *empty*, I conceive he merely means, in the language of the character he assumes, to supplicate that it may be

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts⁶?—You, sir, [*To EDGAR.*] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire⁷; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon⁸.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps⁹:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses¹,
Which, if convenience will not allow,

filled with drink. In Hausted's "Rival Friends," 1632, a Tom o' Bedlam is introduced, and Anteros says of him, "Ah! he has a horn, like a Tom o' Bedlam."

⁶ — that makes these hard hearts? The 4tos. "that makes this hardness."

⁷ — they are Persian ATTIRE;] "Attire," which is wanting in the folio, is found in the 4tos.

⁸ And I'll go to bed at noon.] The Rev. Mr. Dyce is here hard upon us for a simple printer's error, the omission of "to" in our text; and it would have been only just for him to have added, that in our note upon the very passage the words were quite correctly printed. This species of criticism has been out of date since the time of Ritson. None of the 4tos. (as Mr. Dyce seems not to have known) contains the speech, so that his words "all the old eds." mean only one, viz. the folio, 1623, from which the other folios were notoriously printed.

⁹ Oppress'd nature sleeps:] This speech and all that follows it to the end of the scene, is not in the folio, though inserted in every 4to. The folio concludes the scene with the words, "Come, come, away," assigned to Gloster, after "Give thee quick conduct."

¹ — thy broken SENSES,] The 4tos. have *sineus* for "senses," which was Theobald's improvement. Mr. Singer treats it as if it were his own emendation.

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo.

Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow :
He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away !
Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and *Servants*.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ; show him this letter :—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster². [*Exeunt* some of the *Servants*.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure³.—Edmund, keep you our sister company : the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation : we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister :—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

² Seek out the TRAITOR Gloster.] “The villain Gloster” in the 4tos.

³ Leave him to my DISPLEASURE.] The corr. fo. 1632 has *disposure* for “displeasure ;” but though it may have been the actor's, or possibly the poet's, word, we make no alteration, the meaning being evident.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster ;
Pinion him like a thief ; bring him before us.

[Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms⁴.

Glo. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him.]*

Reg. Hard, hard.—Oh filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none⁵.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—
[REGAN plucks his beard.]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours

⁴ Bind fast his CORKY arms.] Dry, withered, husky arms, says Johnson; and Percy adds a passage from Harsnet's "Declaration," 1603, in which the epithet, "corky," is applied to an old woman. Hence, it is very possible, Shakespeare obtained it, and it has not been found elsewhere.

⁵ — I am NONE.] So the folio: the 4tos, "I am true."

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors,
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover?—Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs⁶.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head⁷
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time⁸,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd⁹: but I shall see

⁶ In his anointed flesh RASH boarish fangs.] Thus the 4tos: the folio poorly reads "*stick* boarish fangs." Steevens observes, that to "rash," is the old hunting term for the stroke made by the wild boar with his fangs or tusks. In "Richard III." Vol. iv. p. 282, we have this line:

"He dreamt the boar had *rased* off his helm:"

"Rased" is there to be taken for the same word as *rashed*; and in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," B. v. c. 3, we find the expression "rashing off helms." Other examples can hardly be required.

⁷ — as his BARE head] "As his *lov'd* head," in the 4tos; and farther on "*lay'd* up" for "*buoy'd* up" of the folio (it is *boil'd* up in the corr. fo. 1632): the 4tos. also read "*steeld* fires" for "*stelled* fires," and *rage* for "*rain*."

⁸ — that STERN time,] "That *dearn* time" in the 4tos, which may have been Shakespeare's word, but misheard "stern:" it is found also in "Pericles," A. iii. (Gower). *Dearn* is *lonely*, *dreary*, *melancholy*, and sometimes *secret*, from the A. S. *dyrran*, to conceal.

⁹ — SUBSCRIB'D:] "*Yielded*, submitted to the necessity of the occasion," says Johnson. In this play, p. 629, we have already had "subscribed" employed

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—Oh cruel! Oh ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws.* CORNWALL is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus¹!

Serv. Oh, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—Oh! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks² of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. Oh my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain:—throw this slave

in the sense of *yielded* or *surrendered*, and such was by no means an uncommon application of the word.

¹ A peasant stand up thus!] The only stage-direction in this part of the scene in the folio is, *Kills him*, although the Servant delivers two lines afterwards. When Regan stabs the Servant, we are told in the 4tos, "She takes a sword and runs at him behind;" and it seems probable that she snatched it from one of the attendants. However, the words "Give me thy sword" may have been addressed to the wounded Cornwall.

² — ENKINDLE all the sparks] So the folio: the 4tos, *unbridle*.

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL led by REGAN;—Servants unbind
GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do³,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him⁴!

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yes, better thus, unknown to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd⁵. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance⁶, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;

³ I'll never care what wickedness I do,] From this line, inclusive, to the end of the scene, is not in the folio.

⁴ Now, heaven help him!] "I will not disguise my conviction (says Coleridge, in his *Lit. Rem.* Vol. ii. p. 191) that in this one scene the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the uttermost mark, and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic."

⁵ Yes, better thus, UNKNOWN to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd.] The old text has been,
"Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd."

"Unknown," which is from the corr. fo. 1632, accords with Johnson's suggestion, and is certainly right. "Yes" for *Yet* may be doubted, but we feel authorized to insert it by the excellence of the ensuing, and more important emendation. Edgar enters giving his assent to some proposition he has stated to himself before he came upon the stage.

⁶ Stands still in ESPERANCE,] For "esperance" of the folio, the 4tos. absurdly have *experience*.

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then⁷,
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace:
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, oh world!
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
 Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. Oh! my good lord, I have been your tenant, and
 your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
 Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
 I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
 Our wants secure us⁸; and our mere defects
 Prove our commodities.—Ah! dear son Edgar,
 The food of thy abused father's wrath,
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
 I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] Oh gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the
 worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
 So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

⁷ Welcome, then,] From these words inclusive, down to "Owes nothing to thy blasts," is only in the folio.

⁸ Our WANTS secure us;] So the corr. fo. 1632, and so we print with confidence: the context shows that the emendation is required, however much misplaced ingenuity may insist that the old text ought to be preserved. The old reading is, "Our *means* secure us," which is the very opposite of what Gloster intends, and says in the very next words. Mr. Singer prints *needs* instead of "wants," but without stating that "wants" is the word in our corr. fo. 1632, or that he had obtained the hint from our Vol. of "Notes and Emendations." Perhaps it escaped his sight or his memory; but the coincidence of "wants" and *needs* is remarkable. It is seldom that we can find two words that would supply the place of each other so well, and we should have no objection to *needs* if "wants" had not been contained in the authority to which we already owe so much: *needs* is supported by no authority—not even by the corrected copy of the folio, 1632, belonging to Mr. Singer. If it had been so, and if the alteration had been made some 200 years ago, like those in our corr. fo. 1632, we might have adopted *needs*.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more
since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,⁹
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah; naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I cannot daub it
farther¹.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—[*To him.*] Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor
Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good

⁹ Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,] So the 4tos: the folio, defectively as regards metre, gives the whole line as follows: "Get thee away. If for my sake."

¹ I cannot DAUB it farther.] Meaning, "I cannot keep up my disguise any longer." To "daub" was of old used in this sense not unfrequently: we have had it in "Richard III." Vol. iv. p. 293, "So smooth he *daub'd* his vice with show of virtue." To "daub" is to *dab*, pronounced broadly, and "daubers" are *plasterers*. The 4tos. misprint "daub," *dance*.

man's son, from the foul fiend²! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once³; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance⁴, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

² — bless THEE, good man's son, from the foul fiend!] This is the reading of the folio: the 4tos. give it, "Bless the good man from the foul fiend!"

³ Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once;] From hence to the end of this speech is not in the folio.

⁴ That BRAVES your ordinance,] "That *slaves* your ordinance" in the old editions, and amended to "That braves," &c. in the corr. fo. 1632. Mr. Singer says that Warburton made the same emendation: we dare say that it is so; but it is not noted in any edition of Shakespeare in our hands, and Mr. Singer is apt to impute textual improvements to any other authority, rather than to the corr. fo. 1632. We are happy that Warburton's guess is confirmed, for in future the point cannot be disputed.

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
 I told him of the army that was landed;
 He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
 His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
 And of the loyal service of his son,
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
 And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
 What most he should dislike⁵ seems pleasant to him;
 What like, offensive.

Gon.

Then, shall you go no farther.

[*To EDMUND.*]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
 Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
 May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
 Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
 I must change arms at home⁶, and give the distaff
 Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
 Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
 If you dare venture in your own behalf,
 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favour.*]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
 Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
 Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*]

Oh, the difference of man, and man⁷!
 To thee a woman's services are due:
 My fool usurps my body⁸.

Osw.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit OSWALD.*]

⁵ What most he should DISLIKE] The 4tos. print "dislike" *desire*. In Goneril's next speech, for "cowish terror" they have "cowish *curre*," and for "command" they read *coward*.

⁶ I must change ARMS at home,] The folio, "I must change *names* at home."

⁷ Oh, the difference of man, and man!] A line wanting in the 4tos.

⁸ My FOOL usurps my BODY.] Such is the wording of the folio, and it affords an obvious meaning, quite consistent with the previous part of the speech. The old 4tos. present a variety of readings: one copy, without the publisher's address, has "My *foot* usurps my *head*," and another, "My *fool* usurps my *bed*," while that with the publisher's address gives it, "My *foot* usurps my *body*." With this information, the reader will be able to judge for himself as to the fitness of adopting the text of the folio.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle⁹.

Alb. Oh Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition¹⁰:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap¹, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these wild offences²,
It will come, humanity must perforce
Prey on itself, like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st³,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

⁹ I have been worth the WHISTLE.] So the 4tos. and folio. John Heywood, among his Proverbs (first printed in 1547), gives the following:—"It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."

¹⁰ I fear your disposition:] From these words, down to Goneril's speech, beginning, "Milk-liver'd man," is only in the 4tos.

¹ From her MATERIAL sap,] Theobald read "*maternal* sap;" but might not *natural*, in spite of the irregularity of the rhythm, be the word of the poet?

² — to tame these WILD offences,] "Tame" and "wild" are put in opposition; and this seems one of the cases in which the old spelling of "vile" *vilde* has introduced confusion. In the first line of this speech "vile" is twice printed *vilde* in the 4tos; and here we have a blundering repetition of it, instead of "wild," which must, we think, have been the language of the poet.

³ — that not know'st,] In the folio the speech ends at "suffering." From thence to "alack! why does he so?" is therefore only in the 4tos.

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
 "Alack ! why does he so ?"

Alb. See thyself, devil !
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. Oh vain fool ⁴ !

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame ⁵,
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones : howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

Mess. Oh, my good lord ! the duke of Cornwall's dead ;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
 Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd ⁶,
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers ⁷, that these our nether crimes

⁴ Oh vain fool !] What follows these words, until the entrance of the Messenger, and Albany's question, "What news?" is only in the 4tos.

⁵ Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,] So the old copies, and as the corr. fo. 1632 offers no emendation we do not here venture to make any ; but we may express our confidence that Shakespeare's word was self-govern'd, which was misheard by the scribe, or by the compositor, "self-cover'd,"—a compound out of which it is only just possible to extract a consistent meaning. Albany complains of the changed and self-willed disposition of Goneril.

⁶ — who, THEREAT ENRAG'D,] The folio prints it *threat-enrag'd*, a not inappropriate word, which might be right, if the 4tos. did not contradict it, and if the verse were not thereby injured.

⁷ YOU JUSTICERS,] Two of the 4tos. read "your justices," a third "you justicers," and the folio, "you justices." We have had "justicers" before, and we find it in the corr. fo. 1632 here.

So speedily can venge!—But, Oh poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart⁸. [*To him.*] I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.⁹

The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back,
know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

⁸ The news is not so TART.] The 4tos. have *took* for "tart." The folio omits to mark the *exit* of Goneril, after this speech, but it is noted in the 4to. impressions.

⁹ Scene iii.] This scene is only in the 4tos: it is found in all the editions in that form. The folio, perhaps, wished to abbreviate the piece.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir¹; she took them, read them in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trill'd down Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen Over her passion, who, most rebel-like, Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. Oh! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove² Who should express her goodliest. You have seen Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears Were like a better May³: those happy smilets, That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know What guests were in her eyes; which, parted thence, As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart; Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters! Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night? Let pity not be believed!"—There she shook The holy water from her heavenly eyes, And clamour moisten'd⁴: then, away she started To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate⁵ could not beget

¹ Ay, sir;] The 4tos. read, *I say*. The change was made by Theobald.

² — patience and sorrow strove] The 4tos. for "strove," have *streme*. Pope made the correction; but Mr. Singer, undesignedly we dare say, leaves it to be supposed that it was his own emendation.

³ Were like a better MAY:] The 4tos. read, with evident corruption, "a better way:" some of the commentators have preferred "a better day," for which "way" could hardly have been misprinted. Warburton, with some plausibility, recommended "a wetter May." In "Macbeth" (this Vol. p. 453), we have had "May" misprinted *way*.

⁴ And clamour moisten'd:] The compositor, not understanding the construction of the passage, added *her* after "moisten'd;" but it is an obvious error, running through the 4to. impressions.

⁵ Else one self mate and mate] *i. e.* The same husband and wife: the 4to. with

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent.

No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town,
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own un-
kindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hoar-docks⁶, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

the address reads *make* for "mate" in the second instance; the 4to. without the publisher's address prints the speech as in our text.

⁶ With HOAR-DOCKS,] So the 4to. without the publisher's address; that with the address has it *hor-docks*, and the folio prints it *hardokes*; it is no doubt the same word. The "hoar-dock," as Steevens informs us, is the dock with whitish woolly leaves. Some commentators read *harlocks*, others *burdocks* and *charlocks*: "hoar-docks" is very intelligible.

SCENE V.

A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Osw. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord¹⁰ at home?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us:
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?—Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much:
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads¹, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

¹⁰ — with your LORD] So the folio, and rightly: the 4tos. misprint it, "with your lady." The old MS. no doubt had merely the letter *L*.

¹ She gave strange œILIADS,] An anglicized French word, *œiliade*, of rare occurrence, meaning an *eye-glance*. It is however met with, as Steevens pointed out, in R. Greene's "Disputation between a He and a She Coney-catcher," 1592.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note²:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this³;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg.

Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg.

Horrible steep⁴.

Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glo.

No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo.

So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo.

Methinks, y' are better spoken.

² — take this NOTE:] *i. e.* Take this *knowledge*, or *information*.

³ — give him THIS:] Malone supposed that Regan here delivered a ring, or some other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund.

⁴ HORRIBLE steep.] So the old editions, and so, perhaps, Shakespeare wrote, but the old annotator on the fo. 1632 pedantically alters "horrible" to *horribly*. It might be meant that Edgar should not speak with strict propriety.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—How fearful,

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock⁵; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. Oh, you mighty gods⁶!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, Oh, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—

[*Gloster leaps, and falls along.*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

⁵ Diminish'd to her cock;] *i. e.* Her cock-boat, often called merely "cock" in old writers.

⁶ Oh, you mighty gods!] In the 4tos, we have the words *He kneels*, as a stage-direction opposite this line.

The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed;—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit⁷ of this chalky bourn.
Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself

⁷ From the dread SUMMIT] The 4tos. read *summons*, and the folio *somnet*: see "Hamlet," this Vol. p. 497, where a similar blunder occurs. Farther on, the folio has "*enraged* sea" for "*enridged* sea" of the 4tos. There can be no doubt as to the fitness of adopting the most ancient, and, in all probability, authentic reading: besides, "*enridged*" is transferred to the corr. fo. 1632.

"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with straw and wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining⁸; I am the
king himself.

Edg. Oh, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper⁹:
draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse. Peace,
peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my
gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills¹.
Oh, well flown, bird!—i' the clout², i' the clout: hewgh!—
Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard³!—They flatter'd
me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard,
ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to
every thing I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make
me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding,
there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are
not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis
a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

⁸ — for COINING;] So the 4tos: the folio misprints it *crying*.

⁹ — like a CROW-KEEPER:] *i. e.* A person employed to keep crows, and other
birds, from corn. See Vol. v. p. 115, where a crow-keeper and his bow and
arrows are also mentioned.

¹ — the brown BILLS.] A "bill" was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long
staff; and "brown bills" are often mentioned by old writers.

² — i' the CLOUT,] Lear incoherently fancies himself present at a trial of skill
in archery: the "clout" was the white mark at which aim was taken. See Vol. ii.
p. 128, and this Vol. p. 137.

³ Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!] So the folio: the 4to. has, "Ha!
Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me," &c.

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
 When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
 I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—
 Adultery.—
 Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:
 The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
 Does lecher in my sight.
 Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
 Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
 Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
 To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
 Behold yond' simpering dame,
 Whose face between her forks presageth snow,
 That mimics virtue⁴, and does shake the head
 To hear of pleasure's name;
 The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Down from the waist they are centaurs,
 Though women all above:
 But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiend's: there's hell, there's darkness, there
 is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption⁵.
 —Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
 apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for
 thee.

Glo. Oh! let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. Oh, ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
 squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.
 —Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
 And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

⁴ That *MIMICS* virtue,] In the old copies it is "That *minces* virtue," which cannot be right, since mincing means to cut any thing into small pieces, and, figuratively, to take small steps; whereas to "mimic" is to *counterfeit*, which is exactly what Lear intends to convey: the "simpering dame" counterfeited or mimicked virtue, and shook her head at the very name of pleasure. We owe "mimics" (easily misprinted *minces*) to the corr. fo. 1632.

⁵ — consumption.] The 4tos. have *consummation* for "consumption" of the folio. In the preceding line they read *sulphury* for "sulphurous."

Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and⁶, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st⁷ to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear⁸;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold⁹,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th' accuser's lips.—Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now!

Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

Edg. Oh, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

⁶ — change places; and,] These explanatory words are only in the folio.

⁷ Thou hotly lust'st] In the 4tos, "Thy blood hotly lusts."

⁸ Through tatter'd CLOTHES SMALL vices do appear;] The 4tos. read, "Through tatter'd rags," which is pleonastic, since rags are necessarily "tattered:" when Shakespeare, three lines lower, uses "rags," he accompanies it by no epithet; but the 4tos. are clearly right in having "small vices," which the folio changes to "great vices."

⁹ PLATE SIN with gold,] This passage, down to "To seal th' accuser's lips," is not in the 4tos: perhaps it was designedly omitted. The folio, 1623, and the other folios printed from it, have "Place sins with gold;" but *Place* was a very easy misprint for "Plate," and Pope corrected the two errors. Southern, in his copy of the folio, 1685, altered *Place* to "Plate," and it stands so amended in the corr. fo. 1632.

Thou must be patient. We came crying hither :
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee : mark me.

Glo. Alack ! alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—'Tis a good plot¹ :
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. Oh ! here he is : lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What ! a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust².

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom³. What ! I will be jovial.—
Come, come ; I am a king, my masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall
get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit : Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

¹ 'Tis a good PLOT:] “ *This a good block* ” is the text as contained in the old copies, as if Lear had been referring to the shape of his hat, when he probably had none upon his head, being, as we are told, “ fantastically dressed with straw and wild flowers.” Few things can be clearer than that *block* was misheard for “plot,” as it stands in the margin of the corr. fo. 1632; and that the “good plot” was to shoe (not *shoot* as it appears in the 4tos.) a troop of horse with felt, and steal upon his daughters and their husbands. For *This* the corr. fo. 1632 also has “'Tis,” and the whole is a highly satisfactory emendation.

² Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.] This passage is in all the 4tos, but not in the folios, excepting that it is inserted in MS. in the corr. fo. 1632. “Good sir,” by which it is followed, is only in the 4to. without the publisher's address.

³ Like a smug bridegroom.] We adopt the wording and regulation of the folio here : the 4tos. omit “smug,” and print this speech, with many others near it, as prose.

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir!

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound⁴.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot⁵!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,

⁴ WHICH can distinguish SOUND.] The 4tos, "*That* can distinguish *sense*." They have other corruptions in this part of the scene; for instance, the Gentleman's next speech is thus unintelligibly given:—

"Near and on speed fort the main descryes,
Standst on the hourly thought."

This shows how mechanically old compositors must have worked.

⁵ The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!] So the 4to. without the publisher's address, and the folio: the other 4to. (with the publisher's address) reads thus, nonsensically:—"The bornet and beniz of heaven to save thee." Above, the 4tos. read *lame by* for "tame to fortune's blows."

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [EDGAR interposes.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk
pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould
not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not
near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or Ise try whether
your costard, or my ballow be the harder⁶. Ch'll be plain
with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter vor
your foins. [They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party⁷:—Oh, untimely death! [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawful.

⁶ — che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your COSTARD, or my BALLOW be the harder.] Edgar is affecting a rustic dialect, and the meaning of this sentence is, "I warn you, or I'll try whether your head or my cudgel be the harder." *Balo* means a beam, in Norfolk, and "ballow," a pole, in the North of England. See Holloway's "General Provincial Dictionary," 8vo, 1838. One of the 4tos. reads *bat*, and another *battero*; the last, perhaps, a corruption of the true word, as we find it in the folio.

⁷ Upon the BRITISH party:] Thus the 4tos: the folio, "Upon the *English* party." At the end of the line, the old copies repeat the word "death."

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say)

"affectionate servant⁸,

"GONERIL."

Oh, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will⁹!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up¹, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;

⁸ — affectionate servant,] After "servant," the 4to. with the publisher's address has this strange continuation, "and for you her owne for *venter*." We follow the folio.

⁹ Oh, UNEXTINGUISH'D BLAZE of woman's will!] Here, according to the corr. fo. 1632, we have a remarkable proof of mishearing: the 4tos. and folios are all corrupt, the 4tos. reading,

"Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's wit,"

and the folio, 1623,

"Oh, undinguish'd space of woman's will,"

a blunder retained in the later editions in the same form. Commentators have, naturally enough, not known how to make sense out of either, and the utmost they can say is what "the meaning seems to be." The fact is that *undistinguish'd*, or *undinguish'd* ought to be "unextinguish'd," and *space* "blaze:" thus, taking "will" for disposition, the clear intention of the poet is to make Edgar exclaim against the unextinguishable fire or "blaze" of the appetite of woman, as illustrated by the letter and conduct of Goneril. The mishearing therefore was *undistinguish'd space* instead of "unextinguish'd blaze."

¹ ————— Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll RAKE up,] *i. e.* Cover up. At the end of this speech modern editors add, "Exit Edgar, dragging out the body;" but it has no warrant in any of the old folios, and the probability is, that Edgar was supposed to bury Oswald on the spot. After he has done so, he addresses Gloster, "Give me your hand," without any *re-entrance* being marked in recent copies of the play. While modern editors insert needless stage directions, they omit, farther on, one that is necessary, and that is found in every old impression, folio and 4to.—"Drum afar off."—Such was our note in our first edition, and it is but justice to Mr. Singer to add, that he has accepted our advice, and adopted our practice.

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [Drum afar off.]

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. Oh thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my main intent²:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[To the Physician.]

Doct. Madam, sleeps still³.

Cor. Oh, you kind gods,

² Yet to be known shortens my MAIN intent:] i.e. My chief purpose: it is "made intent" in the old editions, and altered to "main intent" in the corr. fo. 1632, a change which Mr. Singer could not pass over: he therefore inserts it in a note. There can, in fact, be no doubt of its fitness, since all that could be extracted from "made intent" was, that it was an intent *formed*. Kent says that he cannot consent to change his dress, since he must, in that case, be known, which would defeat his chief purpose.

³ Madam, sleeps still.] According to the folio, the two parts of the Doctor and the Gentleman were combined, and played by the same actor: in the 4tos. they are distinct characters, and have separate prefixes. We have followed the latter, because the scene was, in all probability, so originally written, and because merely the economy of the old stage seems to have led to the union of the two characters in the folio. It is singular that, at the earlier date, the more expensive course should have been pursued.

Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
Th' untun'd and jarring senses⁴, oh, wind up
Of this child-changed father !

Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king ? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd ?

Doct. Ay, madam⁵ ; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him ;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well⁶. [*Music.*

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there !

Cor. Oh my dear father ! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made !

Kent. Kind and dear princess !

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds⁷ ?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder ?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning ? to watch (poor perdu !)
With this thin helm ? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire ; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw ? Alack, alack !

⁴ Th' untun'd and JARRING senses,] The 4tos, for "jarring" have *hurrying*.

⁵ Ay, madam ;] We follow the 4to. without the publisher's address, in giving these two lines to the Doctor, and the next two lines to Kent. The folio gives all four to the Gentleman ; but some modern editors (following Malone) have adopted a course consistent with no authority, by giving the two first lines to the Gentleman, and the two next to the Doctor.

⁶ Very well.] These words and the next line are only in the 4tos. Music, whether soft or loud, is not mentioned in the old stage-directions, but it is to be understood, and that it afterwards increased in loudness at the order of the attendant physician.

⁷ To be EXPOS'D against the WARRING winds ?] The folio reads *oppos'd*, the 4tos. "expos'd." "Warring winds," of those impressions, seems also preferable to "jarring winds" of the folios ; and *jarring* is altered to "warring" in the corr. fo. 1632. The next three lines and a half are only in the 4tos, which afterwards read *mine injurious dog*, for "mine enemy's dog" of the folio,—a misprint of the word "enemy's" quite as extraordinary as that of *runaways* for "enemies" in "Romeo and Juliet," A. iii. sc. 2, Vol. v. p. 155.

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die⁸?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-
light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick.—Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. Oh! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel⁹.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,
Not an hour more nor less¹;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

⁸ WHEN did you die?] "When" and *where* are frequently confounded by old printers: here "When did you die?" may seem the natural inquiry, but two of the 4tos. and the folio, 1623, read "*Where* did you die?" and only one of the 4tos, "When did you die?" We formerly yielded to the weight of authority on this point; but we were perhaps wrong, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce declares, "*Where* did you die?" "all but nonsense." It may appear to others no greater nonsense to ask a spirit, "*Where* did you die?" than "When did you die?" It is, as Cordelia says, "Still, still, far wide."

⁹ No, SIR, you must not kneel.] "No, sir," necessary to the verse, is wanting in the folio, which also has *hand* for "hands" in the previous line.

¹ Not an hour more nor less;] The 4tos. omit these words, and Malone, Steevens, Ritson, and others, decided that they were interpolated by the player. We see no sufficient ground for this belief; and though the insertion of them may vary the versification of the passage, it is not complete as the text stands in the 4tos. In Lear's state of mind, this broken mode of delivering his thoughts is natural; and we follow the arrangement of the lines in the folio, 1623. Mr. Singer professes to do so, but, accidentally no doubt, does the contrary.

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
 What place this is; and all the skill I have
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
 Where I did lodge last night.—Do not laugh at me,
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady
 To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep
 not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
 You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
 You see, is kill'd in him²; and yet it is danger
 To make him even o'er the time he has lost³.
 Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
 Till farther settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
 Pray you now forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir⁴, that the duke of Cornwall was so
 slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl
 of Kent in Germany.

² You see, is KILL'D in him;] A striking and emphatic expression, preserved in the folios and lost in the 4tos, which last have tamely "the great rage, you see, is *cur'd* in him." Besides, to *cure* great rage is far from a correct phrase. *Quell'd* was perhaps the poet's word, and *quell'd* and "kill'd," in most systems of short-hand, would be spelt with the same letters. See also "Macbeth," A. v. sc. 5, this Vol. p. 457; and "Othello," A. ii. sc. 3.

³ ——— and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] This passage is only in the 4tos. We may suspect some corruption, but the meaning is evident, and no alteration absolutely required.

⁴ Holds it true, sir,] From hence to the end of the scene is wanting in the folio, but is in all the 4tos.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught [*To an Officer.*
To change the course. He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[*Exit Officer.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you⁵.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call her's.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

⁵ That thought abuses you.] This and the next speech are only in the 4tos. Lower down they read, "Fear *me* not" for "Fear not" of the folio; and it does not complete the line, unless we take "familiar" as a word of four syllables, which would not be at all unprecedented. Goneril's first speech after her entrance is not in the folio.

Edm. Fear me not.—
She, and the duke her husband⁶,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and *Soldiers*.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out⁷. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king⁸, with others whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils⁹
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho! I know the riddle. [*Aside.*] I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised*.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

⁶ She, and the duke her husband,—] The Rev. Mr. Dyce is disconcerted because we have put a comma and a line at the end of this hemistich. We do so, because the sentence is clearly incomplete, for Edmund would have added, *are here*, or some similar words, if he had not been interrupted by the sudden entrance of Albany and Goneril with the soldiers. It would have been just as easy, though not just as right, to have put a period after "husband;" but surely these trifles are hardly worth contending for, and we should not now have noticed the matter, had not Mr. Dyce swelled his "Remarks" with such points.

⁷ Forc'd to cry out.] The rest of this speech and Edmund's reply to it are not in the folio.

⁸ Not BOLDs the king,] *i. e.* Not *emboldens* or *encourages* the king.

⁹ — and particular broils] So the folio: the 4tos, "*door* particulars," which it is impossible to strain to a meaning, unless we suppose *door* misprinted for *poor*. The next speech by Edmund is wanting in the folio, which also makes some other variations of small moment.

Alb.

I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg.

I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength¹ and forces

[*Showing a paper.*]

By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb.

We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side²,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use

¹ HERE is the guess of their TRUE strength] The 4tos, "*Hard* is the guess of their *great* strength." It appears from a marginal note in the corr. fo. 1632, that Edmund did not give, but showed a paper to Albany.

² And hardly shall I CARRY OUT MY SIDE,] To carry out a side was an old idiomatic expression for success, probably derived from playing games in which different sides were taken. In one of the "*Paston Letters*" (Vol. iv. p. 155), quoted by Steevens, we read "*Heydon's son hath borne out his side stoutly here.*" In "*The Maid's Tragedy*" (Beaumont and Fletcher, by Dyce, Vol. i. p. 343), Dula refuses the aid of Aspatia, saying, "*She will pluck down a side,*" meaning, that if they were to be partners, Aspatia would lose the game. To *pluck down* a side was, therefore, the reverse of *carrying out* a side. Edmund observes, in effect, that he should hardly be able to win the game he was playing, while the husband of Goneril was living.

His countenance for the battle; which being done,
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
 The battle done, and they within our power,
 Shall never see his pardon; for my state
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt*³.

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER*⁴.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree⁵
 For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
 If ever I return to you again,
 I'll bring you comfort.

Glo.

Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
 King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
 Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No farther, sir: a man may rot even here.

³ — and exeunt.] So the folio: the stage-direction of the 4tos. is more expressive of the scene: "Alarum. Enter the powers of France over the stage. Cordelia with her father in her hand." The battle between the powers of Lear and his enemies is supposed to be fought in this scene, in the interval between the *exit* and re-entrance of Edgar.

⁴ Enter Edgar and Gloster.] Steevens here refers us to Sidney's "Arcadia," 4to, 1590, "The pitifull state, and storie of the Paphalgonian vnkinde King, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father," fo. 142. Steevens mistook the reference (p. 141), and Mr. Singer, not having resorted to the original, mistakes it also: Steevens, affecting to give the above short title exactly, varies from the original in four different places, and Mr. Singer adds other changes. They are of little or no consequence, excepting as both editors profess to be literally accurate.

⁵ — the shadow of this TREE] The 4tos. have *bush* for "tree" of the folio.

Edg. What ! in ill thoughts again ? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither :
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo.

And that's true too ⁶. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND ; LEAR and
CORDELIA, as Prisoners ; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away : good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known ⁷,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down ;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters ?

Lear. No, no, no, no ! Come, let's away to prison :
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage :
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news ; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins ; who's in, who's out ;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies : and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm.

Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee ?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes ;
The goujeers shall devour them ⁸, flesh and fell,

⁶ And that's true too.] These words are only in the folio.

⁷ — FIRST be known,] The 4tos. have "best be known."

⁸ The GOUJEERS shall devour them,] The allusion here probably is to the

Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain ; hark.

Take thou this note ; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee ; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is : to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question ; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it ; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly ; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart⁹, nor eat dried oats ;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Captain.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife :
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety,
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard¹ ;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom² on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,

morbus gallicus or *goujeres*, misprinted "good yeares" in the folio, and only expressed by the word "good" in the 4tos. There was a common exclamation of the time, which occurs in "Much Ado about Nothing," Vol. ii. p. 19, "What *the good year*, my lord," which, rightly or wrongly, seems to have been taken by the commentators for an allusion to the "goujeers."

⁹ I cannot draw a cart,] This speech is wanting in the folio.

¹ — and appointed guard ;] These words are not in the folio, nor in the 4to. with the publisher's address : they are in the other 4tos.

² — the common bosom] One 4to. reads "the *coren* bosom," and the others "the common *blossoms*." Our text is that of the folio, and the allusion to the disposition of the people at large is apparent.

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen :
 My reason all the same ; and they are ready
 To-morrow, or at farther space, t' appear
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time³,
 We sweat, and bleed : the friend hath lost his friend ;
 And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
 By those that feel their sharpness.
 The question of Cordelia, and her father,
 Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him :
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
 Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
 Bore the commission of my place and person ;
 The which immediacy⁴ may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla !
 That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well ; else I should answer
 From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony :
 Dispose of them, of me ; the walls are thine⁵.
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him ?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

³ At this time,] From these words to the end of the speech is not in the folio, but it is in the three 4tos.

⁴ The which IMMEDIACY] Such is the word in the folio : the 4tos. read *immediate*. In Goneril's next speech, the folio has "addition" for *advancement* of the 4tos.

⁵ — THE WALLS are thine.] A metaphorical phrase, signifying surrender, like that of a besieged town. This line is not in the 4tos.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine⁶.

[*To EDMUND.*

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*]—For your claim,
fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude⁷!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove it on
thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! oh, sick!

Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison⁸.

Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what
in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald⁹!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*REGAN is led out.*

⁶ — my title THINE.] "My title good," in the 4tos, where the line is given to Edmund. Two lines lower, for "thy arrest," the 4tos. have "thine attaini."

⁷ An interlude!] This exclamation is only in the folio: the necessary words, "let the trumpet sound," are also from that impression. In the next line, for head of the 4tos, the folio has "person."

⁸ — I'll ne'er trust POISON.] So the 4tos: the folio, *medicine*; and three lines higher, "make it on thy heart."

⁹ A herald, ho! a herald!] Exclamations only in the 4tos.

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet ¹.

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

“If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.”

Edm. Sound!

[*1 Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*2 Trumpet.*

Her. Again.

[*3 Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes; why he appears
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal ².

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What’s he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: what say’st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine: [*He draws.*
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours ³,

¹ Sound, trumpet.] This command by the Captain is not in the folio.

² Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.] So the folio, but omitting “withal:” one 4to. (that with the publisher’s address) reads,

“Yet are I move’t,

Where is the adversary I come to cope withal?”
and the others, reasonably enough, leave out “Yet are I move’t.”

³ Behold, it is the privilege of mine HONOURS,] So the line ought to stand, but the folio, 1623, accidentally perhaps, inserts *my privilege* before “the privilege,” and thus makes the line much too long: the 4to. without the publisher’s address reads, “Behold, it is the privilege of my *tongue*.”

My oath, and my profession. I protest,
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence⁴,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor :
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
 And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,
 To the descent and dust below thy foot⁵,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, " No,"
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
 Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
 And that thy tongue some 'say⁶ of breeding breathes,
 What safe and nicely I might well delay
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
 Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
 Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak !

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. Oh, save him ! save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster.
 By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
 An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame ;
 Or with this paper shall I stop it ?—Hold, sir⁷ !—
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
 No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

⁴ Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,] The corr. fo. 1632 makes a needless alteration here, which most likely represents merely the way in which the passage was at one time recited :—" Maugre thy strength, *skill*, youth, and eminence." In the next line for " Despite thy sword " of the 4tos, the folio, 1623, has "*Despise* thy sword." All the old editions are extremely ill printed in this part of the tragedy.

⁵ — below thy foot,] The 4tos, "beneath thy *feet* ;" and two lines earlier, "*conspicuate* 'gainst," for "conspirant 'gainst."

⁶ And that thy TONGUE some 'say] The 4tos. read *being* for "tongue" of the folio. "'Say" is *assay*, i. e. *sample* or *taste*.

⁷ Hold, sir !] Only in the folio. In the next line it has "name," for *thing* of the 4tos. Other variations hardly require notice.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine :
Who can arraign me for't ?

Alb. Most monstrous !
Know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know⁸.

Alb. Go after her : she's desperate ; govern her. [Exit GONERIL.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more ; the time will bring it out :
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee. [Exit an Officer.]

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us⁹ :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right¹⁰, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle : I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?
How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale ;
And, when 'tis told, oh, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (Oh, our lives' sweetness !
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die¹,

⁸ Ask me not what I know.] Albany again appeals to Goneril whether she knows the paper, and in all the 4tos. the answer is assigned to her, who then goes out. The folio, having erroneously fixed her *exit* earlier, transfers "Ask me not what I know" to Edmund.

⁹ ——— and of our pleasant VICES
Make instruments to PLAGUE us :] The 4tos. read *virtues* for "vices," and *scourge* for "plague."

¹⁰ Thou hast spoken RIGHT,] "Right" is *truth* in the 4tos.

¹ That WITH the pain of death we'd hourly die,] So the 4tos, excepting that

Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
 Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance
 That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
 Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
 Never (oh fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
 Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
 (Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
 Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of your's hath mov'd me,
 And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
 You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more more woful, hold it in,
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,
 Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period²
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,
 And top extremity.
 Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
 Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father³;
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
 That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,

for "we'd," *would* is printed: the folio reads, "That *we* the pain of death *would* hourly die."

² This would have seem'd a period] From hence, until the entrance of the Gentleman, is not in the folio, 1623, consequently we are without assistance from it and from the corr. fo. 1632 as regards the passage down to "And top extremity." The disputed meaning seems to be, "To those who do not love sorrow, what I have already said would seem enough; but I have yet another misfortune to relate, which will make the rest too much, and exceed the utmost limit of grief."

³ — threw HIM on my father;] It is *me* for "him" in the old copies, and in our first edition we followed them too implicitly, as indeed did Malone. We, however, expressed our opinion that the incident was an awkward display of violence, in which the Rev. Mr. Dyce fully concurs ("Remarks," p. 231), and we now erase *me* in favour of "him."

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice, then, the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help! oh help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—Oh! she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man⁴.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter KENT*⁵.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Oh! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—

⁴ Who dead? speak, man.] We follow the folio: the 4tos. read thus:

"*Gent.* It's hot, it smokes: it came from the heart of,——

Alb. Who, man? speak."

In the next line but one, "she hath confess'd it" of the 4tos. seems more proper than "she confesses it" of the folio.

⁵ Enter Kent.] In the folio the entrance of Kent is marked too early, and Edgar's speech, "Here comes Kent," is erroneously placed before "produce the bodies," &c. The folio also fixes the bringing out of the bodies of Goneril and Regan too early. The 4tos. are right in this respect.

Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature.—Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! oh, run!

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer,
and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—Oh! you are men of
stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone⁶,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?⁷

⁶ If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,] "Stone" is altered to *shine* in the corr. fo. 1632 with great appearance of fitness, but we adhere to the old text as intelligible. "Stone" and *shine* might be confounded by the old printer, and it was certainly the *shine* of the glass that was to be misted, or stained by the breath of Cordelia. We relinquish *shine* unwillingly.

⁷ Is this the promis'd end?] *i. e.* "The promis'd end" of the world, according to the interpretation of Monck Mason, in which Steevens and Malone concur:

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives!—If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. Oh, my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!⁸
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever.—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip⁹: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated¹,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull light².—Are you not Kent?

consistently with this notion, Edgar returns "Or image of *that* horror?" namely the "horror" of doomsday.

⁸ — MURDERERS, traitors all!] So the folio: the 4tos. "*murderous traitors all,*" which may be right.

⁹ I would have made THEM skip:] This is the reading of the 4tos: the folio has *him* for "them."

¹ — she lov'd AND hated,] The 4tos, "*she lov'd or hated,*" The meaning of this passage, says Monck Mason, appears to me to be this: If Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter.

² This is a dull LIGHT.] "*This is a dull sight*" are the words in the folio, 1623: the 4tos. have no corresponding passage. The corr. fo. 1632 alters *sight* to "light," a very happy literal improvement. Lear's eye-sight is bad, and he complains of the want of "light," in order to enable him to ascertain whether it be Kent indeed: he has just previously said, "Mine eyes are not o' the best," and a few lines lower, when Kent tells him "I am the very man," Lear still doubts it from the imperfectness of his vision, and says, "I'll see that straight," as he had before said "I'll tell you straight." Albany afterwards remarks of Lear, "He knows not what he sees," and some may perhaps doubt whether it ought to be "sees," as in the 4tos, or *says*, as in the folios; but "sees" certainly well supports the new reading, "This is a dull light." We wonder therefore that Mr. Singer, who still prints *sight* instead of "light," adopted "sees" instead of *says*. In our first impression we preferred *says*, but we were not then aware of the excellent emendation in the corr. fo. 1632 of "light" for *sight*. Prof. Mommsen, the German

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man.

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference³ and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have foredoom'd themselves⁴,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he sees⁵; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay⁶ may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—Oh! see, see!

editor of the last edition of Schlegel and Tieck's Shakespeare (Berlin: von Georg Reimer, 1855), translates the line exactly,

“Wie dunkel ist es hier.—bist du nicht Kent?”

There could, surely, be no reasonable doubt about it.

³ — your FIRST of difference] The 4tos. read, obviously corruptly, “your life of difference.”

⁴ Your eldest daughters have FOREDOOM'D themselves,] The folio, 1623, has “foredone themselves,” but only Goneril has *foredone* or *destroyed* herself. Two of the 4tos. have “foredoom'd,” and the third *foredoome*. Mr. Singer does not make his case in favour of “foredoom'd” as strong as he might have done, for he tells us that only “one of the 4tos.” has “foredoom'd.” Nevertheless, we think his text right, though he does not well support it.

⁵ He knows not what he SEES;] Thus the 4tos: the folio, 1623, *saies*.

⁶ — to this GREAT decay] Meaning Lear. The 4tos. omit “great.”

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁷! No, no, no life:
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!—
 Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
 Do you see this⁸? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
 Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break⁹!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: oh! let him pass: he hates
 him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world¹
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

⁷ And my poor fool is hang'd!] It has been disputed whether, in these words, Lear refers to Cordelia or to his fool, of whom, in the two last acts, we have heard nothing. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that Shakespeare thus meant to inform the audience of the fate of the fool; but it may be urged that, as Cordelia had been *hanged*, the poet would probably have chosen some other death for the fool, in order to render the matter quite clear, supposing Lear to have allowed his thoughts thus to wander from his daughter, lying dead before him. On the other hand, if Shakespeare did not mean to revert to the fool, he has certainly omitted to account for a prominent and interesting character.

⁸ Do you see this? &c.] This line and the following hemistich are not in the 4tos. After "thank you, sir," they have only the interjection *Oh!* five times repeated.

⁹ Break, heart; &c.] This line is in the 4tos. erroneously given to Lear, whose death is not there marked in the stage-directions.

¹ That would upon the rack of this *TOUGH* world] Pope altered "tough" to *rough*, but surely with little reason, and the Rev. Mr. Dyce supports him, we must say, with still less. The epithet "tough" does not so much apply to the "world" as to the "rack" on which Lear was not to be stretched out longer. Besides, there is not a single old copy, 4to. or folio, in which the word is not "tough," and it remains "tough" in the corr. fo. 1632; while to apply the poor and trite epithet of *rough* to the world would be very unlike Shakespeare. Mr. Dyce must have forgotten how frequently our poet (and other poets too) places the epithet belonging to one word before another word in the same sentence. We may mention incidentally, that in all the old impressions "rack" is printed, or rather misprinted, *wracke*; and those, who in our modern typography would preserve antiquated irregularities of the kind, should bear in mind the confusion thus in many cases introduced, while in fact nothing is gained, excepting that in some few instances it may be necessary, for the sake of rhyme only, to print *wrack*, *swound*, *vilde*, &c. The invariable practice now is to spell them "wreck," "swoon," and "vile." In the passage before us, we believe that all editors have conformed to the usual course; only, if we are to adhere to *wrack* in other places, there seems no sufficient reason for abandoning it here. In a note in this very play (p. 697) we have shown how the old mis-spelling of "vile" *vilde* has obscured and perverted the meaning of the poet.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm², and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go :
My master calls me ; I must not say, no³.

Alb. The weight of this sad time⁴ we must obey ;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

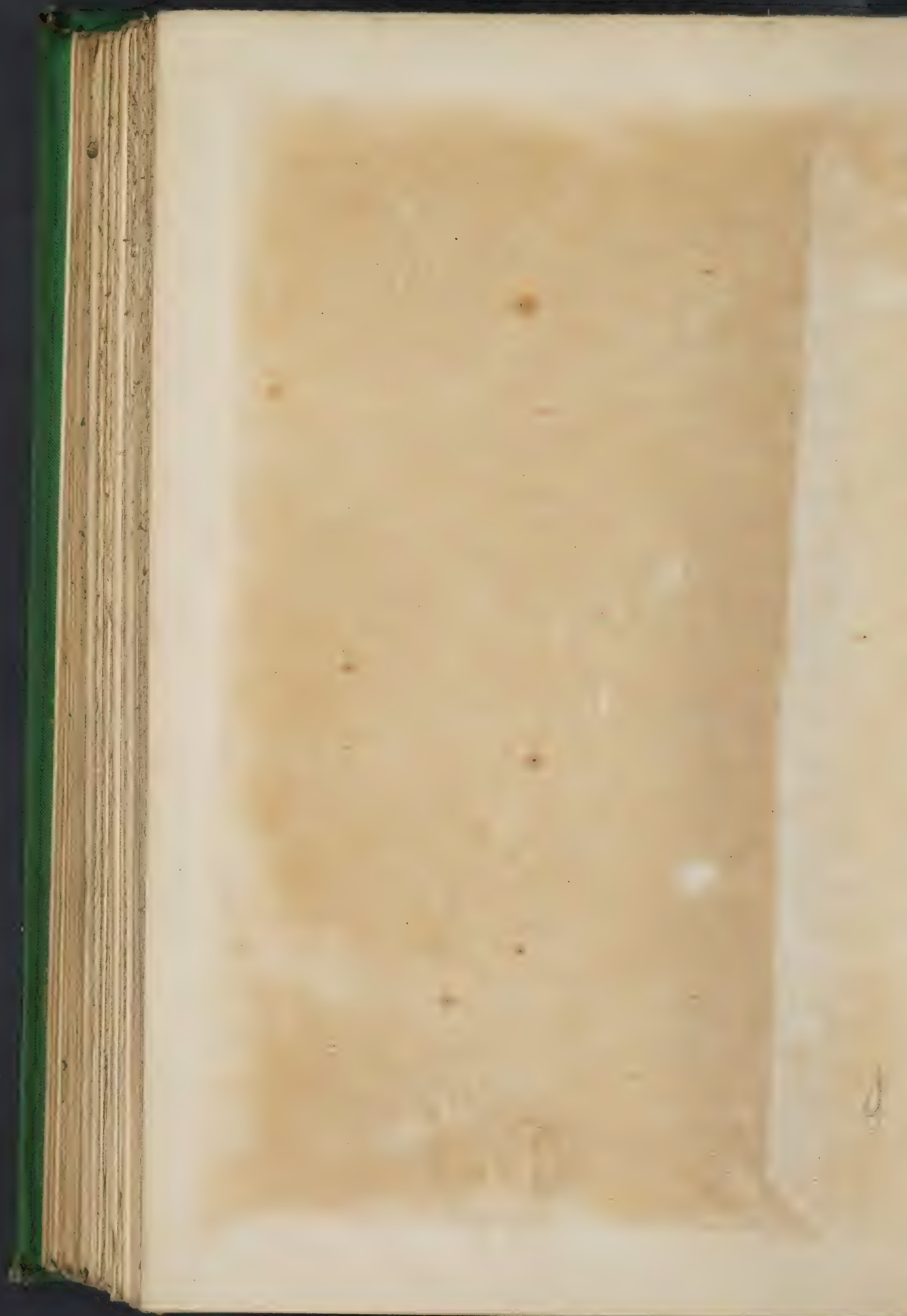
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

² Rule in this REALM,] “Rule in this *kingdom*” in the 4tos ; and for “*gor'd* state” one of them (that without the publisher's address) has “*good* state.”

³ My master calls ME, I must not say, no.] So the folio: the 4tos. “My master calls, *and* I must not say no.” The second folio here adds *Dies*, as a stage-direction in the margin, but there is nothing in the earlier impressions to warrant its introduction, and the word is struck out by the old annotator upon that edition.

⁴ The weight of this sad time] In the folio this speech is mistakenly assigned to Edgar. All the 4tos. concur in giving it to Albany.

END OF VOL. V.



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